THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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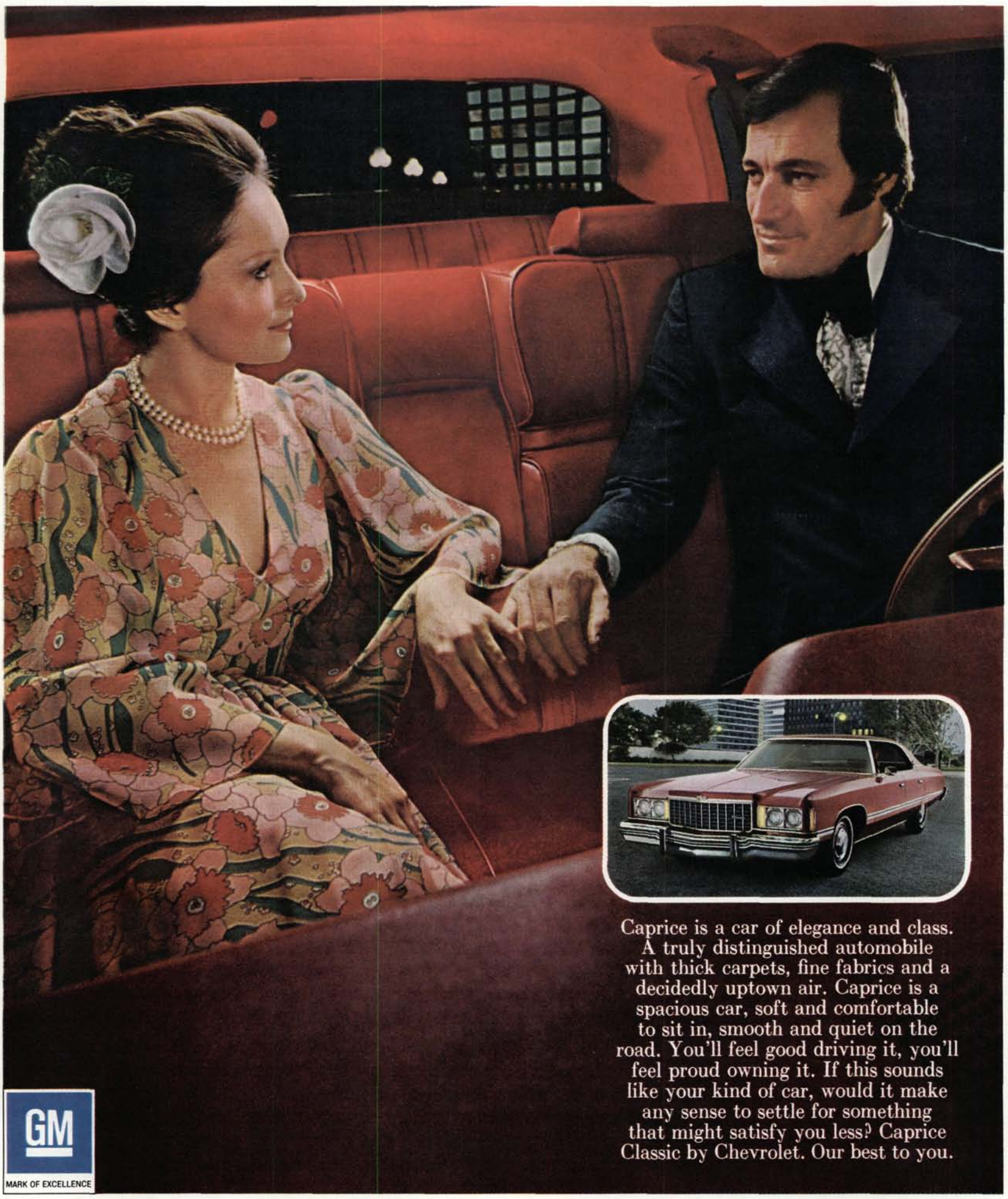

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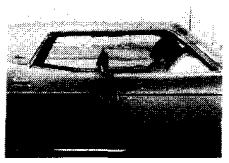

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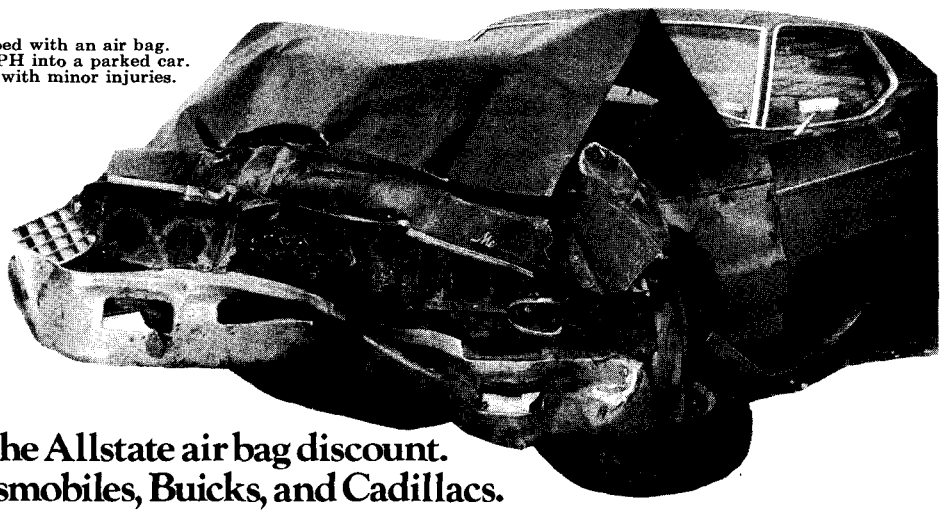

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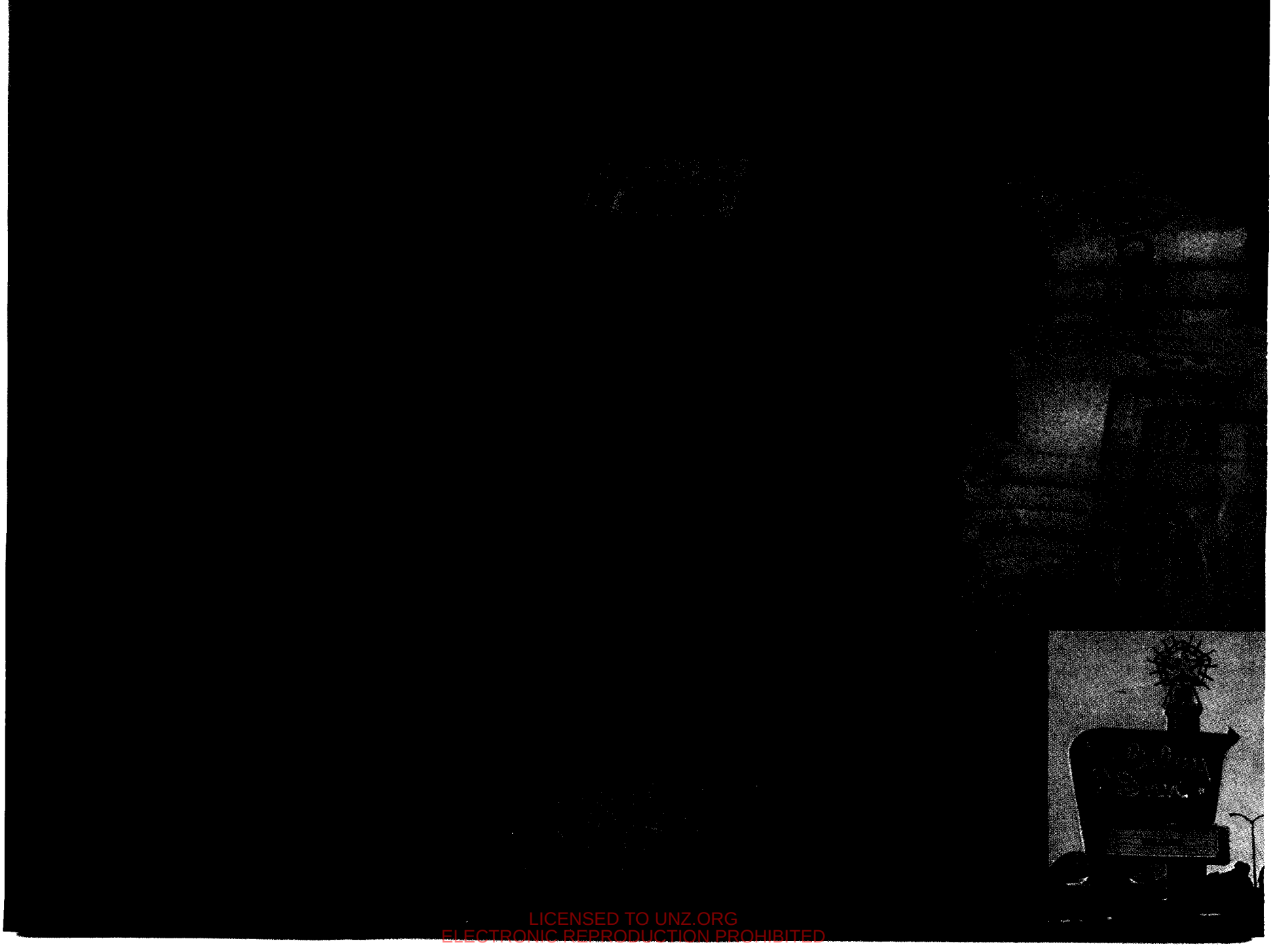

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Magazine of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

EDITORIAL
Beurt SerVaas, Editor and Publisher
Cory SerVaas, Executive Editor and Publisher
Frederic A. Birmingham, Managing Editor and Associate Publisher
Starkey Flythe, Jr., Assistant Managing Editor and Associate Publisher
John Burkhart, Editor at Large
Julie Nixon Eisenhower, Associate Editor
Jep Cadou, Senior Editor, and Sports Editor
Sonia Patten, James Beaudry, Assistant Editors
Astrid Henkels, Research Editor
Consulting Editors:
Dollie Cole, Roberts Ehrgott, Kristin SerVaas Mary Alice Simpson

ART
Gary W. Lucas, Art Director
Pamela Chisham, Art Manager
William Cragun, Asst. Art Director
Andrea Eberbach, Art Associate
Robert Charles Howe, Lucian Lupinski, and Bill Ware, Illustrators
Edward F. Cortese
Consulting Art Director

PRODUCTION
Bob Fletcher, Production Manager
Pamela Chisham, Production Associate

CIRCULATION
Helen Fowler, Judy Sears, Rushh Reynolds

ADVERTISING OFFICES
Joseph R. Spadea, Advertising Director; Robert Silvers, Associate Publisher; Mary Lou Smiley, Advertising Administrator; Don McPherson, Business Manager; Frederick B. Tuttle, Director of Marketing; Dieter Daus, Special Projects; Bertie Beitman, Director, Special Sections; Joan Moreillon, Merchandising; Mary Ann Radigan, Asst. Advertising Administrator; Donald R. Sutton, Research Director, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46206, (317) 634-1100. Los Angeles: Paul Coutlee, Associate Publisher and Western Manager, 3345 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010, (213) 385-0221. Chicago: Moe Rutherford, Curtis Publishing Co., Wrigley Bldg., 400 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, (312) 467-6477. New York: Ron McIntyre, Eastern Director, Waldorf-Astoria, 301 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 371-0400. Atlanta: Miller & Tillman, 130 West Wieuca Rd., N.E., Suite 3, Atlanta, Ga. 30342, (404) 252-9588. Detroit: Joe Spadea, Vice President and Natl. Sales Director, 1018 Fisher Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202, (313) 875-2420-1. Dallas: Bill Sutherland, Mgr., 1726 National Bankers Life Building, Dallas, Texas 75201, (214) 742-6065. Denver: Art Helmers, Mgr., Helmers Associates, Inc., 6986 South Newland Street, Littleton, Colorado 80123, (303) 798-7290. Canada: Arthur B. Carveth, Regency Towers Hotel, Apt. 508, 89 Avenue Rd. Toronto, Ontario, Canada, (416) 923-1116. Robert Fredrickson, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46206, (317) 634-1100.

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The cover of this issue depicts Miss Mia Farrow as she appears in *The Great Gatsby*, and was photographed especially for the *Post*, courtesy of Paramount Pictures.

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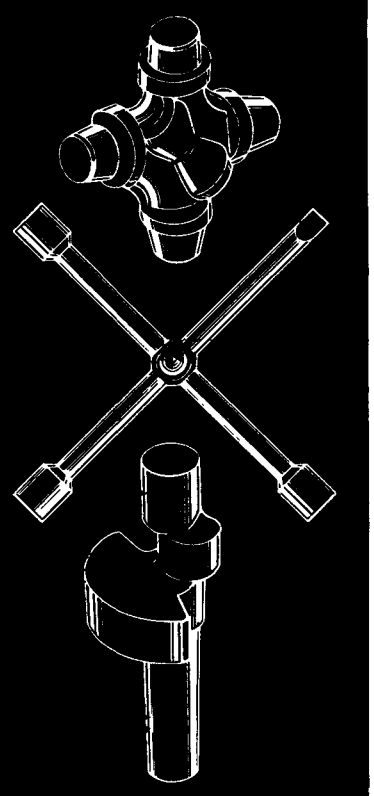

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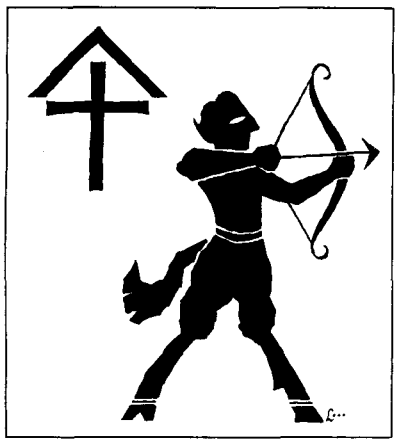
Letters to the Editor

There's No Future In It

I suppose the editors wrote the excellent article "Astrology: Who Believes In It?" (January/February). I believe in it, sir. I find your article fascinating! I must congratulate you on your fair treatment of astrology.

However (and understandably), you put too much emphasis on "predicting the future." It is a lot like saying that medicine consists of diagnosis alone. Astrology has many aspects, like any other system of knowledge developed by mankind. The story about the "Mustang" is a little snide, don't you think? Why didn't you think to mention that very important side of astrology which could be called "personality interpretation"? Did you know that it is possible through astrology to learn a good deal about your personality, and how to improve it, if you like? There has even been some



research by reputable psychologists in this area. This side of astrology seems more important to me than predicting the future–which only a Jung among astrologers can do with any accuracy, anyway.

You seem to imply, too, that astrology is a cut-and-dried affair, that there is nothing further to learn about it. Of course, you wouldn't say this about physics. Sir, astrology is an infant science! We have not had our Einstein yet! Please excuse the exclamation marks and my anger (it is not directed toward you personally), but I am sick and tired of hearing about the "art of telling the future."

Besides, astrology is not a science exactly like mathematics any more than the science of psychology is exactly like mathematics (though mathematics is used in psychology). Astrology, like higher mathematics, is essentially *intuitive*.

As long as so many quacks are allowed to practice astrology and "tell the future" to entertain people who don't know anything but their "sun sign" (can you count to ten?), astrology will be in the position of medicine during the time of Voltaire, who hated doctors for good reason. I, for one, hate those so-called "astrologers" who insist on predicting some fool's future without knowing a damn thing about astrology.

Let us wait and see.

Donald M. Reeves
Santa Maria, California

Thanks to the Stars

RE: "Astrology–Who Believes In it?"
I thank my stars for my horoscope
Which allows my sense of humor to poke
Through the gloom of early morn,
As each day the front page news I scorn
To glimpse the forecast of Jeane Dixon
And see what my lucky signs are fixin'
For me this day.

Thanks to the *Post* for writing some facts
About the stars' prophetic acts.
I found it pertinent and in season
To read of how forecasters reason
And–mere mortals we–catch a glimpse of just
What lies in store this year for us–
In the *Post*'s inimitable way!

Patricia Kehr
York, Pennsylvania

The Accent on Giving

I found "Woman: A Technological Castaway" by Clare Boothe Luce very interesting. However, when there is a marriage because of love of each other the results are: each gives 60 percent and each is happy to get 40 percent. He is honest and ambitious so as to provide the best for *his* family. She is honest and ambitious to provide the best for *her* family. And this is the natural way, regardless of women's lib, technology, nuclear war or the pill.

Mrs. Harry J. Kemp
Mineola, New York

Oppression of Women in Academia

Please accept my thanks for the Clare Boothe Luce article, "Woman: A Technological Castaway." I cried over the tragedy of it all and over the tragedy of its parts. It has been going on so long and I cannot help wondering when, and if, it will end.

I focused particularly on the statement referring to the consistent historical pattern that "Men are the role assigners, and they assign roles with a very sharp eye to their own interests and prejudices." What a double bind. Unless women live up to the prejudices and interests of men they cannot win and if they don't they can't win either. In the long run, given this system, women cannot win and will surely lose. The tragedy is unbounded. As a woman interested in university administration as a career, a look at that arena suggests to me the effectiveness of the existing arrangement. Oltman, in an AAUW-sponsored study, found women in university administration "working at jobs requiring skill and attention to detail but without much relationship to policymaking or influence." It is horrifying to me that in the very institutions supposedly capable of setting an example for the rest of society, "discrimination against women, in contrast to that against minorities, is still overt and socially acceptable within the academic community." (Newman Task Force, Report of Higher Education, 1971)

Carol Ann Valentine
Corvallis, Oregon

Human Liberation

I would like to thank you for publishing "Woman: A Technological Cast-Away" by Clare Boothe Luce in your January/February issue. The fact that this article was printed in a large circulation family magazine and that it will (hopefully) be read by a vast number of both men and women is extremely important. Only through education and total understanding can we begin to undertake the massive changes necessary to liberate both women and men. Ms. Luce's article is a meaningful step in that direction, as is its publication.

Ms. Dana B. Humphreys
Member, National Organization for Women
De Witt, New York

A Dog's-Eye View of the White House

Thank you for Julie Nixon Eisenhower's refreshingly different shaggy-dog story (January/February). Mrs. Eisenhower understands the little raffish dog who takes us on a "different" tour of the White House. His distaste for cleaning-fluid smells is so true to form. Bulldogs have the same aversion. How lovely to return to home where he could roll in wet grass and the good earth! I know a little dog just like him. I'm looking forward to more of Mrs. Eisenhower's dog stories for children, who also have a taste for rolling in wet grass and dirt.

Mrs. R. E. Jensen
Redondo Beach, California

Having a Ball

I have just bought my first *Saturday Evening Post* (March '74), and I must say that I thoroughly enjoyed its contents.

I bought the magazine because of the article on Lucille Ball in *Mame*. Milton Krims, author of the article, did an excellent review of the movie as well as spotlighting Miss Ball as a perfectionist in her role as Mame.

I loved the photographs that accompanied the article; however, I felt that more should have been included. I have read many articles on this new movie and I believe that it will equal or top *Gone With the Wind*.

I am looking forward to seeing more pictures of Lucille Ball as Mame or as herself in future issues.

Michael Wilborne
South Boston, Virginia

See "Everybody Loves Lucy" by Frederic A. Birmingham, on page 60 of the Winter '73 Saturday Evening Post.–*Ed.*

Greenville Likes Us

A patron of the Greenville Public Library donates the *SatEvePost*, and we are thrilled to have it. It's one of the "busiest" magazines in our circulation.

Mrs. Joseph Lopez
Greenville, Rhode Island

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Talents of Willard Rockwell

Congratulations on the article "The Twelve Hats of a Company President" (January/February) by Willard F. Rockwell, Jr. Mr. Rockwell's application of theory is nothing less than true genius and his qualities of understanding highly admirable. He has truly earned his glorious success. May I wish him many prosperous years ahead.

Raymond Morgis
Detroit, Michigan

Horse Power Versus Horsepower

Dr. Hayakawa's article concerning his chosen poison (January/February) was delightful. However, the good old days weren't all bad. Back then we knew how to teach children to respect and take care of horse power as a necessary part of human survival. Today's kids think horsepower is for fun. I hope we can make some progress in the teaching of self-discipline before we all die of exhaustion.

Mrs. Clinton Morse
Houston, Texas

A Successor to Ogden Nash

Warm congratulations on your new magazine.

I particularly enjoyed Bob Edison's "An Open Letter To Raquel Welch"—and not just because I am included in it! I found his poems most witty and entertaining, and he seems to me to be the only successor to Ogden Nash.

I look forward to seeing more of his work.

Continued success to you.

Hedy Lamarr
New York, New York

The Post's New Artful Illustrator

The Saturday Evening Post has again struck a high mark among the many it has achieved, for I discovered one of my favorite artists at work on several illustrations. I was equally surprised and delighted to see him on the *S.E.P.* staff.

Lucian Lupinski, as head of the Illinois Art League and prime illustrator in advertising for many years, was one of central Illinois's favorite artists and personalities. His work was repeatedly honored with awards. From nostalgia to avant-garde, his talents never seemed to wane! We admired him and applauded him—and hated to see him leave our area.

He is capable of great sensitivity and feeling in the Rockwell vein. He is a sterling American with concern and love for all people.

I shall always prize a mural that

It's spring . . . time to help get your car off to a clean start for summer—with an oil change and a new AC Oil Filter.

- AC Oil Filters trap particles smaller than the diameter of a human hair.
- AC Oil Filters provide up to 12 feet of filtering material.
- AC Oil Filters help protect your engine, help keep your engine running clean.

Get your car ready for the summer driving ahead. Get an oil change now and ask for a new AC Oil Filter.

Remember, AC Oil Filters are original equipment on . . . Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac and GMC Trucks.

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Letters to the Editor

Lucian painted on my barn when he and other artists came to a happening. I knew few of them personally, yet that day was a bright and happy one in our history. A landmark elm over 100 years old had fallen prey to disease that summer, and the brightly decorated barn has taken over as a landmark.

Let me commend you for finding Lupinski. We in Peoria cherish the years he created fine art in our community. It is good to know he can put his immense talents and love and understanding of fellow human beings to work to share with your vast public.

Karl J. Wheatley
Dunlap, Illinois

Starting Young

Thank you for including the delightful children's story "The Horse Who Went Fishing" by Jean Morris in the March issue of the *Post*. I started my young boy out on the *Post* back in 1960. Now in his teens, he enjoys it still.

Barbara B. Stewart
Wenonah, New Jersey

Setting the Example

It was with a feeling of nostalgic remembrance and joy that I read through the articles, stories, poetry—to say nothing of the marvelous advertisements—of the January/February issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

It brought back so many memories, especially that of seeing Father carrying the *Post* under his arm every week since I was a very little girl. Once this custom was established, my husband carried out the same traditional weekly idea of "carrying home *The Saturday Evening Post*." It influenced my entire life; many thanks. Keep the true American spirit forever; it will be an emblem of greatness in the literary field.

Helen Lloyd Cole
Bronxville, New York

UnCapped Humor

I have never enjoyed anything more than I did Al Capp's article, "Why I am Not Rich," in the March issue of the *Post*.

So far as I am concerned, this is the criterion for philosophical humor. It establishes Al's robust and delightful idiocy when he swings a mean left hook at the rank impositions on what used to be a fairly sane interpretation of the human condition.

If his past flourishes have been with a subtle undercurrent of ridiculous sobriety—if that's possible—then this merits a round of applause from every American who realizes that a sense of humor is a necessity.

Thank heaven we can still laugh, and that guys like Al are able to offer some good material to laugh at.

Nomer E. Reynolds
Bridgeton, New Jersey

The Odd Couple

This is in regard to Al Capp's article, "Why I Am Not Rich" (March 1974). Correction: the spectacular movie extravaganza produced by Mr. DeMille is *Samson and Delilah* and not *Samson and Cleopatra*. The film was made in 1949 by Paramount Studios and starred Hedy Lamarr.

Continued success!

Joe S. Segura
Long Beach, California

Heidelberg's Big Barrel

Thank you for the article "Heidelberg: The Old Magic Lingers" (January/February) by Gale Wiley.

My wife and I had a wonderful trip to Heidelberg in 1968 with the UCLA charter group and stayed outside of Heidelberg at Park-Hotel Haarlass on the Neckar River. What a beauty! Heidelberg's attraction *is* its age; we still have our two wineglasses that were given to us for purchasing a glass of wine "deep in the belly of one section of the castle at the Big Barrel, built in 1751, which holds 330,000 quarts."

Thank you for the recall.

Walter P. Busch
La Mesa, California

Wholesome Literature

I have just received the first copy of my gift subscription to your magazine with some nostalgia. I hurriedly glanced through every page to see how much of it would be like *The Saturday Evening Post* I remember, and I was delighted.

We have a twelve-year-old boy scout in our home and I am very concerned about the trash in magazines these days, not only for youngsters but also for oldsters who are the example by which our children's characters are developed.

I also appreciate the good clean pictures. Even the advertising pictures are pleasing and not grossly close up like so much photography today.

Our boy has found much to interest him that is good, clean and educational, and that is what I wanted your magazine for.

Please keep it that way so that I can trust my boy with it!

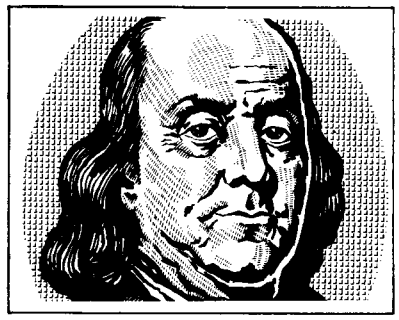
Alta M. Boyer
Oceanside, California

The People, Yes

Congratulations on your splendid editorial in the March issue of the *Post* titled "Because the People Said So."

The harmful effects of the crime committed at Watergate are insignificant when compared with the magnitude of the harm that would result if a handful of people in our country were to be successful in their attempt to nullify the landslide election of President Nixon in 1972 by bringing about his impeachment.

Ben C. Lang
Richmond, Minnesota



Franklin's Spirit in the Post

The spirit of old Ben Franklin must surely have leaned over your shoulder for the courage, fairness and concern expressed in your editorial pages of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

You are leading us into the next two hundred years with a beautiful literary work and my only regret is that we cannot be exposed to it weekly as before.

Robert L. Simon
Westlake, Ohio

Three Cheers!

Having read your article "Coal, An Answer to the Energy Crisis" (April), I say, "three cheers."

In 1967 the Indiana Legislature enacted a landmark strip mine reclamation law. It adequately protects the environment and, at the same time, is workable from the standpoint of coal mine operators. It has been used as a model by a number of other states who recognize the value of a common-sense approach to environmental preservation and economic opportunity.

The meaning of this important piece of legislation in today's energy-short world is that coal companies can expand their operations and produce more coal without fear of conflict with those concerned about the environment. That is one reason our state can continue to produce its electric power with coal-burning power plants, giving us a surplus of electric energy available for expanding industry.

We applaud the *Post* for its explanation of the importance of coal in today's energy situation and for identifying the coal industry as being very important indeed to continuing sensible economic growth.

Robert D. Orr, Lt. Gov. of Indiana
Dir., Indiana Dept. of Commerce
State House, Indianapolis

Personal Advocacy

I don't know who wrote the lead editorial in the March '74 issue of your magazine—the one which referred to Watergate and related issues as "a relatively minor election transgression"—I *do* know I could scarcely believe I had read those words. The editorial further refers to the people in this country who have been horrified by the events of these last years as *partisans*—"angry partisans" who wish to "exercise their prejudice." Is it partisan to have the intelligence to know that what has happened has been the most damaging scandal to befall the presidency since Teapot Dome—and that the most damaged of all is our own country? It really matters not whether Mr. Nixon be removed from office—he cannot reverse the damage done to the United States and the presidency—and his will go down in history as the Watergate administration. A minor transgression? You, sir, are a partisan pot calling all the other kettles black!

Dorothy B. Edwards
Nederland, Texas

Journalism First

Please accept my thanks for the best editorial that I have read in years—"Because the People Said So."

I hope President Nixon will read it and be encouraged—as we in this family are.

I have cut it out to mail to William Randolph Hearst, just in case he should miss it. He feels as Mr. Ser-Vaas does but hasn't been able to express his feelings so well.

Alva Glidden
Milton, Massachusetts

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- Check the box marked "Choose any child who needs my help," allowing us to assign you a child from our emergency list.
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ALEXANDER BOTTS AND THE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

"I am conducting an undercover investigation," says Mr. Botts. "I am not supposed to reveal my identity . . ." Miss Cathy Miller (twelve years old) says to Botts, "We think alike. That's why we work together so well."

By William Hazlett Upson

ALEXANDER BOTTS
FORMER SALES MANAGER
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
RIPTON, VERMONT 05766

Monday, October 1, 1973

Mr. Gilbert Henderson
Chairman of the Board
Earthworm Tractor Company
Earthworm City, Illinois

Dear Henderson:

I have just appointed myself as a temporary Special Consultant to the Earthworm Company. This move has been prompted by a long-distance call that came this morning over the recently installed telephone in my home here in Ripton.

A feminine voice asked, "Is this Mr. Alexander Botts?"

"Yes."

"You were formerly the sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company?"

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"Yes."

"Then you are just the man I need. My father has always admired you. He used to know you in what he calls the good old days. He has often said you are better than any other man in the world at solving problems in the tractor business."

"Well," I said, modestly, "I do what I can. But just who are you? And who is your father?"

"I am Miss Cathy Miller of North Juniper, Vermont, which is in the northern part of the state—what they call the North East Kingdom. My father is Mr. Matthew Miller. He is the Earthworm Tractor dealer here in North Juniper. You must remember him."

"Sure! Good old Matt! He was a very good friend of mine. He used to have a hot temper, but he always got over it in a hurry. It's been years since I heard from him. How is he getting along?"

"Not so good, Mr. Botts. Right now he is in jail. And Mother is in the hospital. So that leaves me as the only member of the family in good working order—as we say in the tractor business. I am now the head of the family. And that is not all. Father's secretary, who runs the tractor dealership office, is on vacation in California. And George, the chief mechanic, is not here anymore. So I am also the head of the business. I really have problems, Mr. Botts. And I need your help."

"Always glad to oblige, Miss Miller. But North Juniper, as you say, is way up in the North East Kingdom. I am down in the middle of the state. How could I help you at this distance?"

"You could come up here, Mr. Botts, and I could explain exactly what the situation is. I know what needs to be done. But when I tell the people around here what they ought to do, they won't listen. They think I'm too young to know anything. Fortunately, Mr. Botts, you are different."

"What do you mean—different?"

"Father has talked about you a lot, Mr. Botts. He has always said you understand human nature. You understand people. So you would understand me. If you were here, you would see right away that I know my nuts and bolts—as we say in the tractor business. You would listen to me. I would tell you what the people around here ought to do. Then you would tell them. They would believe you. They would do it. And everything would be fine."

"Wait a minute, Miss Miller. You say people don't believe you because you are too young. Exactly how old are you?"

"If I tell you, you won't act like all the rest? You won't start this same old line of talk about me being just a child?"

"Certainly not."

"All right. If you must know, I am twelve years old. My birthday was last week."

"What's that?" I said. "You're only twelve? And you claim you are the head of the family and the head of the business?"

"There you go, Mr. Botts. You're downgrading me merely because of my age. It's not fair. It's what people call discrimination."

At this point, Henderson, I did some fast thinking. I realized that this poor kid needed me. I promptly spoke up in a decisive manner.

Illustrated by Joe Krush

Continued on page 88

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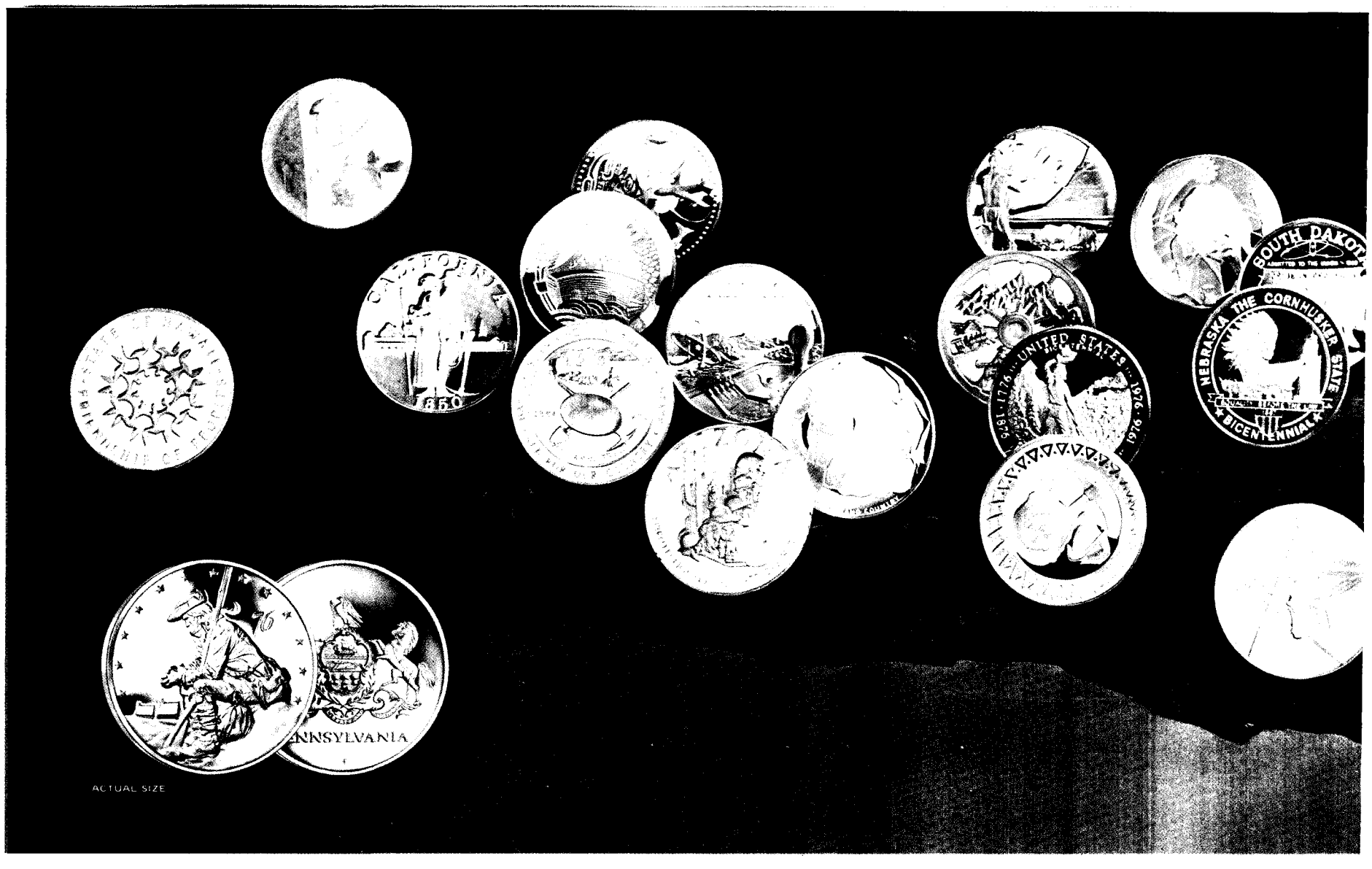

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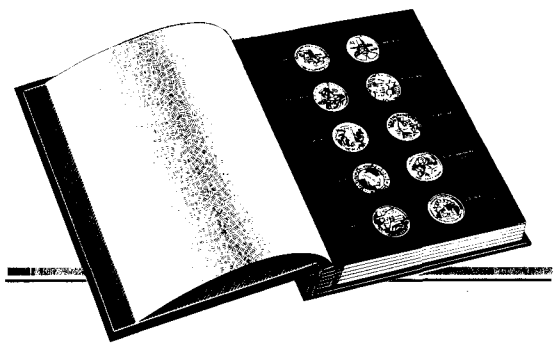

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It is a milestone in the history of civilization. A time to be proud of our democratic society and all that it has accomplished. A time for meaningful rededication to the ideals that inspired our founding fathers. A time for jubilation, for reflection and for commemoration. A time to specially honor the fifty States that together have formed so perfect a Union.

To bestow this honor, The Franklin Mint—America's foremost private mint—is striking a special Bicentennial Medal for each of the fifty States of the Union. The complete collection of these fifty medals is certain to become one of the most esteemed and valuable heirlooms of the Bicentennial era.

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The importance of these medals is attested by the manner in which the designs were selected. A Bicentennial Medal Design Competition was held in each of the fifty States, with a top prize of $5,000 in *each* State.

To select the winning designs, a separate panel of judges was appointed in each State. Every State panel was made up of distinguished citizens of that State—leaders in government, business, education and the arts. In many cases, the panel was personally appointed by the Governor. And in most cases, the prizes were awarded by the Governor at an official ceremony.

The fifty separate judging panels spent thousands of hours studying the entries of more than 13,000 artists before the final awards were made. By any measure, this was the largest and most exciting art competition in history.

Each medal in this collection is thus a singular work of art—featuring the design that was awarded top honors in the Bicentennial Medal Design Competition for that State.

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Created by fifty different artists from fifty different States, these medals are representative of the many differences in heritage, in resources, in industry and in culture that constitute the richness of America. The complete collection truly reflects the unity in diversity that is America's strength.

The California medal, for example, depicts the discovery of gold, which provided the impetus for the great migration westward. Pennsylvania's medal

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commemorates the desperate winter at Valley Forge. The Maryland medal recalls the creation of our National Anthem. Hawaii's medal, in a design based upon native art, symbolizes the fraternity of many different peoples. The Texas medal is a rugged representation of cattle and oil within the outlines of the Lone Star State. On New York's medal, the Statue of Liberty welcomes new arrivals, "yearning to breathe free."

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THE POST VISITS SENATOR TOM EAGLETON

He would be satisfied if the phrase, "He was a pretty darn good Senator," appeared some day on his gravestone.

By Louise Hutchinson

It is a room of comfortable clutter, this working office on Capitol Hill of Thomas F. Eagleton, forty-four, United States senator from Missouri, now busily campaigning for reelection to his second six-year Senate term. It also is a room that evokes a powerful inheritance from his past.

As the Senator talks, relaxed and coatless, photographs of his two children on a small table nearby flank a larger, more dominant photograph of the man probably more responsible than any other for Eagleton's being here: his late father, Mark Eagleton.

Not far distant, in the Eagletons' suburban Maryland home, Barbara Eagleton, his blonde and handsome wife, explains her eagerness to get out on the campaign trail and her genuine love of politics. It is a fine home, snug on a cul-de-sac in a subdivision of costly houses and close by a stand of woods, the kind of community for kids on bikes and dogs and station wagons that for generations has been part and parcel of the American dream.

But it is no dream that less than two years ago this man was gusted through seven days of history by political gales of epic force. In July 1972, South Dakota Senator George McGovern, Democratic Party presidential nominee, tapped Eagleton (Tom Who, some media members quipped) for his vice-presidential running mate.

Soon after, the nation learned Eagleton had been thrice hospitalized for exhaustion, fatigue, and depression; that he had had psychiatric care and electroshock treatment, but that in the six years since the last episode, he had worked hard, been well, and won a tough fight for the United States Senate, including a three-way primary battle.

When the fated call came from McGovern, a call Eagleton was hoping for, and the young Senator joyfully accepted, a high McGovern aide also came briefly on the phone and asked Eagleton if he had any skeletons in his closet. Eagleton said no.

Only later did McGovern learn of Eagleton's medical background, and on July 25, 1972, Eagleton sketched some of it out at a press conference, thereby posing a question of conscience for the country and prompting a crisis of confidence politically. For better or for worse, in wisdom or in the pressure cooker of presidential politics, Eagleton concurred with McGovern seven days later that he had best step down.

Senator Thomas Eagleton catches up on some "homework" in his comfortable study as his "plump, people-loving beagle" Pumpkin enjoys the company of his master and favorite politician.

Thomas Eagleton grew up gifted with heroes. His father, a successful St. Louis attorney with abiding interests in the law, sports, and politics, was one. Thomas Eagleton says he wanted to be in politics since boyhood, and his father felt, and he agreed, that, "The zenith of attainment would be to serve in the Senate."

Dinnertime, with its ranging discussions, was like a nightly seminar for the boy who found the intellectual stimulation superb. He was seven in 1936 when the Eagleton family was still Republican (his father switched in 1944 when the GOP failed to reslate Wendell Willkie to oppose President Roosevelt in his fourth-term bid) and that year wore his Alf Landon buttons faithfully.

Animation stirred his voice when he described the excitement of listening by radio for presidential election returns when Roosevelt decimated Landon. A year later, Mark Eagleton was elected to the St. Louis school board and took his young son to the public meetings where, seated in the audience, Thomas Eagleton found it all "exciting and challenging." In 1940 he went to the Republican National Convention with his dad. It was heady stuff for the younger Eagleton son, whose brother, Dr. Mark Eagleton, Jr., forty-six, is now a St. Louis radiologist.

Stan Musial, fabled St. Louis Cardinals baseball giant, was another in Eagleton's gallery. He spoke of Musial, whose autographed photograph hangs in Eagleton's outer office. Musial, winner of so many baseball awards and honors, was an athletic hero.

"He'd been in a lot of All Star games; he'd been in World Series," he went on. "But I think when he got elected to the Hall of Fame, I imagine he felt a greater inner glow. . . . Well, the Senate, in a sense, as I view it, is the political hall of fame." He settled on the Senate, he said, because it became clear since the days of Franklin Delano Roosevelt that the big decisions of government would be made in Washington. He wanted to be where the action was, and to him, that spelled Washington and the United States Senate where the decisions were being made that helped shape the nation.

After the cyclonic events of 1972, Barbara Eagleton appeared to tell an interviewer that she thought the Senate more important than the vice-presidency. Did she mean that?

"I suppose I really do feel that way because the vice-presidency, what is it unless, of course, a tragedy happens, or if something happens and the president dies?" she explained, words rushing out in staccato bursts warmed by smiles.

"I can't imagine sort of living in that position, waiting, I mean, just playing golf, presiding over the Senate, waiting for something terrible to happen to the commander-in-chief. I can say that now, but I must say when the phone call (McGovern's) came, it sounded pretty exciting."

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But if it were she, she would choose the Senate, a place of excitement, a place of accomplishment.

As long as historians dissect the past, juggling cause and effect, motivation and morality, Tom Eagleton will be remembered. But he and his wife seem to have weathered it, to have put July 1972 in proper place in their lives, to be involved with the things at hand, and when Barbara Eagleton says, "I have no regrets about any of that," you believe her.

There's also a ring of conviction in Eagleton's voice when he is asked the ultimate question. As he remembers that call from McGovern and the question about any skeletons from McGovern's aide, would he, endowed now with hindsight, answer differently?

"No, I wouldn't," he quickly answers. Yes, he has thought about that. It was a quick conversation with both men, about a minute and two seconds timed from his end by a radio correspondent with a tape recorder. Time was short, he recalled. A name, under convention rules, he said, had to be certified before the convention in about twenty minutes.

". . . if the same call came today, in the same circumstances, et cetera, the same conversation would have ensued."

Eagleton is one of those bright, attractive men of achievement with which cities of power like Washington always abound. He was cum laude at Amherst; cum laude at Harvard Law. He was St. Louis's youngest circuit attorney (roughly comparable to district attorney) at age twenty-seven; the state's youngest attorney general at thirty-one, and its youngest lieutenant governor at thirty-five. He was only thirty-nine when he came to the Senate.

Like most successful people, he is totally absorbed in what he does. By its very nature, he thinks, "politics becomes all consuming." He says, "There's no way to be lukewarm about public life," and admits that "such feelings as I have, I usually hold rather intensely, I guess."

He sees his state of Missouri as "almost a microcosm of the nation" because of its Midwest location, its ties to South, East, and West, and its big cities of St. Louis and Kansas City with their urban problems. With the exception of 1956 when it went for Adlai Stevenson II over President Eisenhower, Missourians uncannily have voted for the winner in every presidential contest in this century, he added.

He thinks they are sophisticated voters and he believes their judgment on him in November will be based on what he's done in public office and how well. He talked about a recent eight-day swing through the state, speaking to groups he characterized as not pro-Eagleton but bipartisan "with a distinct tilt toward Republican."

Mostly he gave his usual five-to-ten-minute opening speech, then asked for questions, he said. Not one person in one audience brought up any question relating to his health or made any reference to 1972. Sure, this one is a crucial election, but to anyone in public office, the current campaign always is the crucial one. And another thing on which Tom and Barbara Eagleton are in total harmony: this 1974 campaign is not a campaign of vindication.

She is much a part of the Eagleton equation. She has humor, courage, and, like a good ship, she is steadfast in a gale. She recalled being thrust, with no warning the first time, into a discussion of the issues in the 1968 campaign, and how much she grew to enjoy it, much more than "the little white gloves and your hat business" that always seemed to her like a waste of time and energy.

She remembers her solo press conferences during the whirlwind seven days of July 1972, and how all people are able to do things they didn't think they could.

"When we were out in California and the tough questions came to me, it really wasn't that," she remarked. "All of a sudden I was able to, I managed it. So I thought, if I made it through that, I guess I can make it through the next press conference and the next and the next. And most people were so great, and so nice, that it certainly made it easier on us."

She talked a bit about her own philosophy of life, buttressed by what she called good, basic Roman Catholic training. She believes in the hereafter and she doesn't think life is a bed of roses. But she does wonder whether it might not have helped McGovern if her husband had stayed on the ticket in 1972.

She thinks that when the decision was made by McGovern and her husband that he would step out, "nobody really understood the enormous reaction there was going to be to this. I mean, the great outpouring of sympathy."

An Eagleton aide said staffers and volunteers tabulated 80,000 letters of support and only 200 against in the first two weeks.

So in her view, both McGovern and her husband probably were partly wrong. But that's all over, and Barbara Eagleton speculates that most voters feel it's behind him, too. Anyhow, she likes being where the action is. With Pumpkin, the Eagletons' plump, people-loving beagle snoozing on the floor; son Terry, fourteen, busy elsewhere in the house; and daughter Christy, ten, not yet home, she summarized it this way:

"Not everybody feels that being right here on the 'battleground' as I suppose you might call D.C., is the most restful kind of existence. Tom and I are aware that we could run off to Missouri somewhere, settle down on a nice peaceful farm, and let the rest of the world take care of itself. But that wouldn't work with *us*–things happen so fast in Washington that just the emotional exposure is sometimes exhausting, much less trying to make up your mind about how you react logically to events. But we find that stimulating. That's our life style, I guess, to be where it's at. Once in a while, when we grow a little short of breath and that little Missouri hideaway sneaks back into the conversation, the vine-covered cottage theme song seems awfully attractive. But then Tom will really close in on the idea. 'Yes, but would you really be happy there?' . . . and then I always tell him, 'No. I'm so glad I'm here and not there.' This is us."

But even Washington has its peaceful moments, hard as that may be for non-residents to visualize. Maryland still has lovely and haunting bits of wooded country, far from the hue and the cry, where the Eagleton family likes to take to the paths for the simple and timeless pleasures. Tom Eagleton wishes there were more of these moments for them all, but Time–which he calls "the politician's dilemma"–is hard to come by for them, except on a let's-steal-it-while-we-can planning basis. The family gets together for backgammon jousts as often as possible, and they enjoy each other's company, even if it's just for a shopping trip together down the road. Eagleton himself admits to being an "armchair sportsman," which means that he's often home reading or TV viewing

Tom and Barbara Eagleton love to spend their free time together taking to the lovely and haunting bits of countryside that still abound in Maryland only a few miles from all the hustle and bustle of Washington.

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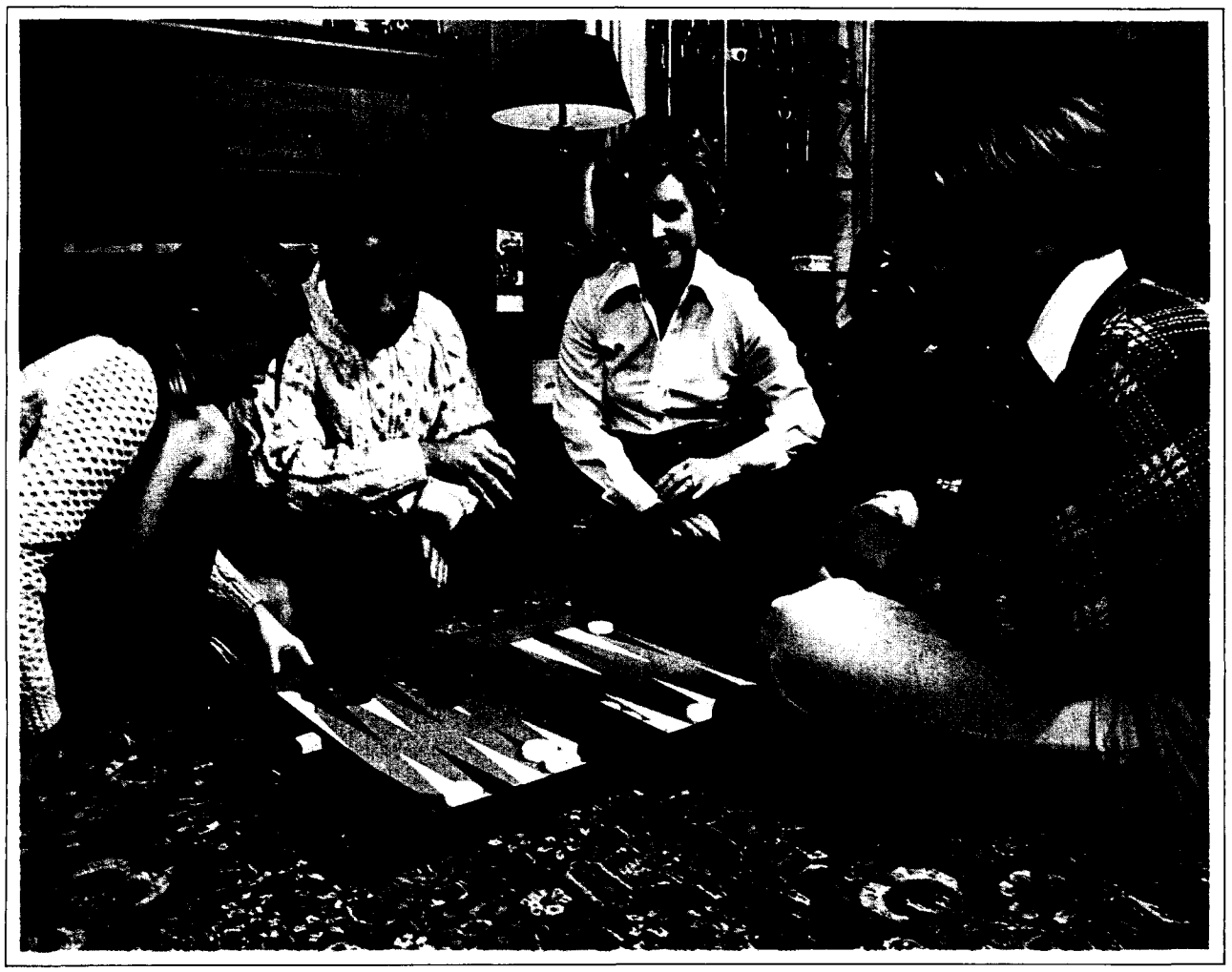
Senator Eagleton and his son Terry are very close. The pair often take long walks together in the rolling, wooded Maryland countryside, even when winter snows whiten the ground.



A friendly game of backgammon "doubles" often serves as an after-dinner family treat for the Eagletons. With Tom and Barbara are son Terry, fourteen, and daughter, Christy, ten.

a semi-abstraction which at least keeps him around them all. Barbara figures this gives them more of him rather than the less which would be their lot if he spent long stolen hours out on the links or the tennis court.

Eagleton also thinks the events of 1972 fade into memory. He put his brief time as part of the McGovern team into the context of an epic debate that gnawed at Congress's vitals from January until October, 1970—whether, and, if so, how the nation's antiballistic missile capacity should be increased.

"I think, as each day goes on, the impact of '72 wanes," Eagleton analyzed. "Whether it will wane down to point zero where it is just a nothing, I don't know. But it diminishes and dilutes, either as a plus or as a negative, as each day goes on. I think that's very readily understandable. The attention span of an individual, for all of us as humans, is limited.

"I think one of the biggest debates since I've been here in the Senate was the ABM. And if you interviewed ten men on the street today on one of those interview polls and you said, 'Sir, what is the ABM?', I would certainly bet that more than half would say, 'ABM, ABM, now I used to know about an ABM, but I'm not quite sure what the ABM is.' "

Eagleton said he has never had a "lust for the presidency" and he said he used the word "lust" because the motivation to go through what he calls "the cruel and inhuman punishment of a national campaign" has got to be so strong. Never was his ambition to be president that fervent.

Then, question number two: Would he accept a vice-presidential nomination?

"One will not be offered, so there will be no occasion to accept it, and I doubt if I would in any event," he replied quickly.

There is this, though. Those seven days in a July now gone, from the press conference to his resignation, were "about as pressure packed as any seven days I could ever imagine," he said. Tom Eagleton "endured," as he put it, "and I derive some personal comfort from that."

He is better organized, better prepared for this campaign than any other, he explained. True, one thing will never be the same. The summer of 1972, he vows, did not change him but it changed his life. Once a United States senator who was little known outside his own state, he now has been shorn of anonymity. His name has headlined newspapers from coast to coast. From the cauldron of 1972, he emerged a figure of national prominence.

But Thomas Francis Eagleton is busy looking ahead, involved in trying to make the kind of history he now seeks for himself, the memorial he hopes will be his testament. "He was a pretty darn good senator," he says he wants it to read.

Wise men have long known that the past, fully understood in heart and mind and fiber, is truly prologue. Clearly, Tom and Barbara Eagleton subscribe to that.

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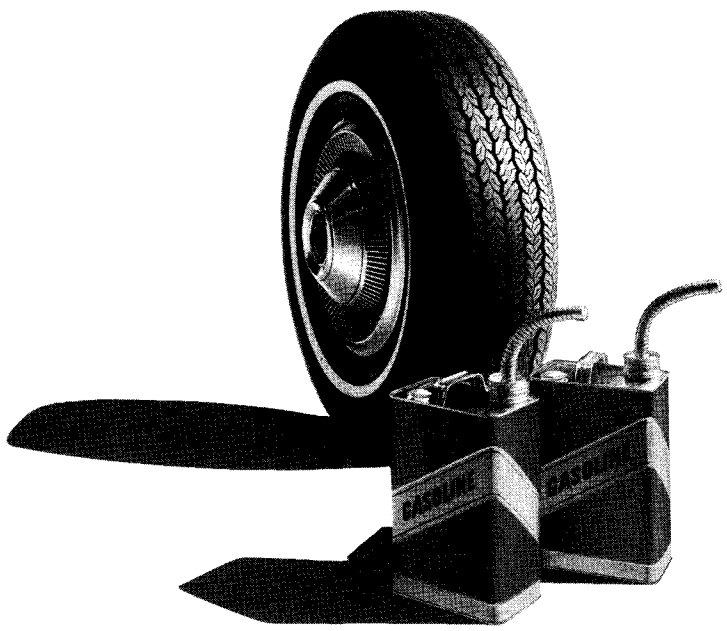

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FRANK COSTELLO: PRIME MINISTER OF THE UNDERWORLD

In this first episode, from one of the most astonishing books of our time, Costello defies both the power of the United States and the murderous "contracts" of other gangland chieftains.

By George Wolf, with Joseph DiMona

Part One. *For thirty years George Wolf was the attorney/confidant of Costello, boss of all Mafia bosses until his death in 1973. In this portion of the book, printed here before publication, Wolf recounts Costello's bootlegging career in the 20's, as he battled Coast Guard gunfire with his own fleet of rum runners.*

Editor's Note: *There were those who may have thought that violence and gangland power were overdone in the motion picture* The Godfather. *Unfortunately, such is not the case. When Oscar Wilde remarked that nature copies art, he was being as witty as usual, but wrong. In America's underworld chronicles, art follows nature with a vengeance.*

The underworld has inspired untold numbers of motion pictures, books, and even paintings. But, brutal as many of them have been, they still are mild compared to the reality. Now a book is about to be published which focuses much of this in a crucible of sad, blinding familiarity. It is Frank Costello: Prime Minister Of The Underworld, *written by George Wolf, with Joseph DiMona.**

Francesco Castiglia was born on January 26, 1891, in Laurapoli, in the province of Calabria, the mountainous region that occupies the toe of Italy. He came to New York City as a child, lived in the slums of East Harlem, and died in the city as a millionaire overlord on February 21, 1973. Frank Costello liked New Yorkers and they liked him, as he moved about charismatically among his many high-placed friends in society and political circles. He spent most of his fantastic career in Manhattan, except for a few semesters "in college," as the mob refers to a jail rap, and the necessary trips to other cities and hideaways for gangland conferences.

Costello may well have been one of the most accomplished businessmen ever to operate in this country, but the trouble was that his business was crime. He showed great promise when his first business venture, the Horowitz Novelty Company, returned a splendid profit after "a most successful bankruptcy." He is reputed to have controlled New York City through his holds on those in political office. He flatly refused to be televised before a congressional committee during the Kefauver hearings and his wish was granted. He walked out of those hearings even at the risk of a contempt-of-congress citation. Ultimately he became the boss of all bosses in the

*Published by William Morrow, and also sold in England, Japan, Spain and Germany. A paperback version will be published next year. A motion picture version is in the making and will be a major Chartoff-Winkler production of 20th Century-Fox.

underworld, outliving his Mafia rivals, most of whom went down in a hail of bullets.

This story is told here because it is all too true; reason enough. As author George Wolf says in his foreword:

"This book presents my own inside look at the man who ruled over the Mafia. It is, as it must be, a bloody, violent tale in which killers prowl, and men live in fear. How did Frank Costello, who loved most of all to dine quietly every day in the Waldorf-Astoria's elegant Grill, become a part of that murderous world? Even stranger, how did he become its boss?

"In my thirty years with Frank Costello I could not conceive of him carrying a gun, much less killing anyone with it. Yet, as he once ordered me to tell a reporter who wanted some facts on Frank's character, 'Don't claim that I sell Bibles.' And the world he ruled was filled with bloodshed."

Frank's life of crime may well have been foreshadowed by an ominous event that occurred while as a small child he anxiously awaited his departure from Naples to a land of greater promise. The author relates that:

"Little Frank looked smart in his dazzling whites, and euphoria overtook him as the boat came alongside the big ship. Then a deluge of dirty water came down from one of the bilges and inundated little Frank, ruining his new suit. His mother could not help but think this was a bad omen for the future, but she knew she had to be strong.

"So, in my book, the guns must speak, too, as they so often did during Frank's lifetime, mostly against his advice.

"I do not fear that young boys may read this book and emulate Frank Costello. Too much will be revealed: the constant terror, even at the top; the knowledge that potential treachery and death lurk behind every friend's eyes.

"But I believe that the life of Frank Costello is a moving story, a story of a man whose life might have taken a different direction if he had been born under happier circumstances. For he was intelligent, and he was just. To this day his former underworld associates speak of him with respect, as one-of-a-kind, a man who gave everyone a fair shake from the lowest numbers runner in Harlem to the leading 'Mustachio Petes' of the great underworld families."

* * *

On January 16, 1920, the National Prohibition Amendment went into effect.

"It was," Frank told me, "a whole new ball game. And we owned the ball."

Frank Costello was then twenty-nine.

Until Prohibition, crime had been centered in local gangs. Organized crime began with that Amendment—because never in history was there such a *need* for criminals to organize; smuggling whiskey into America was not a one-man enterprise. Whole fleets of ships, great convoys of trucks, warehouses, island bases off Newfoundland, even armed planes would eventually be needed to channel the flow of illegal alcohol past the stern guardians of the "saloonless nation" envisioned by the "drys."

Never in history would crime be so popular; never would it be so cheered on by the people. A Hearst reporter named Damon Runyon found a new world in a restaurant called Lindy's, and soon characters like Hot Horse Herbie, Feets Samuels, and Nathan Detroit—based on real gangsters—became almost respected.

Frank Costello was quick to grasp this new opportunity, and soon he was in the middle of the action.

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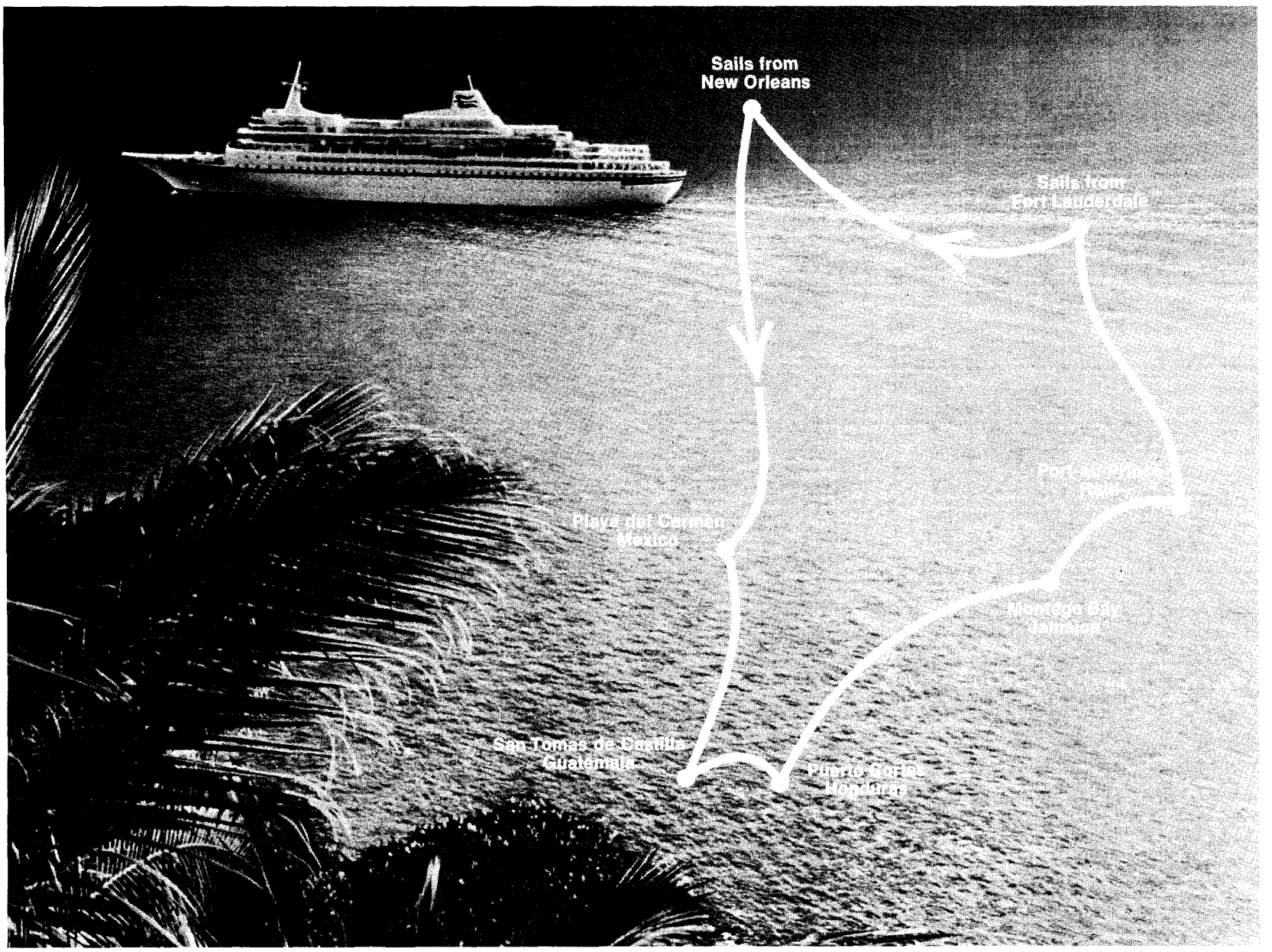

ROYAL VIKING LINE GULF-CARIBBEAN CRUISES

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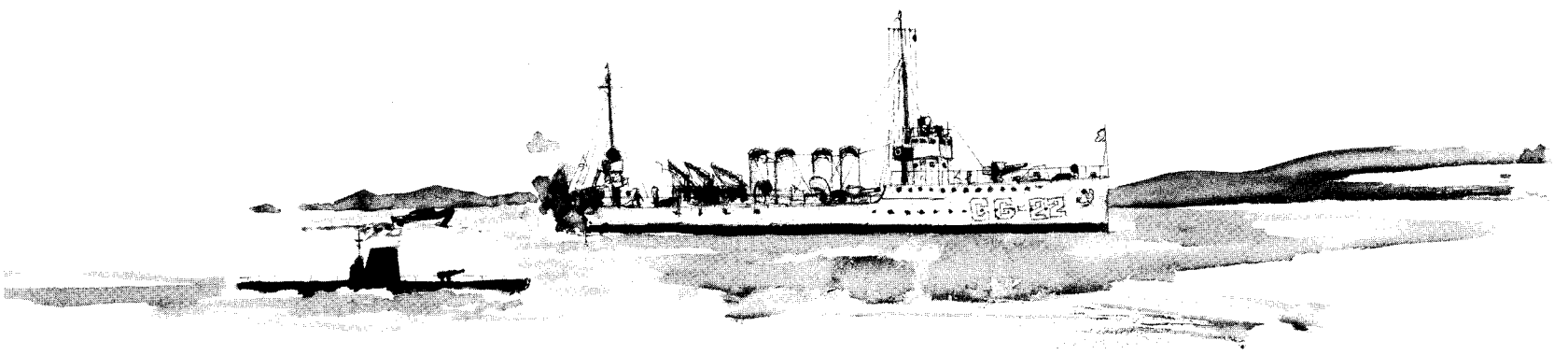

Great sea battles (never recorded, of course, in history texts alongside Lord Nelson) were to take place between armed smuggling ships and Coast Guard cutters, occasionally joined by machine-gun-firing sea planes owned by the smugglers. Frank Costello bribed Coast Guardsmen, but he couldn't bribe them *all*. And those who stayed honest wreaked havoc on his fleet when they could.

But millions and millions of dollars were to be made, and suddenly the whole underworld was in a ferment. Who would rise to the top? Who would control and own the lion's share of this fantastic influx of gold? Gangs and "families" were formed expressly for bootlegging—many of them preying on each other, hijacking each other's truck convoys. Great underworld wars began. In Chicago, Al Capone, whom Frank always hated, began a reign of terror, murdering and maiming.

Young Frank Costello was almost totally unknown, but all he was doing was making more money than anyone else.

Frank's bootlegging operation was organized exactly as a corporation, with departments and staffs for all phases of the business. Not that these departments weren't unusual. Operating out of an office Frank leased at 405 Lexington Avenue, the "business" had a traffic department, a distribution department, a corruption department to handle bribery, a defense department employing gunmen to cope with rivals, and even an intelligence department to keep an eye on what Prohibition enforcement agencies were doing.

In such a businesslike structure we can glimpse the approach to crime which was to raise the unknown Costello so rapidly toward the top of the criminal hierarchy. Underworld rivals could not help being impressed by the smoothness of Frank's operation.

The underworld saga of the Prohibition days began early and on dry land. The liquor industries, aware of the imminency of the Volstead Act, stored up millions of bottles of liquor bonded in warehouses to be dispensed as "medicinal" alcohol or for special government uses. These warehouses were under government supervision.

They were also under constant attack. When the nationwide thirst began and the speakeasies began to sprout they were the first targets for the underworld. Big Bill Dwyer, Legs Diamond, Owney Madden, Dutch Schultz and others soon emptied the warehouses by three techniques: forged government permits for "medicinal" purposes, bribery of warehouse custodians, and open attack by bands of gunmen. The profits were so enormous that bloody rivalries broke out between the various gangs who hijacked shipments of whiskey from each other.

Frank Costello was one of the "legitimate" bootleggers. By that I mean he imported the liquor which the "illegitimate" bootleggers attempted to hijack. An unofficial partnership sprang up between Frank and Bill Dwyer, although each maintained his own business.

The rest preyed upon them, swinging alongside trucks and forcing them off the road, then shooting and stabbing the drivers while the precious liquor was removed. Frank put armed guards on his trucks, but often they were not enough.

Frank fought back, as he had to, and he had to play rough, too, to survive. How well he succeeded may be gleaned from a remark an old friend of Costello's made to me recently: "If you're writing a book about how nice a guy Frank was, don't put too much in there about the Twenties."

While murders erupted on the streets, the bootleggers saw that the legitimate warehouse supply was drying up—and the era of smuggling from overseas began. Much of the liquor would be supplied from the British Isles. Frank immediately saw the complexity of the operation ahead. A secure base on this side of the Atlantic was needed, preferably an island off Canadian shores. From there the liquor would have to be shipped in large freighters to America, unloaded at sea by small swift boats which could elude the Coast Guard, landed, and then trucked to "drops" where it would be "cut" and distributed.

I was told that some time in 1921 Frank Costello boarded an old freighter headed north toward Newfoundland. He had a date with the Mayor of St. Pierre, the capital and largest of a group of microscopic rocks known as the Miquelon Islands off Newfoundland.

Frank said he chose St. Pierre not only for geographic reasons but also because it was outside both American and Canadian jurisdictions, the only French possession remaining from its once great North American empire. Canada was working closely with the U.S. in those early days of the Volstead Act—but St. Pierre was working with nobody. Frank thought he might take a little trip.

An icy wind tore at the railings of the ship, and salt spray whipped across the bow. Frank Costello in a red sweater, gray slacks, and boots grabbed a railing on the bridge and held on. He was enjoying himself. The ship had been two days at sea, and the ocean was choppy. Two of Frank's men had been battling mal de mer, but Frank was unaffected. He loved it out here on the deck of the bucking ship with the waves buffeting the bow, and ahead a limitless horizon. Perhaps, he thought, one of his ancestors in Calabria had been a fisherman or even a merchant trader. All Frank knew for certain was that the sea *called* to him.

The captain of this old freighter was a rotund Dutchman who had been persuaded to reroute his normal trip back to Europe to drop Frank and his men off at St. Pierre. Now the captain came up to his passenger on the bridge. "A few minutes yet," he said. "Then you'll see it."

He handed Frank binoculars, and Frank put them to his eyes, sweeping the horizon. Nothing. He put the binoculars down. "It ain't going to be New York, I guess," he said to the captain, who laughed.

"Three hundred people on the whole island," the captain said. "I think you're crazy."

The captain had been probing for two days to find out why three men who did not resemble ordinary tourists wanted to go to that godforsaken island, St. Pierre. Was it another of those crazy rumors about buried treasure? "You fellows don't know of any sunken ships up there, do you?"

Frank was startled. "Sunk?" he said. "Already?"

That answer baffled the captain. He said, "I'm talking about treasure ships."

Frank looked at him a long time, and then smiled, "No, captain. We ain't looking for Captain Kidd's loose change. We're strictly business."

The wind freshened, the ship took a sudden lurch as a wave crashed into its port bow, but the captain paid no attention, even though both of them were almost flung off their feet. The creaking of the plunging freighter, and the wind in their faces forced the captain to shout. "What business could you have? There's nothing but codfish up there."

But his mysterious passenger had turned abruptly to face the sea and the conversation was over. The captain was startled when one of Frank's companions came onto the bridge, and growled into his ear, "Don't ask too many questions, Skipper, or you might be seeing them codfish bottoms up."

The captain asked no more questions.

Huddled against the fierce North Atlantic winds the granite masses of the Miquelon Islands emerged on the horizon as the red rusty freighter bucked its way north. Frank was having a cup of coffee in the wheel house when the helmsman gave him the word, "Dead ahead, Mr. Costello."

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The captain bustled into the little wheel house and spread a chart on a chest-high desk. "I don't know these waters," he said, "and I don't want to catch any reefs. Damn fishermen up here don't even use charts—they *smell* a reef."

Frank said nothing to the captain but went out on the port bridge and watched in fascination as the island loomed larger. He didn't feel like asking that idiot captain for the binoculars, but even with his naked eye he could see this wasn't a grass-green paradise. The ship was turning slowly to port to come into the protected west side of St. Pierre, and Frank could make out other islands on the horizon.

Fifteen minutes later they were chugging slowly into a lonely port. A channel ran between crumbling wooden piers which housed a few battered old fishing schooners and trawlers with nets out to dry. The village spread up from the port; from the roof of a government building at the far end a tattered French flag was flying.

Frank paid the captain and walked down the gangway to be greeted by a young man in a fur-lined coat. The man said, "The mayor is expecting you, Mr. Costello. Your letter's been on his desk a week, and he still doesn't understand it. Cases of what?"

Frank smiled, but said he would elaborate only to the mayor. The deal he made with that mayor was to make St. Pierre rich. Two dollars per case of liquor—and by the end of Prohibition more than two million cases would have passed through one little island.

Frank often said that if there was one place on earth that would ever build a monument to him it would certainly not be America, which regarded him as a criminal, or even Italy, which considered him a native son gone wrong, but St. Pierre, where he was regarded with only slightly less affection and awe than the Savior.

A rocky outpost in the North Atlantic with only a few fishermen was transformed within weeks into a thriving, prosperous port. It was a boom town, as Frank once remarked, "with once in a while some *real* booms!" For the men who came in on those ships were rough customers. Gray fedoras instead of sea caps (the fedoras usually held with both hands in the icy North Atlantic winds), shaky sea legs happy to hit shore, guns in holsters, and very businesslike actions when they started to work. Warehouses had to be built, piers strengthened, loading equipment brought in, and workers ferried to the island. Meanwhile Frank was assembling his fleet, a most unusual collection of ships. Into the harbor day by day sailed ancient tramp ships, rust-streaked coasters, fishing schooners and yawls, anything that could sail and hold cargo long enough for at least one trip. Most of them had long since been condemned as unseaworthy, and had lain for years in derelict shipyards. Now Prohibition gave them a new lease on life, and repairs hastily made them more or less whole again.

Big Bill Dwyer liked the looks of St. Pierre, too—as well as its cooperative mayor—and his motley fleet mingled with Frank's. Each of the ships sailed with a guard of underworld types, along with its regular crew, and they soon brought a touch of big city life to the island. Saloons and whorehouses sprang up along the docks, and incoming ships were often lined with prostitutes along the rails, to be greeted by screaming steam sirens, whistles and bells.

His base secured in St. Pierre, Frank now turned his attention to the problem of transporting the imported liquor which arrived in St. Pierre from the British Isles to America, finding a way to get the liquor from the ships to shore through the watchful eyes of the Coast Guard, then trucking it to warehouses where it would be "cut" and distributed. There were perils all along the line.

The bootlegging era evolved into two distinct phases. Before 1924 the Coast Guard had only a few rather old patrol boats which could make no more than twelve knots in fair seas. Frank—as well as other bootleggers—assembled dozens of fast boats known as Jersey skiffs, handy little craft measuring forty feet, which could attain a speed of twenty-five knots, and carry 200 cases.

These skiffs—known to the Coast Guard as the "Sunset Fleet"—would emerge from hidden coves toward dusk, heading for the big freighters anchored outside the three-mile U.S. territorial limit.

The Coast Guard boats were inadequate to deal with the fast-moving bootlegging skiffs. Worse, the "Guard" was despised by the very people it was supposed to protect. New York newspapers daily ridiculed the Coast Guard patrols, calling them "pirates." When a Coast Guard cutter attempted to stop a bootlegging boat, and injuries resulted, the public was angry.

For the truth is America loved the whiskey which came from the great line of ships which was soon dubbed by the press as "Rum Row." Rum Row stretched from Chesapeake Bay in the south to Montauk Point in the north, with most of the ships standing off the New Jersey Highlands, convenient for the approaches to the port of New York.

Faced with public hostility, and the apathy of local authorities, the Coast Guard did little or nothing to effectively stop the transfer of liquor from Rum Row to the shore, before 1924. A look at the economics of bootlegging will show what this virtually "free" opportunity to break the law meant during those bonanza years.

A case of Scotch originally purchased for eight dollars on the other side of the Atlantic ultimately brought the Stateside bootlegger approximately $400. And, you must remember, many of the shipments contained as much as 20,000 cases of uncut whiskey.

Frank grew rich fast; his corporate empire stretched from St. Pierre in the north to Philadelphia in the south. His fleet of ships included everything from tramp steamers to former luxury yachts, as well as flotillas of Jersey skiffs to make the runs in to the beaches. Trucks rumbled day and night from these landing spots to the warehouses. And along with his ships and yachts Frank introduced a new element into bootlegging, one which was to bring gasps of surprise in the courtroom in 1926: seaplanes for air coverage. These planes formed what might be called Frank's air wing of his defense department.

Such innovations were necessary. While the legal authorities generally ignored the bootlegging operations in those first years, ambitious underworld rivals of Frank's did not. The ships at sea were rich targets for pirates; the trucks on the lonely roads at night were easy pickings for hijackers.

That very first year, Costello's ships, trucks and warehouses came under attack from every direction.

Fog curled across the waters off Montauk, Long Island, at midnight as the *Nancy,* one of Frank's freighters, made its way carefully toward Rum Row, carrying ten thousand cases of Scotch and cognac. Periodically, the freighter would sound its foghorn.

Joe Collandra, the head of the armed crew Frank had placed on the boat, couldn't sleep. The continual blast of the horn tore into his nerves. Finally he got out of bed, threw on slacks and a sweater, and went up to the tiny officer's wardroom to have a cup of coffee. The second mate was sitting there, preparing to go up to the bridge to take over the watch.

Joe said, "Can't they switch off that horn?"

The mate was a big Swede with blue eyes that didn't miss much. Joe didn't trust him, but what the hell. He could take care of him if he gave them any trouble. The mate said, "You can't see fifty feet out there. And it's a ten-mile swim to Montauk."

"Yeah," Joe said, "scare me some more."

Joe went over to the little galley and poured himself a cup of coffee, black. He was standing there, leaning against the wall, when a seaman came running down the corridor outside and stopped at the wardroom entrance. He said to Joe, "Captain wants you on the bridge."

"What?"

"The captain wants you. We're being hailed by the Coast Guard."

They were outside U.S. territorial waters, so how could the Guard be bothering them? Joe quickly went back to his room, knocking on doors along the way to rouse Mike Gorla and Al Lazzeri, the two other guards. In his room he strapped on a .45 in a Navy belt and holster, picked up a submachine gun and then went back toward the ladder to the bridge. Mike and Al were both looking out of their doors. "What's up?"

"The Coast Guard wants to see us. Get your guns and come up to the bridge."

The great engines of the ship had come to a stop as Joe came out on the bridge. The captain stood at the rail looking out over the side. "That cutter over there," said the captain to Joe, handing him binoculars. Joe quickly looked through the twin glasses and saw a gray patrol boat with sailors and officers, one of whom had a mega-

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phone. This officer now called, "We're coming alongside!"

The captain had a megaphone on the deck beside him. Joe quickly picked it up and shouted, "*Like hell you are*!" Then he turned to the captain, "Get this tub moving!"

The cutter was starting to swing toward them as the captain said, "But they're the Guard—"

"We're outside the territorial limit?"

"Yes."

"*Get moving*!"

The captain turned towards the wheel house and shouted, "Start the engines." He went back into the wheel house and started giving orders. Beneath Joe the old metal plates came alive as the engines began to work, and the ship slowly moved ahead, picking up speed. The cutter abruptly turned parallel to the ship's course. The officer over there was hailing them again but now he couldn't be heard. Then the cutter did an amazing thing. It swung away from the ship and disappeared in the fog.

The captain was back on the bridge. Joe said, "They took off."

"They'll be back," the captain said. "I got news for you, tough guy. You're in trouble."

The cutter, like a ghost ship in the fog, could now be seen about fifty yards away traveling alongside them. CRACK! A shot. The captain ran into the wheel house as Joe picked up the binoculars and saw, close up, a one-pound gun on the bow of the ship. Even as he looked it fired again, flame belching from its muzzle, and this time the shell connected. A crunch could be heard near the bow. CRACK! Another shell, another crunch, this time with a ripping sound.

In the wheel house the captain was shouting "Stop all engines!" and the P.A. system came alive with his voice: "ALL HANDS TAKE COVER!" while the engines stopped dead, and the cutter started to swing toward the ship again. Joe was furious. He ran into the wheel house and saw that the two guards, Al and Mike, looking scared, were already there. Joe grabbed the captain and hit him on the jaw, knocking him back against the wall. "Don't do that!" Al yelled, jumping on Joe and holding him back. "Let the stupid Guard come aboard if they want to."

"*They ain't the Guard*!" Joe said. "*They're phonies*!"

Al and the others rushed out on the deck just as the cutter came alongside and grappling hooks with rope ladders were thrown over the side. Dozens of men from the cutter swarmed aboard but Joe had it all under control. His boys were on the bridge with submachine guns and the pirates were on the main deck below running toward them, and Joe started firing his gun, ripping across the deck, hitting one of the pirates. The captain knocked him aside with a bull-like rush, the gun falling from his hands, the captain shouting, "*You'll start a fire, you maniac*!" Two small objects arched from the deck below and hit the bridge, and two ripping roaring explosions tore the bridge apart and sent Joe screaming in agony to his knees, his arm in shreds. Five minutes later the pirates were on the bridge and one of them, a phony lieutenant, was giving orders over the P.A. for quiet.

Twenty-four hours later Joe was in a hospital bed reporting to Frank the news that they had lost 10,000 cases to the pirates. But an angry Frank, as always, made a plus out of the situation. For he was to remember—and use in the future—the device of having his own men pose as the Coast Guard.

Sometime in late 1923 Frank told me he got a call from one of his men, Mike Terranova, who was head of Frank's intelligence department. In this job Mike spent most of his time buying beer for Coast Guard sailors and officers and trying to "get a fix" on what they had in mind to combat the bootleggers. For years he had received the same answer: nothing in the works.

But one night a sailor had handed him an All Hands bulletin that looked urgent. In fact, it looked disastrous. Mike was sitting at a little desk when Frank came in. Frank said, "What's the commotion?"

Mike handed him the bulletin, and Frank read it without taking off his coat, standing in front of the desk. What he read was that the Coast Guard was ready to wage an all-out war on the bootleggers—and to begin was borrowing twenty-five destroyers from the Navy. Destroyers! With batteries of four-inch, fifty-caliber and three-inch, fifty-caliber guns, plus quick-firing one-pounders and large crews armed with machine guns, rifles and pistols. Their speed ranged from twenty-six to thirty knots.

A whole destroyer force, and this was not all. Modern new cutters, especially designed and armed to deal with the bootleggers, were coming down the launching ways. No less than four classes of boats, ranging in length from 36 feet to 125 feet, were already in production.

The largest of them could remain on the trail of smuggling ships, without refueling, for as long as a month. The smaller boats would patrol the secret inlets and bays where the rummy skiffs sought to land.

Mike was the kind of guy who liked to think that he never panicked. But an entire big-gunned fleet—complete with destroyers? They would not have a chance to get through.

Frank took out a roll of $100 bills and tossed two over to Mike. "Give that to the kid who gave you this sheet. And tell him there are more coming."

Then he left the room, and Mike leaned back and, for the first time since the previous night, smiled. Destroyers had four-inch, fifty-caliber guns. OK. The new cutters had guns and speed. OK. But they also had people.

If Mike knew his boss, Frank would be buying half the Coast Guard. The only reason he wouldn't be buying the other half is that Bill Dwyer deserved his share.

By early 1925 the war was on. The Coast Guard made its headquarters at New London, Connecticut, and flung its ships across hundreds of miles, forming an inland screen that seemed impenetrable. Rum Row, off Montauk, Long Island, was the first to suffer.

Destroyers took station day and night abaft the line of ships. By night they kept their searchlights beaming on the ships so that no skiffs could slip alongside and start loading.

Beyond the line of destroyers, closer to shore, were the various types of cutters of all speeds and weaponry. Time and again a daring skiff would try to outsmart or outrun the Guard; time and again red tracers would spear the night and set the boats aflame.

Rum Row was dead. No longer would smuggling ships steam serenely to a spot beyond the three-mile territorial limit, and wait for the skiffs to come at night, because the skiffs wouldn't come. And each bootlegging ship that reached Rum Row was identified, shadowed, and kept track of on a huge map at Coast Guard headquarters.

From now on smuggling would have to be done as it was in Colonial days, when rummies eluded the King's excise officers. Freighters would arrive alone, to be met at a predesignated spot and unloaded in minutes. And for this new phase, Frank had a surprise for the Coast Guard: his own fleet. In Nova Scotia he was building rummies of a new character. They had low freeboards to reduce visibility and were supplied with engines which could attain speeds up to seventeen knots. The new ships, 160 feet long, could carry 15,000 cases. All of them sailed with the most modern radio equipment.

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And these radios were used. Frank set up clandestine radio stations along the U.S. shoreline which directed the movements of the smuggling ships at all times, and kept them advised of Coast Guard activity.

These new boats were fast and highly maneuverable. But the destroyers could match them, with help. What would happen was that a destroyer, sighting a speeding rummy, would radio to a flotilla of cutters lying offshore and dozens of boats would converge on the outlaw. When they did, Frank often had a surprise for them.

One of the Coast Guard officers involved in such a surprise, Commander Thomas Backer, told Federal investigators this story, and I heard it later from Frank. It was one of his favorites.

Dawn and the bow lookout on the Coast Guard destroyer gave a shout over his radio phones, "Speedboat on the starboard bow . . . looks like a rummy, sir."

Lieutenant O'Dow was the Officer of the Deck. When his radio man gave him the message he took his binoculars and saw one of Costello's fast new boats about a mile ahead racing toward shore ten miles away.

O'Dow ordered engines ahead full, then called down to wake the commander. By the time the skipper, Commander Backer, got up to the bridge, O'Dow was in full pursuit of the rummy, cutting off the angle to shore.

The commander had on a weather breaker and his usually salty blue cap, tilted lightly. Commander Backer was considered one of the real gung ho boys in the Coast Guard. So far he had three "kills" in only two weeks on station, which the crew represented by painting small boats on the side of the bridge. Now Backer smelled his fourth.

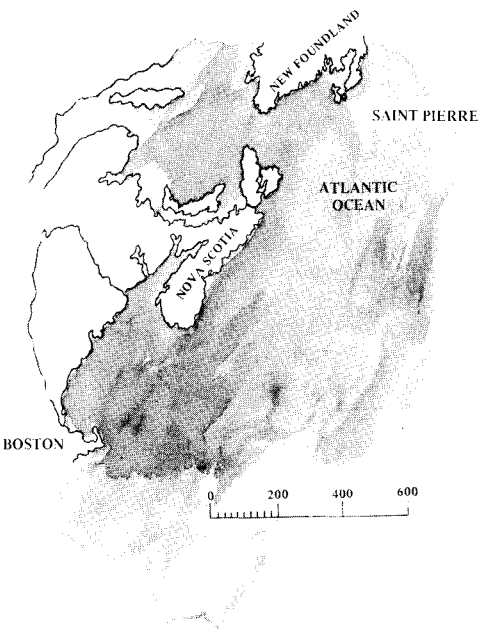
Backer took over the bridge while O'Dow sent radio messages to headquarters alerting the inshore patrol cutters of the location and speed of the rummy. But Backer knew it would be up to him this morning, because at the rate that rummy was going he would reach shore before the other boats could arrive on the scene.

The destroyer was drawing closer to the rummy every minute, black smoke belching from its four stacks as every engine strained to the utmost. Backer had sounded General Quarters and all hands were at gun stations. Now he passed the word to a three-inch, fifty-caliber crew: "Fire across his bow."

The crew went to work, slamming a shell home, and then the gunner swung the three-inch, fifty-caliber into an approximate line—and flame erupted from the muzzle. A few seconds . . . and a splash on the other side of the speeding rummy. But no change in its speed and direction.

By now Commander Backer's binoculars showed him the full story. The "hams" of liquor were right on deck, stacked for immediate unloading under the new bootlegging tactics of instant unloading and departure. He also saw the name of the boat: *Elise*. Then he moved his binoculars to the little bridge of the rummy boat—and almost dropped them. Some thug in an open white shirt was *thumbing his nose at the destroyer*!

Commander Backer was not only a loyal, indeed, an eager Coast Guardsman—he was also a man who didn't drink. To the horror of his crew he never let them enjoy one drop of the "booty" they picked up in their kills. As Backer was



St. Pierre (arrow), where the liquor was stored.

always quick to say to his superior officers, he hated the rummies not only as criminals but for what they were doing to his country. And now right in front of him one of these illiterate gangsters, thinking his boat was too fast for the Guard, was thumbing his nose at them! "All forward guns, commence firing!" Backer shouted to the gunner's mate on the phones. "Aim for the bow."

The destroyer had three three-inch, fifty-calibers and two four-inch, fifty-calibers up front. Now all crews frantically started loading and aiming as Backer heard the roar of an engine. He looked up just as a seaplane zoomed over his head. Meanwhile the rummy was beginning to zigzag in preparation for the destroyer's firing, and then . . . what's this? . . . it was turning in a wide arc and heading right back toward them! Meanwhile the seaplane made a graceful turn of its own and was coming up along their side about ten yards to windward. All hell broke loose up front as the five forward guns started firing at the oncoming rummy boat. The seaplane dropped down to a few feet above the water and then smoke billowed out its tail. The destroyer was covered with greasy black muck and Backer was shouting to the helmsman, "Steady as she goes!"

By the time the smoke lifted, the plane was already fleeing. Through the wisps of smoke Backer angrily scanned the sea and saw the rummy speedboat had roared right by and was circling toward their stern. Commander Backer quickly alerted Coast Guard headquarters to the rummy seaplane, swung his ship to starboard so all guns could level at the boat and blow it out of the water. Then a *submarine* emerged from the sea not fifty yards away. Planes, and now submarines! The rummy boat came tearing in behind them before his gunners could get on target and Backer heard a small explosion in the stern. "What's going on back there?" he shouted over the telephones, but the helmsman was calling up over the voice tube from the wheel house, "Engines stopped, sir."

"WHO STOPPED THEM? FULL SPEED AHEAD!"

"The screws are hit, sir."

Oh hell! Backer thought. This will look good on my report. The ship disabled, and here was a submarine surfacing ready to blast them out of the water for good, and the rummy going merrily to the beach, unscathed. The hatch on the submarine lifted and a fat German officer emerged, blinking in the sun.

The officer put a megaphone to his lips and shouted a word which Backer didn't catch. "What'd he say?" he asked the signalman. "I didn't get it, sir." But now the German officer tried again. Loudly, and clearly the phrase came over the water, "OK."

Backer screamed at Lieutenant O'Dow, "Ask him what the hell he means by OK."

"Yes, sir," O'Dow said, thoroughly rattled, and to Backer's horror he shouted through the megaphone, "What the hell do you mean by OK?"

By now the submarine had drifted close to the destroyer which itself was floating without power. The German officer shouted, "Friends, indeed. Need help. SOS."

Meanwhile the radio man asked to speak to Backer on the voice tube from the radio shack. He had a message from headquarters. "Sending aircraft to assist you. Commandant asks to pass personal message to Commander Backer. This is the message: Pull yourself together. Positively no submarines your vicinity. Positively no aircraft your area. What's the commotion? Full report required when you return to base." Backer read the message, shaking. Great! His commandant obviously thought he was insane, but there was a submarine right there, one the Coast Guard knew nothing of. Maybe it was another rummy trick. By now, totally unhinged, he shouted to the sub, "Stand clear."

But both boats, helpless without engine power, had drifted so close that the German commander could call up to them without the megaphone. Backer's men were getting ready for the inevitable collision when the German called up in guttural accents: "Greetings to Americans from Oberlieutenant Hochmann, commander of French submarine."

"*FRENCH*?"

"Versailles Treaty. We train French crew on our boat. French crew verdammt! Engine broken."

Backer looked down at the German on the submarine and just held his head.

An hour later another destroyer was on hand, sent by New London headquarters, which now knew they had a beauty on their hands in the erstwhile eager Commander Backer . . . his mighty destroyer put out of action by a little speedboat, a cargo of liquor going right by his nose to land, untouched, and now babbling incoherently that it was all the fault of a German captain with a French crew.

Federal investigators who heard this story from Backer before the great bootlegging trial in 1926 could not help but laugh.

Frank Costello got a laugh out of it, too, when he heard about it that day. The radio operator on the bridge of the destroyer was his man. So was the radio operator in the radio shack below, who never had passed on the original message that the *Elise* was sighted by another Coast Guard ship an hour before it got to the destroyer.

Editor's Note: *Part II of the Costello chronicle will reveal the inside of his takeover of the Mafia network, and how he even put the fearsome killer, Al Capone, in his place.*

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Aries

Mar. 21-Apr. 19

Your ruler is Minerva, Goddess of wisdom, war and the liberal arts. Your planet is Mars, called "the red planet." Your color is red, your metal iron and your element is fire! You are energetic, impulsive, enthusiastic, and steadfast. Your mineral is realgar/orpiment.

Aquarius

Jan. 20-Feb. 18

Your ruler is Juno, queen of the heavens. Your planet is Uranus, a primary planet, bigger than the earth. Your color is purple, your metal rare uranium and your element air! You are honest, curious, broadminded and humane. Your mineral is amethyst quartz crystal.

Gemini

May 21-Jun. 21

Your ruler Apollo, is god of light and heat. Historically he represents the highest form of masculine beauty. Mercury rules your metal quick-silver. Your color is blue-grey and your element is air! You are restless, versatile, clever and expressive. Your mineral, one half of a pair, is the geode.

Cancer

Jun. 22-Jul. 22

Your ruler is Mercury. Your planet is the moon—fitting for the sign of a water creature. Your colors: iridescents and the heraldic "tincture of purple." Your metal is silver and your element water. You are tenacious, patient, sympathetic and influential. Your mineral is chalcopyrite.

Virgo

Aug. 23-Sep. 22

Your ruler is Ceres, goddess of growing things. Your planet is Mercury, smallest star and nearest to the sun. Your color: grey-blues, your metal quick-silver and your element earth! You are good-humored, industrious, intelligent and tender. Your mineral is flourite.

Taurus

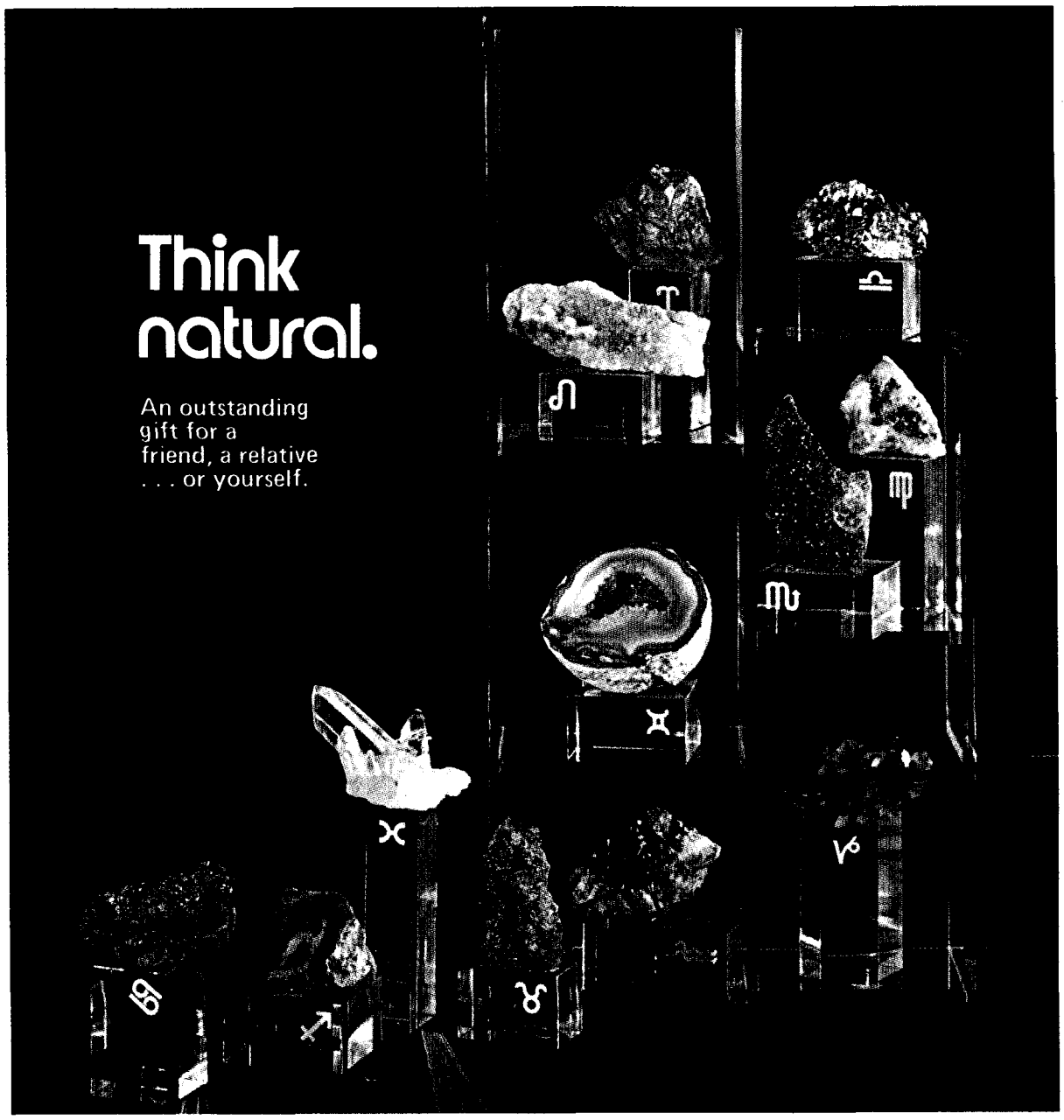
Apr. 20-May 20

Your ruler is Venus, goddess of beauty and love. Your planet is Venus—the most brilliant star. Venus rules your metal copper. Your color, from heraldry, is the "green tincture" verd. Your element is earth. You are adamant, persevering, kindhearted and musical. Your mineral is malachite.

Libra

Sep. 23-Oct. 22

Your ruler is Vulcan, god of fire. Your planet is Venus, "the morning and evening star." Your color is light gold, your metal is copper and your element air. You are just, artistic, painstaking and affectionate. Your mineral pyrite is commonly called "fool's gold."



Scorpio

Oct. 23-Nov. 21

Your ruler is Mars, god of war. Your color, from heraldry, is deep red as in the coats of sovereign princes. Your metal is steel and your element water. You are energetic, independent, genial, with strong likes and dislikes. Your mineral is vanadinite.

Capricorn

Dec. 22-Jan. 19

Your ruler is Vesta, goddess of the hearth. Your planet is Saturn. Your colors, from heraldry, are black and brown. Your element is earth. You are ambitious but cautious, diplomatic and have great understanding. Your mineral is dog-tooth calcite.

Sagittarius

Nov. 22-Dec. 21

Your ruler is Diana, goddess of the chase. Your planet is Jupiter, with a disc that's blue. Your color is bright blue, your metal tin, and your element fire! You are impulsive, candid, generous and sport and nature loving. Your mineral is chrysocolla.

Pisces

Feb. 19-Mar. 20

Your ruler is Neptune, god of the sea. Your colors: ocean blue or sea green, your metal tin and your element—water! You are sensitive, kind, ebullient, and idealistic. Your mineral, clear as water itself, is rock quartz crystal.

Leo

Jul. 23-Aug. 22

Your ruler is Jupiter whose domain is the sky. Your planet is "giver of life and energy and center of all celestial bodies"—the sun. Your color is yellow (as the sun), your metal gold, and your element fire! You are generous, energetic, proud and assertive. Your mineral is sulphur.

From the dawn of history, mankind's development has been guided by the elements. Astrology is based on the principle that the position of the planets and the signs of the zodiac have much to do with what is happening here on earth. Ancient astrologers tell us that to certain people, born at a certain time, a particular stone will bring fortune, happinesss and good luck. Now you can have your personal sign of the zodiac and its corresponding mineral for good fortune.
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CANCER CAN BE CONQUERED

When we discover why Joe's cancer went away, we will be well on the way to a vaccine or a cure.

By Joseph W. Mayerle as told to Ruth Bolotin

The case of Joseph W. Mayerle may serve as an inspiration for thousands of cancer patients not to give up hope. Some fifteen years after having been pronounced doomed by the disease, Mayerle is living a useful and active life. He is working as a full-time security guard at the U.S. Naval Torpedo Station at Keyport, Washington. He takes a special delight in spending frequent weekends going on trail rides of forty or fifty miles with his beloved son, Joey, fourteen, who unknowingly had so much to do with keeping Mayerle alive.

Mayerle's return from the brink of the grave after being pronounced a terminal cancer victim has been documented and written up in the December 1970 issue (volume 120, page 804) of The American Journal of Surgery. *Although medical science still is not sure exactly why his recovery occurred, it is a definite fact that it* did *occur.*

"I'm feeling just fine and working every day," Mayerle says. "There has never been any recurrence of the cancer since my recovery." Asked how many letters from other cancer patients he has answered since his case was brought to light, Mayerle said, "Oh, my goodness, it's hard to say, but it must have been a couple of thousand."

Medical researchers are becoming increasingly curious about spontaneous cancer remissions such as Joe's. Populations in countries where starvation is prevalent tend to have greater instances of infections and fewer occurrences of cancer. (See Medical Mailbox, SatEvePost Nov./Dec.'73.) Can high temperatures or toxins released by bacteria destroy enough cancer cells to turn the tide? Are some kinds of cancer really caused by viruses which are sometimes destroyed by bacteria? These are questions that Joe's case brings to mind. Any readers who have observations to make about Joe Mayerle's victorious fight against cancer are urged to write: Medical Mailbox, SatEvePost, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

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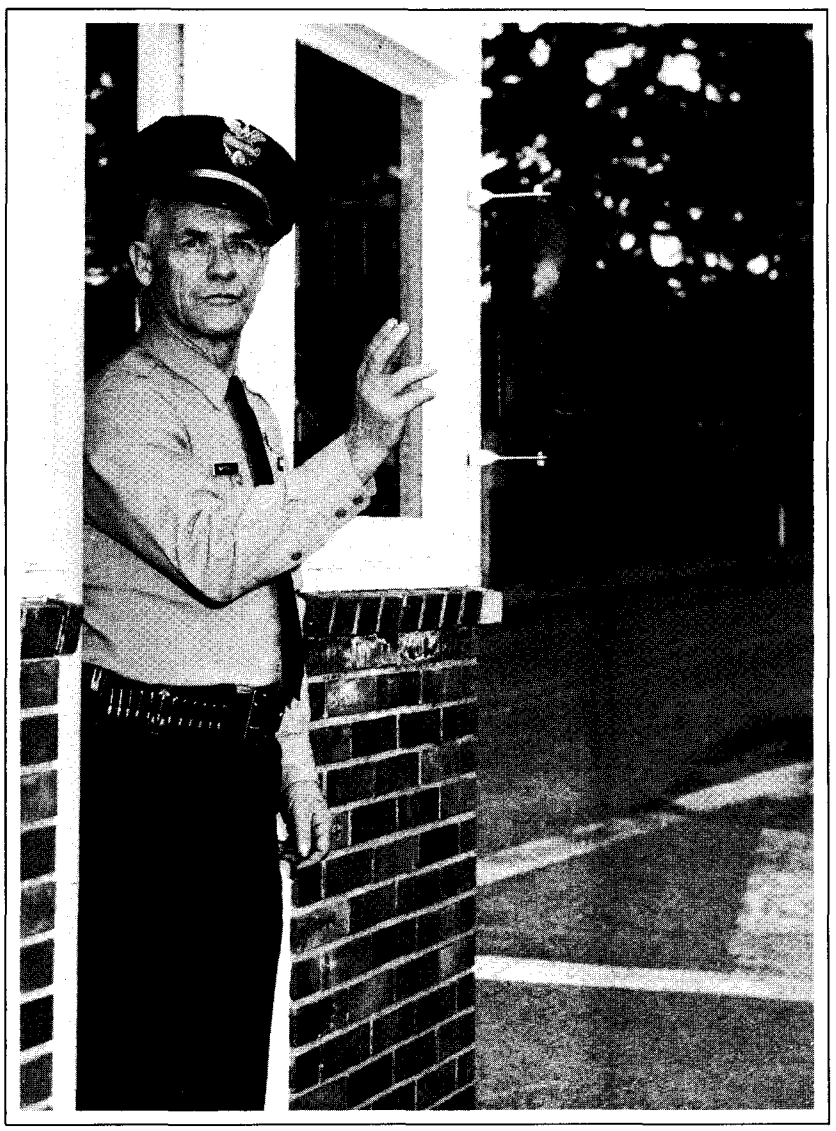

Joseph Mayerle on the job at the Naval Torpedo Station in Keyport, Washington. People who've heard about his miraculous cure continue to contact him.

Is there ever a terminal cancer patient who does not yearn for that rare and elusive miracle—spontaneous recovery? Even while still reeling under the impact of a face-to-face confrontation with death, one is already clutching for a straw. I was no exception.

Terminal cancer. My whole being strained for some ray of comfort, some hint of refutation, some trace of flaw in the harsh verdict.

Hauntingly vivid in my memory is that foreboding morning in February 1959 at the Harrison Memorial Hospital in Bremerton, Washington, when the doctor had said, "You have lung cancer." That afternoon Betty, my wife, came with eyes red from crying.

"It's not the end of the world," I protested. "There is a good chance of cure these days." The look she gave me told me there was more to it, and I finally got it out of her: the doctor had told her it was terminal, that I wouldn't last six months.

Death was looking me in the face, but I am a stubborn fellow. "I need a miracle in the worst way," I told myself. "Maybe it will happen." I didn't really believe in miracles, but I clung to the thought desperately. In the days and months that followed, my faith was to flicker, die, and flame up time and again.

Terminal lung cancer. How casually I had regarded my symptoms of the last few months: the bad cough that seemed to be getting worse, the increasing difficulty in drawing a full breath, the tiredness that seemed to be with me constantly. Yet there was a valid reason for ignoring my difficulties. Betty's mother was dying of throat cancer, and I was putting in daily shifts caring for her after work. How could my "cold," however annoying and miserable, command my attention at such a time?

My heart and mind were still filled with the grief and shock of Mom's ordeal, and her passing, and now, suddenly *I* was the one. I was only thirty-seven years old, and it was my turn.

I was no stranger to serious illness. For ten years I had had repeated bouts with ulcers, including three operations. With 75 percent of my stomach removed, I had known suffering, and had even looked at death. But this time there was a crushing sense of inexorable finality.

"Give up?" The question in my mind used words that had been jettisoned early in my navy experience. "Not while there's breath left," I whispered my answer aloud.

Because I am a veteran the next move was obvious. The Veterans Administration Hospital in Seattle, Washington, was where I wanted to be, and within a few days arrangements were completed.

While tests were being made I allowed my optimism to grow a little—maybe there had been an error, and it wasn't terminal. My weight, originally 165 pounds, was now down to 125, but I let myself hope. Maybe they would decide to operate, and I could borrow some time, at least a few years. . . .

A few years? In the turbulent weeks of the previous month Betty had confirmed that she was pregnant. I let myself think about that now. We had two fine daughters: Wanda was twelve, and Denise was eight. It would be great to hold a baby again, a joy to watch it grow, smile, laugh, crawl, walk. It might even be a boy. I might, after all, have a son, a namesake to complete our family. A son? It was hard to accept the possibility that I might not live long enough to see my child, that I would not have a chance to hold it, nor even know if it was a boy or a girl.

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Into each life some rain must fall! 'Tis true! But you can gladden your rainy days and bask in the warmth and sunshine of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Truly a family magazine, its fiction, Rockwell "Americana," commentaries on current events, essays, biographies, humor, editorials, and myriad short subjects appeal to readers of all ages. *The Post* is as American as baseball—as universal as the pursuit of happiness.

Laugh with Al Capp and Alexander Botts. Read aloud with Julie Nixon Eisenhower. *The Saturday Evening Post* is an "American time machine"—traveling into the future with Isaac Asimov—and into the past with Norman Rockwell, whose charming paintings have been portraying the American scene for over fifty years.

Typical of Rockwell's genius is the portrait of *The Three Umpires,* one of the most famous *Saturday Evening Post* covers, which appeared April 23, 1949. The sky-scanning umpires are real—Larry Goetz, Beans Reardon, and Lou Jorda. Manager Bill Meyer of the Pittsburgh Pirates, right, would like the game called, since his club's 1 to 0 lead would stand as the final score. But the saucy Brooklyn coach, Clyde Sukeforth, points to the diminishing drops, giving the Dodgers a chance to catch up.

Diminish the raindrops in your life—or add a little sunshine to the life of a friend or relative. Subscribe to *The Saturday Evening Post,* now published monthly*. A three-year subscription order brings you a bonus!

An 11" x 14" reproduction on genuine artist's canvas of *The Three Umpires,* ready for framing. To subscribe, simply use the adjacent subscription card or turn to page 129, "The Armchair Shopper," and use the self-mailing order envelope.

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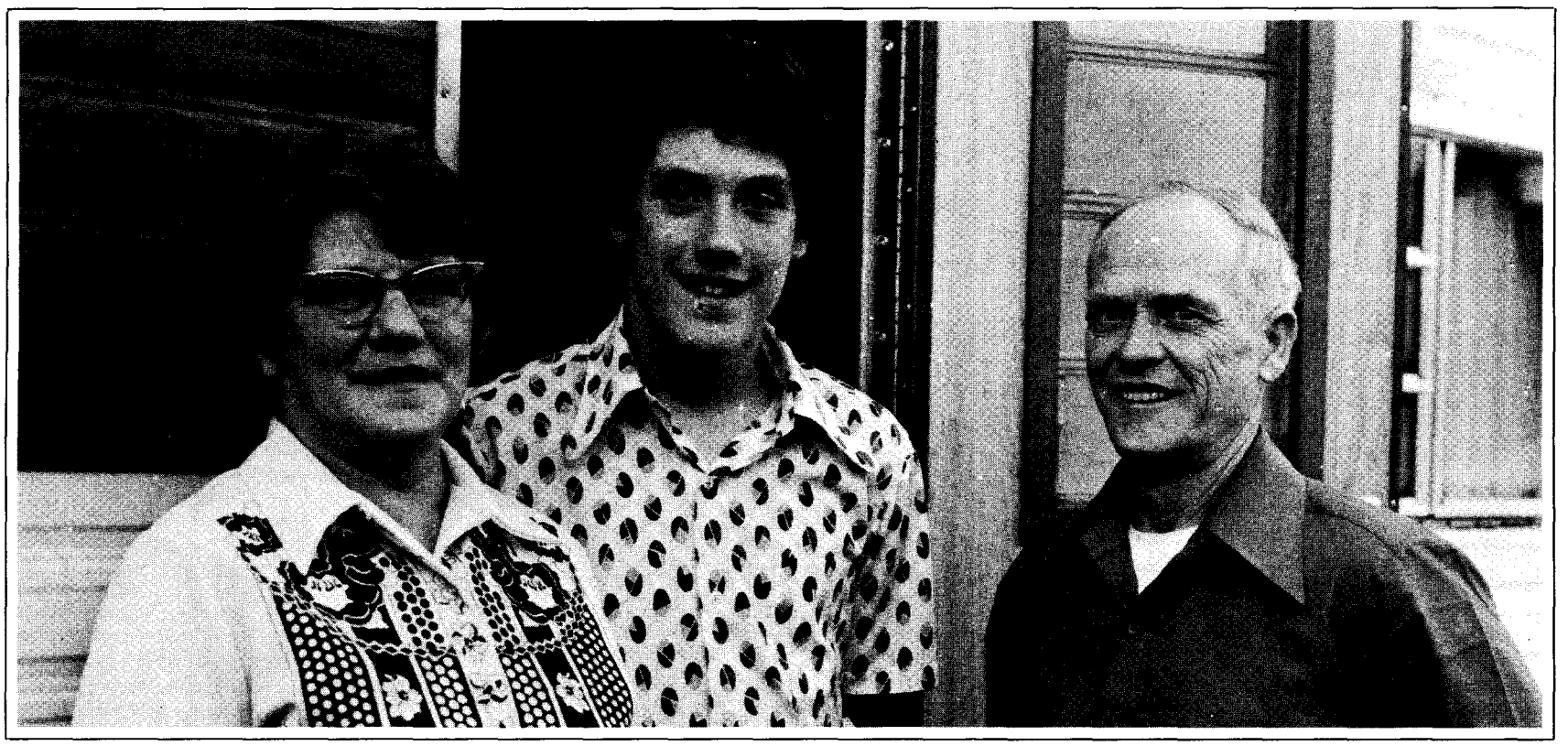

The Mayerle family, Betty, Joseph, and son Joey, whose impending birth fourteen years ago gave his father an indomitable will to live.

And how would Betty manage? How would my family get by during my prolonged illness? And if I died? I just couldn't find a way to fit death into my life at this point. I held on to my faith.

That faith was to be put to a grim test a few days later. Without warning, and with incredible suddenness, the crisis struck. One moment I was visiting with Betty in the lounge, and the next moment a violent chill had me in an uncontrollable shaking spasm.

The nurse ordered me back to bed, covered me with blankets, and stuck a thermometer in my mouth. She didn't have to tell me my temperature was 104°. My body was weakening with the skyrocketing fever even as I shivered and shook. The floor nurse came in, took one look at me, and nodded. "We will have to prepare you for an iced alcohol treatment," she said.

They laid me on a bare plastic-sheathed mattress, naked except for a strategically placed washcloth. While two large fans were turned to blow on me, they brought huge rolls of gauze and a pan brimful of alcohol solution, and afloat with ice cubes.

One gauze cylinder was dipped in the pan and unrolled over my shivering body while the second bandage soaked in the pan. As soon as the first one covered my frame, one nurse began coiling it back, and right behind her the second nurse was unfolding over me another icy, clingy layer—while all my muscles contracted into a single spasm of effort against the irrepressible chattering and clattering of my teeth.

My temperature was checked periodically as they continued alternating the soaked rolls of gauze on my poor body. By the time the treatment had begun, my fever had risen to 106°. As they worked, and the fever began to break, my temperature slowly lowered—but my severe discomfort became unbearable agony. There was something about my desperate situation, and the exquisite torture being inflicted on me which, perversely, challenged that obstinate streak deep inside me. How else to explain how it was possible for me to continue wisecracking even while begging them to stop? But they were stubborn too, and resisted even my offer to buy them the two biggest steaks in Seattle if they would but relent. No amount of entreaty, no offer of bribery succeeded in persuading them to stop till they were satisfied that the fever was under control.

When they put me back in my own bed, I knew that they had done everything they could for me. I was exhausted, near collapse, and felt that my time was very close to running out. The nurse was very gentle as she made me comfortable. "We will try to contact your wife," she told me. Soon after she left the chaplain came in and offered to pray for me. I didn't expect to last through the night.

But morning found me, miraculously, still there, and even feeling somewhat better. I had been to the brink of death and back, and no one knew why. My doctor did not know exactly what had set off the crisis, nor did he know why I rallied. A few days later he called me into his office.

"Joe," he said, "we are going to operate." A surge of joy filled my heart. There was a glimmer of encouragement, then—a chance!

"We won't know what we can do till we go in and see what's there," the doctor continued. "We want to try to take the lung out. But if it is too far gone, we won't be able to do it, and we won't be able to save you."

I clung to hope as suspense mounted within me. "When I come out of the anesthetic, will I know the outcome?"

"Yes," he replied. "When you awaken in the recovery room, if you have a closed incision, you will know that we got the cancerous lung out. But, if there is an opening, with a tube coming out, it will mean that we were not able to do it. We want to try, and will do our best for you."

Surgery would be in two days. I hid the tearing tension under my usual joking, wisecracking façade. In forty-eight hours I would have my final answer: life or death. Yet as the crucial time neared, curiously, a feeling persisted and grew within me that my prayers would be answered. Was it wishful thinking?

On March 11, I went into surgery. I couldn't have approached the ordeal in a better, more hopeful frame of mind.

When I awoke in the recovery room the big question was in my mind. A nurse was near, and I forced myself to ask it: "Do I have a tube sticking out of my back?" My voice sounded oddly strained to my ears.

"Yes, you do," she replied.

In the interval that followed I lay quietly trying to grasp and assimilate the reality of impending death.

"I am going to die." Within a few hours I was able to say this to myself—say it again and again, till it came easily.

"My life will soon end." Acceptance finally came, and with it I became aware of a shift in the focus of my thoughts. Suddenly my mind no longer needed to dwell on death. Instead my thoughts veered to a new target: how to use the time left to me.

How much time? No one could know. But my goal became to make the best possible use of what remained of my existence.

The next few days saw recovery from surgery as healing began to take place. With strength slowly returning, this period found me strangely preoccupied with the business of living.

It was a time of discovery, of astonishment, as I observed myself carrying on the routine of everyday life. There was incredibly deep meaning in the simplest activity. In my state of heightened consciousness a simple act, such as scratching itchy stitches, left me stunned with the impact of awareness of the painful beauty of just *feeling,* being, living. The sound of water pouring, of paper rustling, of footsteps—all echoed in my innermost soul. To glance out of the window, and to see sunshine and shadow, trees, grass, people, dogs—there was such indescribable beauty in the most mundane of sights that tears would come to my eyes. So little time was left to see, to hear, to feel. I needed to immerse myself in just being, for the time that was left to me.

It was in this open state, while I was hungrily absorbing impressions of life, that another discov-

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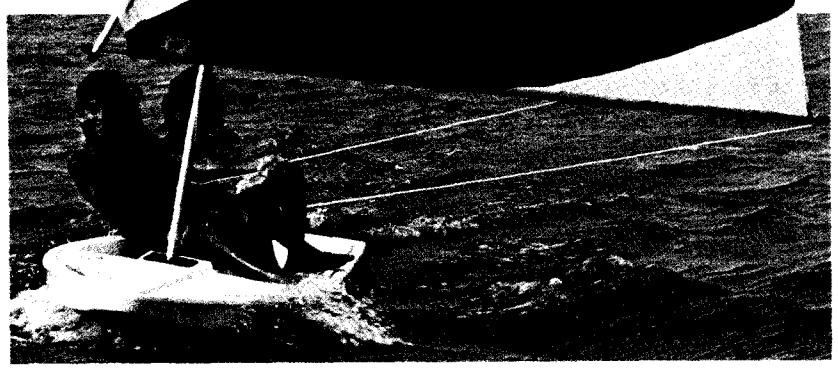
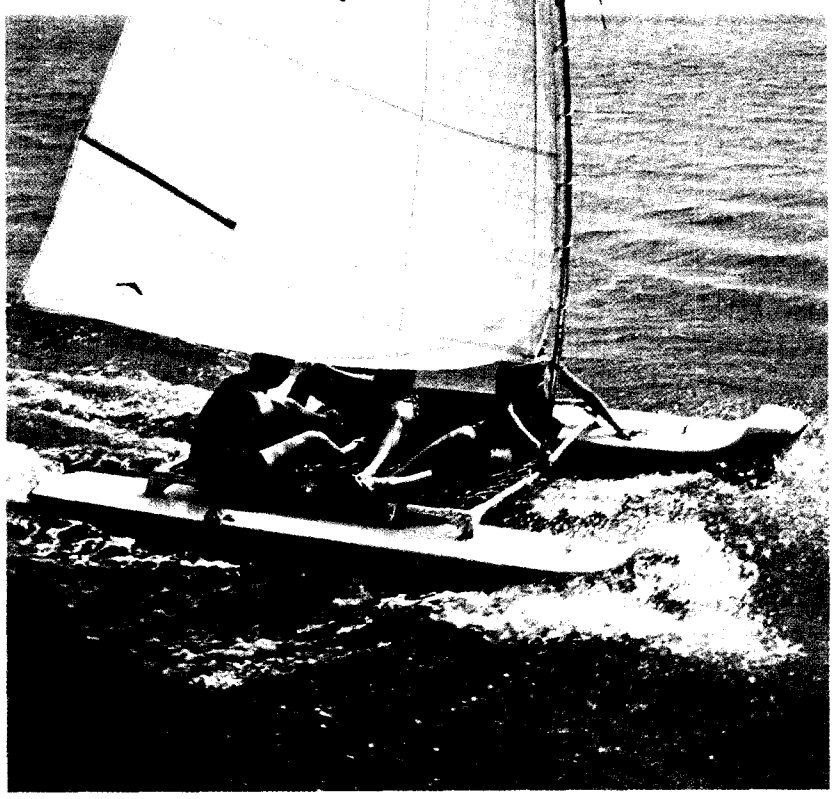
Water-Way to Go

Scamper 101



Here is a "fun" boat at a thrifty price for the new sailor just getting his sea legs. The unsinkable 11-foot expanded polystyrene hull with a 3-foot beam carries two adults comfortably in its self-bailing cockpit. She comes complete with 45-square-foot nylon sail and 10-foot aluminum boom and yardarm with an 8-foot mast. Her draft is 30 inches with marine plywood centerboard down. The 101 can be carried on a car top or in a station wagon easily. It's a cinch to rig and even a youngster can right it should it tip over. There's plenty of sailing enjoyment for very little money in the Scamper 101. Comes with complete instructions. Shipping weight is 57 pounds. $129.95.

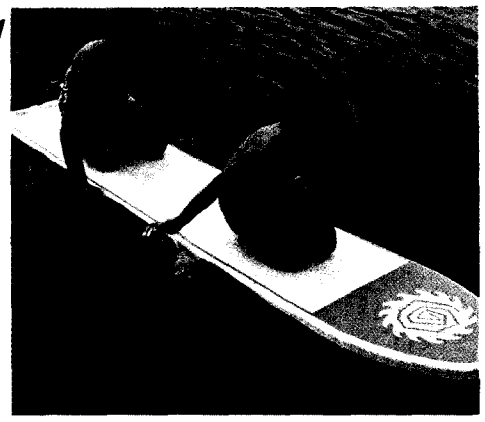
Scamper Cat



Sail like the Polynesians in the Pacific with this new and exciting catamaran. Sail alone or with a group. ScamperCat is fast, seaworthy and sturdy, and you can move her to the water on a car top without using a boat trailer. ScamperCat has unsinkable expanded polystyrene hulls with Vacobonded plastic exteriors. She draws just 13 inches, is 12 feet long and has a 6-foot,8-inch beam. Rudder and tiller, as well as the 17-foot, 6-inch mast and the 9-foot boom are aluminum. There's a big 75-square-foot nylon sail with three battens. The hulls lock easily and securely into one rigid unit. Comes with complete instructions. Shipping weight is 185 pounds. $599.95.

Paddleboard

You'll think of many ways to have fun with the Formex Paddleboard. It's unsinkable because it's made of aluminum reinforced expanded polystyrene. It's a great swimming aid, or an ideal rescue board. Expert swimmers can be towed behind a power boat. Paddleboard weighs only 19 pounds and is 11 feet long and 2 feet wide. Shipping weight is 25 pounds. $40.62. With paddles, $52.90.



Floater loafer

The Floater Loafer is a full-length lounge that supports you comfortably near the water surface. Made of expanded polystyrene, the Floater Loafer has positive flotation all the way to the foot rest. Seat and back are made of polished aluminum with durable plastic webbing. Optional detachable table and umbrella add the final touch of the easy life. $38.95.

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ery filtered to me, and it proved the most significant of my life. A nurse had been changing a bandage for a patient in the next bed. Her hands were gentle, her words very kind. She turned to me.

"Would you like some juice?" There was such compassion in her eyes. When she handed me the juice I felt like a beloved brother. For the rest of the day I watched the scene of freely flowing loving care in my ward, and my wonderment grew as I realized that this miracle of human concern had surrounded me from the day I came. It had been taken for granted, easily tendered and casually accepted; but now, in a clear flash of awareness I knew that it indebted me for life. Yet how does one repay love? I realized there was only one way: to pass on the love I received.

During the following two weeks I was getting a series of weak X-ray treatments for a nagging pain in my chest. Just as the pain began to improve, a postoperative fever made its appearance. The doctor could find no reason for it as it meandered up and down, draining my strength. After ten days he ordered penicillin, and the fever was soon gone. But it had taken its toll, placed an added burden on an already burdened body.

Discharge day was April first. My weight was 105 pounds the day I left for home. The doctor estimated there were three months left at the most. I knew I was going home to die.

I had been impatient to leave the hospital, but now, at home, it wasn't easy. My weakness was such that to walk a few yards was exhausting. It was impossible to eat solid food, so I lived on juices. Betty had to work, since this was our only source of income, and I had to shift for myself. The children were in school, and I was alone much of the day. For two weeks I struggled against the depression that threatened to engulf me.

The turning point came unexpectedly, and from the least likely source: myself. How can this moment of illumination be described? My eyes had been following Betty, now in her maternity dress, and the thought hit me like a blinding spasm of pain, "I will not live to see this baby."

It was a staggering blow. The anticipation and hope of seeing my child—how could I give it up? Suddenly it was the most important thing in the world to get one look at the baby before I died.

Betty was to deliver in October. "If I could just live long enough to see the baby . . . ," my voice faltered as she looked at me. Five months to go. It seemed ridiculous to hope. Yet, if only it were possible to live to see my child, I could die in peace.

My mind was struggling to sort out thoughts and feelings when a recollection emerged from my subconscious, and my voice whispered it, "Cancer patients die of starvation, not of the disease."

Betty heard me. "I read it someplace," I told her. "The only way I can see myself lasting till October is to try to eat."

A wild dream! How could it possibly work? I never really believed I could last that long. But that mulish streak in me never could resist a challenge, and soon force-feeding myself became my main project. Sheer torture, that's how it was at first. It was a matter of actually *forcing* myself to swallow. But before long the whole family was involved in feeding Dad. Betty and the girls really took this project to heart, and snacks were coming at me from all directions. The unaccustomed eating brought on a constant sense of pressure in my chest, but somehow the food stayed down.

The first improvement was in my state of mind. Now that I was working toward a goal, depression vanished. Then I noticed a slight gain in strength, and began to go outdoors. Before long I was doing light yard chores, weeding for brief moments, or watering the lawn. There was magic about those days in May, with the air fresh-smelling of spring, and the sun's warmth coaxing the earth to life. In spite of the need to rest every few minutes, it was such joy to be active.

With the passing weeks strength increased, and the scale showed a slow gain in weight. My chest became less stuffy, and the heavier chores could be tackled. Progress continued steadily, and by the middle of summer I volunteered to help my cousin in his trash dump, working outdoors most of each day. By this time I was strong enough to unload trash and operate a caterpillar tractor.

"Is this the same old cold you're working on, or a new one?"

It was the end of August when my mirror reflected a tanned image of health. The goal of lasting long enough to see the baby began to seem attainable. Improvement continued with few setbacks, and by the middle of September I said to Betty, "I don't think I have cancer anymore." I don't blame her for thinking I was delirious.

It seemed reasonable to go back to the hospital for a visit. The day I walked in on them was a day I will never forget. They hustled the corpse-come-to-life into X ray. In short order the news came: my tumor was gone. No tumor!

It was hard to stay within the speed limit in my mad rush for home.

"The tumor's gone! I don't have cancer," I shouted to Betty. She nodded sadly. It was clear she didn't believe me, and who could blame her? Then a letter came from the hospital, confirming the good news, and asking me to come in for two weeks of testing. Now Betty had to believe.

Joey was born the ninth of October. I looked at that tiny being yawning in my face, and whispered to him, "Joey, do I owe my life to you?" It seemed incredible. Yet my will to live had been triggered by my desire to see him. And was he worth waiting for, living for? He was the most beautiful baby I had ever seen.

When Joey was ten days old I checked in at the hospital. Doctors came with questions, and later I faced reporters: What had I done? What had I eaten? What had caused this miraculous recovery?

These same questions were presented to me again, with compelling urgency, in the months that followed publication in the newspapers of the story of my spontaneous recovery. In the midst of my pressing struggle to pull the strings of my life together, letters from cancer patients began coming. It was a deluge, and I had never been much of a letter writer, but I had to answer them all.

More than fourteen years later I still get calls and letters at the Naval Torpedo Station where I have my old job back as security guard. I never fail to answer. I have written, telephoned, and have even made an occasional trip to see a patient. How sad it is that we have been conditioned to give up when we hear the words "terminal cancer." When I talk or write to cancer patients, the message is: it *can* happen; there *is* hope. Within me there is a conviction that this is the purpose behind my miracle—that I must be a messenger of hope. I am committed to pass on the love and faith given to me.

My questioners seem to hunger for particulars of the regimen I followed. They listen, as though expecting to unearth some as-yet-undiscovered truth, a detail which, while appearing ordinary, holds some secret unsuspected meaning. They are eagerly set to discover the golden key that can open the door to regained good health. If I have the key, I don't know it. But I gladly reveal all details.

It is hard for me to ascribe significance to any aspect of my regimen, since most of it consisted of well-known commonsense practices that would probably be followed by any ill person. Already mentioned earlier in my story are my regular periods of exercise outdoors and my development of a positive attitude, a will to live. The importance of this "psychological factor" is well recognized, of course. But perhaps in a special category is the consideration of my finding a *specific* reason for living, Joey. The importance of having a specific reason is hard to assess, however, since it is very likely that a combination of factors, rather than one single factor, had brought about the big change.

As to my diet, Betty's well-balanced meals were certainly the basis of it—as much as would go down. The snacks consisted of foods I liked, and were limited by what we could afford. There were fruits, and my favorites are bananas, cantaloupe and green grapes. Betty also bought me canned tamales, frozen chicken pies, smoked salmon, and even candy to nibble on. There were snacks of cheese and bread, as well as my favorite, raw onion sandwiches, which, I am told, are germicidal in the

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intestinal tract. Then there were savory concoctions whipped up with macaroni and hamburger or cheese. I am handy in the kitchen, and I still fix all of these, because the habit of snacking has stayed with me to this day. But I would not suggest that someone else should eat my way, because people are unique, and what agrees with one may not agree with another. How many people can eat raw onion sandwiches?

These are the specifics of the program I followed. Each person who questions me isn't satisfied until he hears the full story, so it has been told many times. Has anyone found the lurking key? Not to my knowledge. But I always have, and will always continue to answer the questions fully. There is no doubt in my mind that in some way this is helpful to the terminal patients who seek me out.

Many theories are offered to explain my recovery. Though they may be valid, none are scientifically provable today.

My doctor evaluated the various factors in an article which appeared in *The American Journal of Surgery*. He wrote that the only *medical* factors that may have influenced recovery were the "two weeks of postoperative fever coincident with irradiation of 1,200 roentgens . . . believed to be inadequate or non-cancerocidal by radiotherapists." He noted that, medically, fever has been associated with tumor regression. Also, there have been known cases of unusual sensitivity to inadequate irradiation. In my case the fact that irradiation had been given *during* the period of fever is also considered possibly significant, since it is thought that sometimes simultaneous fever and irradiation intensify the total effect. Still, during treatment, and at the time of discharge X-rays showed "no essential change in the chest lesion. The remarkable clearing of the film occurred sometime in the six-month interval following discharge."

I have completed over fourteen years of semiannual checkups, and am in excellent health.

The medical facts do not adequately account for my recovery. In my heart there is a conviction that if it were not for Joey, I would long be dead. Still, there is much that will never be clear.

If cancer should strike again, would I do the same things again? The answer is "yes." Will they work again? Who can know if they will.

I don't worry about it. So much has already been given to me. To recover from a terminal disease, and to be born anew through the love of God and my fellow man, is a double miracle. This special miracle is more than enough for me. I am content to accept whatever the future brings.

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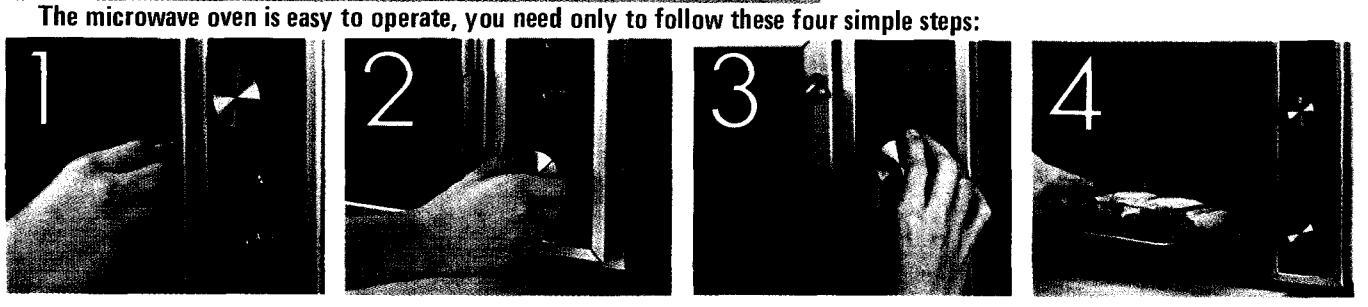

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HOOKED ON TELEVISION MOVIES

As far as the American viewing public is concerned, they are the only ones that count.

By Benjamin Stein

Everyone knows that *Gone With The Wind* is the most popular movie in the history of America. Since it was made thirty-five years ago, an estimated 150 million people have seen it. But try to guess what film is the second most popular in American viewing history. Not *The Sound of Music,* or *Airport,* or *Rosemary's Baby,* but *Brian's Song,* the story of a young football player who dies of an incurable illness.

Don't try to remember it flashing on your theater marquee, because it never played there. And it did not get its over 100 million viewers from theater showings across the country for a generation.

Brian's Song showed exactly twice, each time before an audience of about 53 million people. It was, of course, a movie made for television, and those movies, as far as the American viewing public is concerned, are the only movies that count.

The raw statistics are staggering. Using the narrowest possible definition of a "movie made for television," at least four times as many Americans watch movies made for television each week as view movies playing in local theaters.

In fact, in an average week more time will be spent watching *one* movie in *one* television showing than will be spent watching all the movies in all the theaters in America in one week!

An average movie made for television, without any special billing or advertising or big-name stars, and without even a particularly extraordinary subject, can and will get 24 million viewers in one showing. In 1973, only five movies shown in theaters got over 20 million viewers. And 1973 was an extraordinarily good year for theater movies.

If a television movie has a particularly arresting theme—and most of them try to—the viewing audience will soar. Audiences of more than 40 million are commonplace for first-run made-for-television movies. In the entire history of theatrical movies, there are no more than two dozen which have ever had audiences of that size.

What kinds of movies are made for TV? The answer is all kinds. The themes are love, pain, murder, suspense, magic, even homosexuality. The movies are made exclusively to be shown on television in America, although they are sometimes seen on theater screens in other countries. Most TV movies are made in Los Angeles and, in fact, close to half of them are made by one company, the entertainment giant, MCA, Inc.

"This is the show we wouldn't go to when it was playing at the local cinema! But here the price is right."

"And remember, this is about real life. You guys gotta phony it a bit."

ABC shows the most television movies by far. It has at least two on each week, and sometimes as many as six. ABC, in fact, makes many of its own movies. NBC has the second most, but trails far behind ABC. CBS has the fewest.

The films are almost always shown on evening prime time, although ABC has recently started showing movies made for television between the school and dinner hours. These "After School Specials" are aimed at school-age children.

Many television movies have continuing characters. NBC, for instance, has the hottest movie series on the air with the NBC Sunday Mystery Movie. It is a rotating series featuring "Colombo," "McMillan and Wife," and "Hec Ramsey." "Colombo has the highest number of different people watching it each week of any show on television—about 41 million on the average. Other movie series with continuing characters, such as "Shaft" and "Tenafly," have been less successful and are no longer on the air.

CBS uses its television movies frequently as pilots for a series which will come later. *The Marcus Nelson Murders,* for instance, was the pilot for the immensely successful "Kojak" series, starring Telly Savalas.

Most of the made-for-television movies, however, feature nonrecurring characters. Movie reviewers rarely give much notice to these movies, but because they have a fascinating ability to tell what is on the American mind, they are fast becoming an authentic art form.

If there is one consistent quality of these films it is topicality. The reason is that TV movies are so quickly and cheaply made.

For example, when *Deliverance* was hailed by critics and audiences, it was almost inevitable that there would be a television imitation. Sure enough, a few months later there appeared on television *Pray*

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for the Wildcats, a story of a group of business executives who try to rough it in the wilderness and find the wilderness bringing out the wildness in them.

More people saw *Pray for the Wildcats* in its one showing on ABC in January 1974 than have seen *Deliverance* in the more than a year since it appeared in theaters throughout the country.

Movies on television are still reverberating with echoes and imitations of *Rosemary's Baby.* Indeed, witchcraft and sorcery have become the staple of the television movie. ABC has an entire series of movies, the ABC Suspense Movies, which focus almost exclusively on the bizarre and occult.

But while the movies on television imitate other movies, they imitate life even more, or at least what the television writers think life is. There have been, for example, many movies dealing with the return of the Vietnam war soldier. *Welcome Home, Johnny Bristol* was only one of these. It portrayed Michael Landau as a P.O.W. who had been held captive by the Vietcong and returned to America to find that his home town had vanished completely. After a great deal of coming and going, Landau learned that he had been insane while in the Vietcong's hands, and had fantasied his boyhood, remembering a happy rather than miserable existence.

Welcome Home, Johnny Bristol reflects a typical reaction to the returning soldier. Because to many television writers and viewers the Vietnam war had seemed insane, the writers assumed that people returning from the war would be insane.

The same theme appeared in a videotaped adaptation for television of an off-Broadway play—*Sticks and Bones*—about a Vietnam veteran who returns from the war not only *non compos mentis* but also blind. His family eventually succeeds in convincing him to kill himself.

The theme of the tormented Vietnam veteran has been picked up now and appears with heart-breaking consistency in television shows and movies, including "Mannix," "Toma," "Hawaii Five-O," and others. In real life, the Vietnam veterans showed far less psychological stress than World War II and Korean veterans.

Television movies are a vehicle for the imagination and fantasies of the moviemaker to run wild as long as they retain some connection with real-life fears. A favorite theme is the runaway daughter of middle-class parents who gets into drugs and thence into big trouble. These shows have a special appeal to producers because sex is almost always mixed in with the drug use.

In *Go Ask Alice*, for example, viewed by 40 million in its first showing, a fourteen-year-old girl

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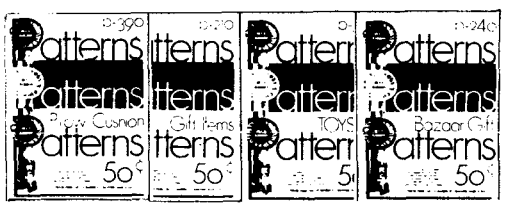

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runs away from home after becoming deeply involved with drugs. On the road, of course, she turns to prostitution to support her habits. In *Death of Innocence*, Shelley Winters agonizes over the wayward life her drug- and sex-involved daughter is leading in the big city. Almost 45 million people saw it in its first showing.

But two lingeringly hypnotic themes in the fantasy life of American writers have provided the biggest smash hits for made-for-TV movies.

The idea for the first one was pure genius. It was a combination of every tear-jerking theme except a boy and his dog. Nevertheless it was an authentically moving story of the friendship between a black and a white football player. Based on a true story, the movie shows them competing, becoming friends, going to the professional leagues, then becoming closer than ever as the white player becomes terminally ill with a metabolic disease. The film, *Brian's Song*, in its two showings brought tears to more than half of the households in America.

The second theme, *The Night Stalker*, which covered many of the bases and drew a huge audience was about, of all things, a vampire terrorizing Las Vegas. The film, the second most popular television film ever, drew almost 90 million people in its two showings.

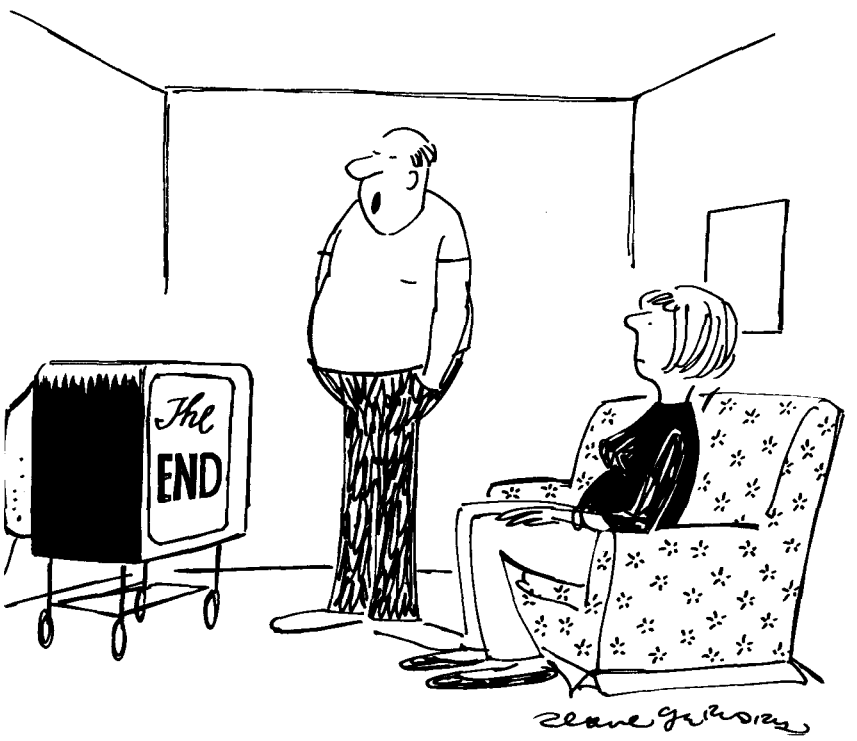
The vampire was a wonderfully American vampire. His victims were go-go girls with white boots and girl blackjack dealers. After he had drained their blood, he threw them from a freeway onto a dry spillway. When he needed a particularly large volume of blood, he simply took it from a blood bank.

The film's ending is the best of all. When a reporter tracks the vampire down to his lair and drives a stake through his heart, the police burst in and arrest him for murder. The catch is that they release him when he promises never to discuss the subject with anyone. The police and the mayor are afraid that rumors of vampirism might hurt the tourist business!

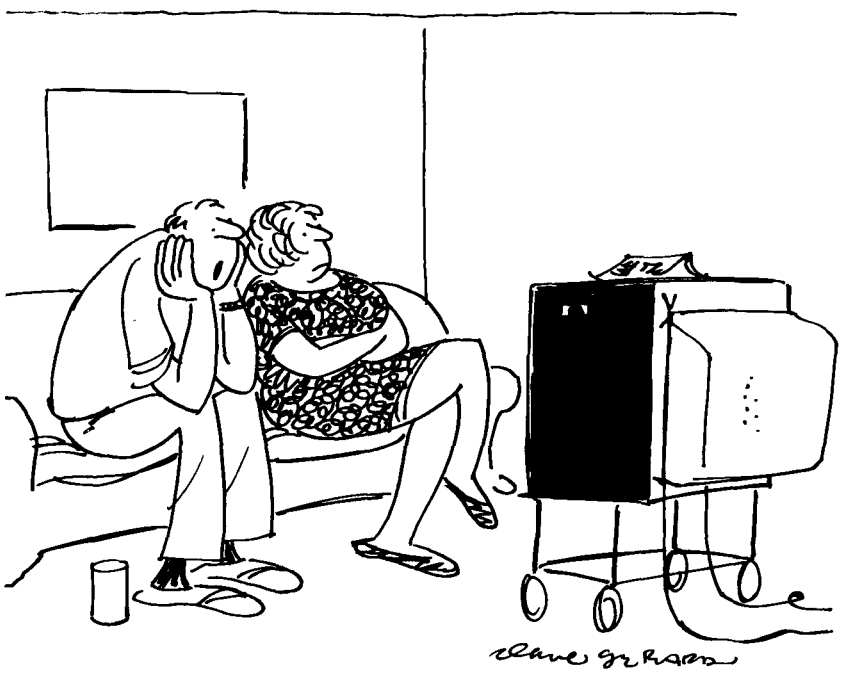
One of the most successful films made for television was about a subject rarely discussed in television movies–homosexuality. *That Certain Summer* was the story of a boy who finds out that his father is a homosexual. Luckily, his parents are divorced. On a lengthy visit to his father, however, he sees him living with another man. The boy and his mother become terribly upset, but the movie is definitely slanted to heap sympathy upon the homosexual and a pitiful scorn upon those who are not understanding of the problem of homosexuality.

The boy's mother is played as shrewish and demanding. When her former husband asks, "It would be all right if I were living with a woman, wouldn't it?" she replies, "If it (it?) were a woman, I'd know how to compete." In the end, however, they are reconciled. The movie, despite what some might consider its unusual slant, drew well over 40 million viewers on its maiden voyage. Interestingly enough, when made-for-television movie producers are asked about the artistic quality of their movies, they unerringly cite *That Certain Summer* as an example of a great television movie.

Even the most thoroughly hooked television addict will rarely rave about any television movie the way people rave about movies shown in theaters. On the other hand, it is impossible to leave your living room feeling quite as gypped as you can when you leave a theater at which you have just paid $3.50 per ticket to see a disappointing or worthless film.



"I liked it better than the book. The book didn't have any colored pictures!"



"Just think—there are millions of people like us sitting in front of a TV set watching this vampire raid the blood bank!"

There is a certain flatness about television movies which is extremely difficult to pinpoint but is certainly there. Characters in these movies are rarely even vaguely reminiscent of real-life people. They are more similar to the other characters on television than they are even to the characters in theatrical movies.

Sometimes it seems as if the development of characters on television is similar to the evolution of mankind. The lowest form is on early in the morning, with cartoon characters utterly lacking in humanity. The next stage up the evolutionary ladder is the afternoon soap-opera character, vivid, but vividly unlifelike.

The next stage is the character on the continuing drama, first stretching toward lifelike qualities. And still farther up, about parallel to the larger apes, is the character in the movie made for prime-time television.

For some reason which is truly inexplicable, characters in a two-hour television movie cannot be made as lifelike as characters in a ninety-minute movie at a theater. The reason may lie in the area of economic restraints.

A television movie costs a small fraction of what a theatrical movie costs. Generally a theatrical movie costs about $2 million, while a movie made for television rarely goes above $400,000. That means there must be all kinds of economizing in the purchase of scripts, in the length of time for shooting, in the locations which can be used.

The result, all too often, is an elongated television series episode rather than a shortened movie. The changes and revelations of character which mark the good theatrical movie are almost always missing. The climaxes and suspense of the theatrical movie are also almost always lacking in the movie made for television, perhaps as a result of breaking up the movie into seven- or eight-minute segments with advertisements in between.

The plots are too often formulized, expanded versions of hour-long television shows. Television movies, as a whole, are not yet new movie form. They are much closer to a television series form.

There are exceptions; some movies made for television are an art form unto themselves. Mark Carliner, widely recognized in television circles as an unusually creative producer of television movies, insists that the most meaningful comparison of television movies is not with large budget films at

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theaters, or with avant-garde theatrical films. Rather, he says, the more apt comparison is with the grade B movies which flourished in Hollywood's heyday.

Grade B movies were produced by the studios mainly as a way of creating enough movies for double features. Since the production facilities were already there, and the actors and actresses were already under contract, the studios ground out those films. Most grade B movies passed unnoticed when first released but are currently the darlings of screen critics in America and Europe.

The B movies of the forties and early fifties represented the aspects of the American character that were more down to earth than some of the more well-remembered pictures.

Carliner believes it is the same with movies made for television. "The big producer will make about seventy-five television movies," he says, "and maybe twelve or fifteen will be great."

And certainly, despite all their drawbacks, movies made for television are a valid art form unto themselves. They are, in a sense, the truest reflection of the deeply American craving for speed. They reek of speed in the same way that Picasso's paintings are full of anger and outrage. In a movie made for television there is always an aura of hurrying.

That rushed quality is generated by the constant fast driving, with tires squealing and dust flying, that is the single most common feature of movies made for television. It is enhanced by the onrush of plot which must necessarily take place so that everything can happen in seven- or eight-minute segments, between commercials.

The movies also are artifacts, relics of the present, of the violence in American life. You will look long and hard for a movie made for television which does not have a violent death. That, too, adds to the quality of motion and speed.

These movies also contain a distinctively national mood of optimism. The fatalism and perverseness which have penetrated the American theatrical movie have not yet made their appearance in movies made for television. The bad guy always gets his and the good guys are always victorious. Criminals are reformed if they want to be and are crushed if they persist in their evil ways. True love is triumphant always.

In a sense the movies are a throwback to an earlier and simpler, and vastly more appealing, moral system. It is a moral system with which the great bulk of Americans can be more comfortable than with the ambiguous morality of modern movies at theaters.

And gradually, movies made for television are taking on the depth

Continued on page 144

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PARTY BY SATELLITE

By Isaac Asimov

I was getting used to it, almost blase. The second dream had come two months after the first and I somehow took it for granted that the third would come after another two months.

It didn't. It came after a single month. There was the usual sensation of not belonging, of floating in a separate universe of my own and I knew that Ben Franklin was there even before I quite focused my eyes on his image.

I made a motion as though to sit up and then decided not to. I was comfortable as I was. It was not too warm in the bedroom and so I kept my blanket up to my neck and contented myself with bringing my arms out for the sensation of greater freedom which that gave me.

"I suppose, Mr. Franklin," I said, "that again only one night has passed for you."

"It is the night of January 2, 1790," he said, smiling.

"My birthday," I muttered.

"Surely not the day you were born," he said. "The day of the year on which you were born, you mean."

"Yes. My age on *your* day there is exactly minus one hundred and thirty."

"Then," he said, looking at me with clear amusement, "since we speak of the Bicentennial of our country as approaching, you are not quite a young man."

I stirred uneasily. "Not quite an old man, either, but I have been younger."

"So have we all, good friend," he sighed. "When you are my age. . . ."

"You have at least reached it," I said, a little irritated at the turn of the discussion. "I may not."

"Well, well," said Franklin. "Let that be as it may, and let us return, as my late friend M. Voltaire would say, to our sheep. We have decided, have we not, good sir, that the coming two hundredth anniversary of our nation should be, in fact, a world celebration of the principle of unity. As the United States has made the union of thirteen states a working proposition—and many more than that, afterward; fifty I think you said."

"Quite right," I said.

Franklin's old head nodded with satisfaction. "I remember perfectly. It is a relief that I can do so. During the day, all this seems a vague dream, and I *lose* it. I remember only enough to tell me that there is some happiness I wish to tell my friends and I do not remember what it is. It is only when night comes that I remember again that the United States will flourish and grow; that it will be rich and powerful and great. At night I forget nothing you tell me.

"Think you that this selective forgetfulness of mine is a device on the part of whatever force it is that arranges these meetings to keep me from interfering with the course of . . . but I grow mystical, and yet what can these meetings be but mystical? You have no answer, I take it. Your wonderful world of advanced philosophy provides nothing?"

I shook my head cautiously. "It doesn't. Nevertheless, what strange aura surrounds us when we meet this way across time does not exist during the day. And without it. . . ."

"But *you* remember, do you not? You have told me that you write about these meetings of ours."

I said, "In our meetings I learn about the past, you learn about the future. The natural flow of time is from you to me, not from me to you."

"That is a statement," said Franklin, "not an explanation. But we speak about what we do not know and, perhaps, cannot know, and I know of no better way to waste time than that. Come, we must speak to the point, for our meetings together are limited in time and may cease altogether."

He waved his hand as though to brush away metaphysical speculation and said, "The United States has succeeded with its union and it is time the world learned that lesson and applied it. The celebration of the nation's Bicentennial can be made into a symbol of world union, and that symbol can be taken from the exploration by your philosophers—or scientists, you told me they were called—of the space beyond Earth. In particular, we would want the launching of a particular kind of ship into that empty sea; a ship that would facilitate the communication among people who are widely separated."

I said, "A communications satellite, sir."

"Yes, I can remember that. Satellite is the name old Kepler gave the moons of Jupiter."

"Any moon, even an artificial one, can be considered a satellite."

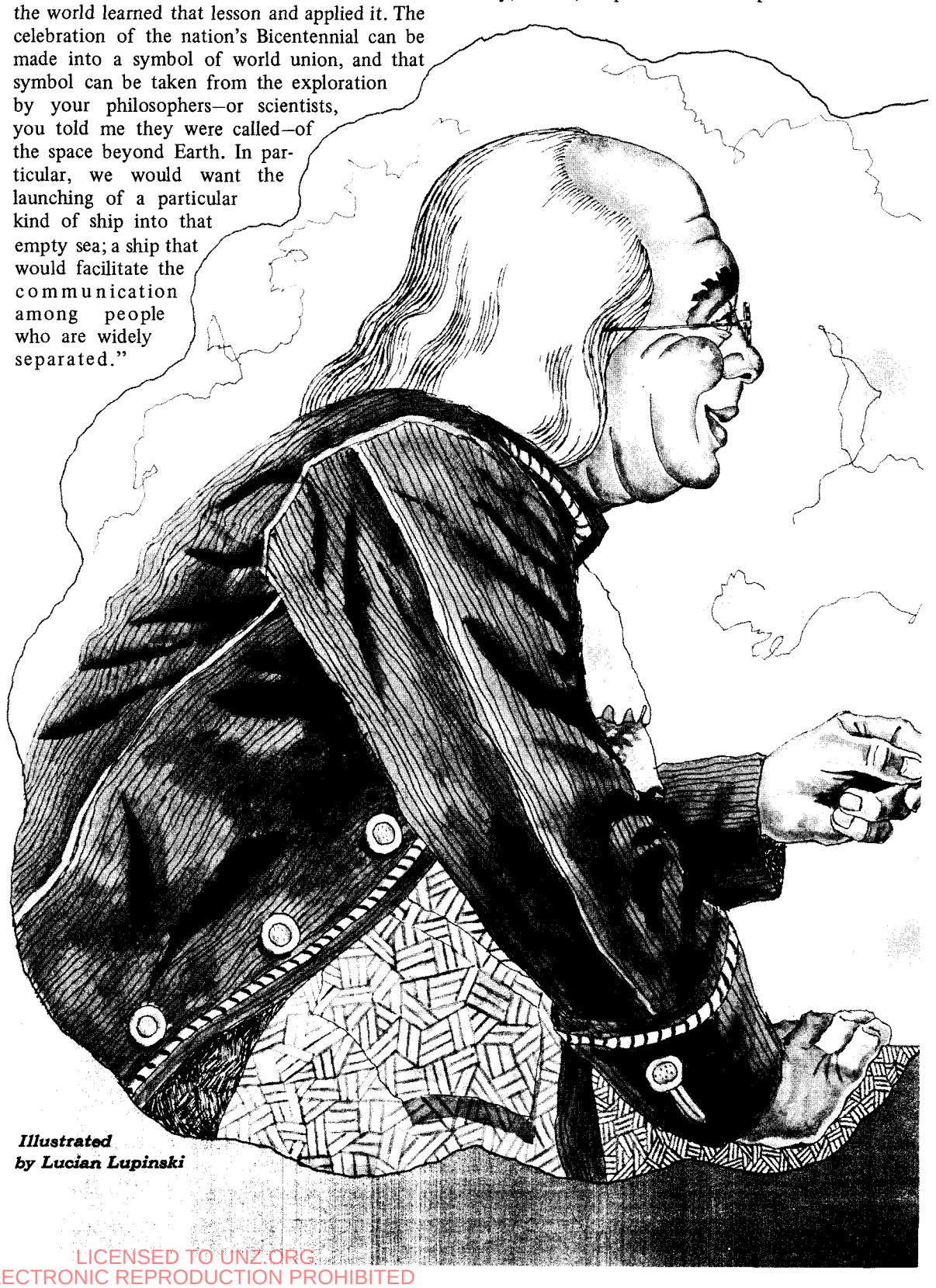
"Indeed? Names, at least, are at man's disposal. And you have written of all this? Yes, I see you are about to assure me of that. Our next step, then, is to decide something further. Whom are we to invite to the celebration?"

"I suppose," I said, "representatives of all nations."

Franklin seemed to shudder. I somehow sensed the greater cold in his area and knew that the warmth of mine did not penetrate. He said, "That goes without saying, does it not? It is a world celebration and we want the world there. But when you say 'all nations' how many do you mean? How many are there?"

"About a hundred and sixty, I think, sir."

"One hundred and sixty independent nations? Old Europe could not supply that number, certainly, unless, in place of the Empire miscalled



Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

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Holy and Roman, you invite every German princeling."

"The Holy Roman Empire is long gone, sir, and has been carved into sizable nations."

"Then outside Europe there must be China, and the nations of Tartary, Barbary, Farther India, and Prester John's Kingdom, for aught I know."

"There are many you would not know, sir, some quite recently independent. In our hemisphere there are such nations as Venezuela, Brazil, . . ."

"Ah," said Franklin. "The colonies of Spain and Portugal have gained their independence, then, as we did?"

"A century and a half ago."

"And did we help?"

"We were scarcely in a position to do that, sir. Once the deed was done, however, we announced the 'Monroe Doctrine,' declaring that the independent nations might not be reduced to subjection again."

Franklin frowned. "Was that the doing of Senator James Monroe of Virginia?"

"Yes. When he served as fifth president of the United States."

Franklin continued to look unhappy. "He's an anti-Federalist. He fought against ratification of the Constitution. Was he a good president?"

"So-so," I said. "It was a quiet period."

"Well, we are losing ourselves in details. You were talking about the nations."

"There is also Guyana, then, a South American nation that won its independence from Great Britain not very long ago. There are many nations in Africa that you cannot have heard of: Niger, Nigeria, Upper Volta, Zambia, Tanzania, Mauritania, . . ."

"That," said Franklin, raising one finger, "is a Roman province."

"And a modern nation in a somewhat different location. In Asia are Bangladesh, Pakistan, Laos, Nep. . . ."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and they can all be reached. You have, as I remember you saying, a wonder-working set of waves that flash through the air in an instant. In that case, it seems to me, it is not even necessary that any of those invited be on the spot. They can participate by your device of transmitting pictures at a distance."

"Television, sir."

"A Greek prefix," he said. "If I were more familiar with ancient Greek I could speak your modern English more fluently. Yet I suppose if those who were to help celebrate the launching were there in the flesh, it might be impressive and persuasive."

"And flattering to them, too."

"Ah, yes. Men must be flattered into saving their own lives. That, at least, has not changed in two centuries."

"In that case," I said, "it is obvious that we must invite the heads of state to the launching."

Franklin put on his oblong spectacles and stared piercingly through the upper half of the bifocal lenses. "As a matter of form only, of course."

"Why only as a matter of form?"

"They could not help in the essence of the matter. Would you expect jailers to supervise the freeing of prisoners?"

"Come now, sir. . . ."

He waved his hand. "See here, my friend, when just the other year—from my viewpoint, not yours—our nation considered the Constitution, it was with a certain deliberate arrangement designed to omit the state legislatures. The men of the Constitutional Convention voted to leave the ratification to specially elected bodies and not to the established legislatures. You understand why, I hope?"

"I suppose," I said, "the legislatures were interested parties."

"Exactly. The Constitution called for a

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limitation on the powers of the individual states, and on a transfer of power to a central government. Only so could we survive and only so can the whole world survive now. And would you have had us, then, ask the state legislatures to pass on a Constitution which would have decreased their own powers and subjected them to a central Congress? That would have been asking too much of human nature and the Constitution would have been defeated. Indeed, at the time, Gouverneur Morris said. . . ."

He paused, reflected, then went on, "The proceedings of the Convention were held secret. Were they disclosed?"

"Yes," I said, "but not till Madison's notes were published after his death in 1836."

"James Madison," said Franklin, thoughtfully. "He scribbled all through the Convention. A small man, but very sharp, and always standing at Tom Jefferson's right hand."

"So he did. Jefferson was the third president and Madison the fourth."

Franklin sighed. "I was born too soon. But come, we cannot change Fate. Do you see that the heads of state are not suited to the purpose? They must fight with all their strength against union, against a world view. What would become of their own importance if they did not?"

"We could scarcely not invite them, Mr. Franklin."

"Invite them, then, as a matter of form, and make much of them. But don't let it end there. You must also consider the important men, those all-important men, if I may say so."

"And which are those, sir?"

"Why, those men who are capable of articulating the thoughts of mankind and putting them into words that will move men. You are a writer and you don't know?"

"I'd prefer to have you explain, sir."

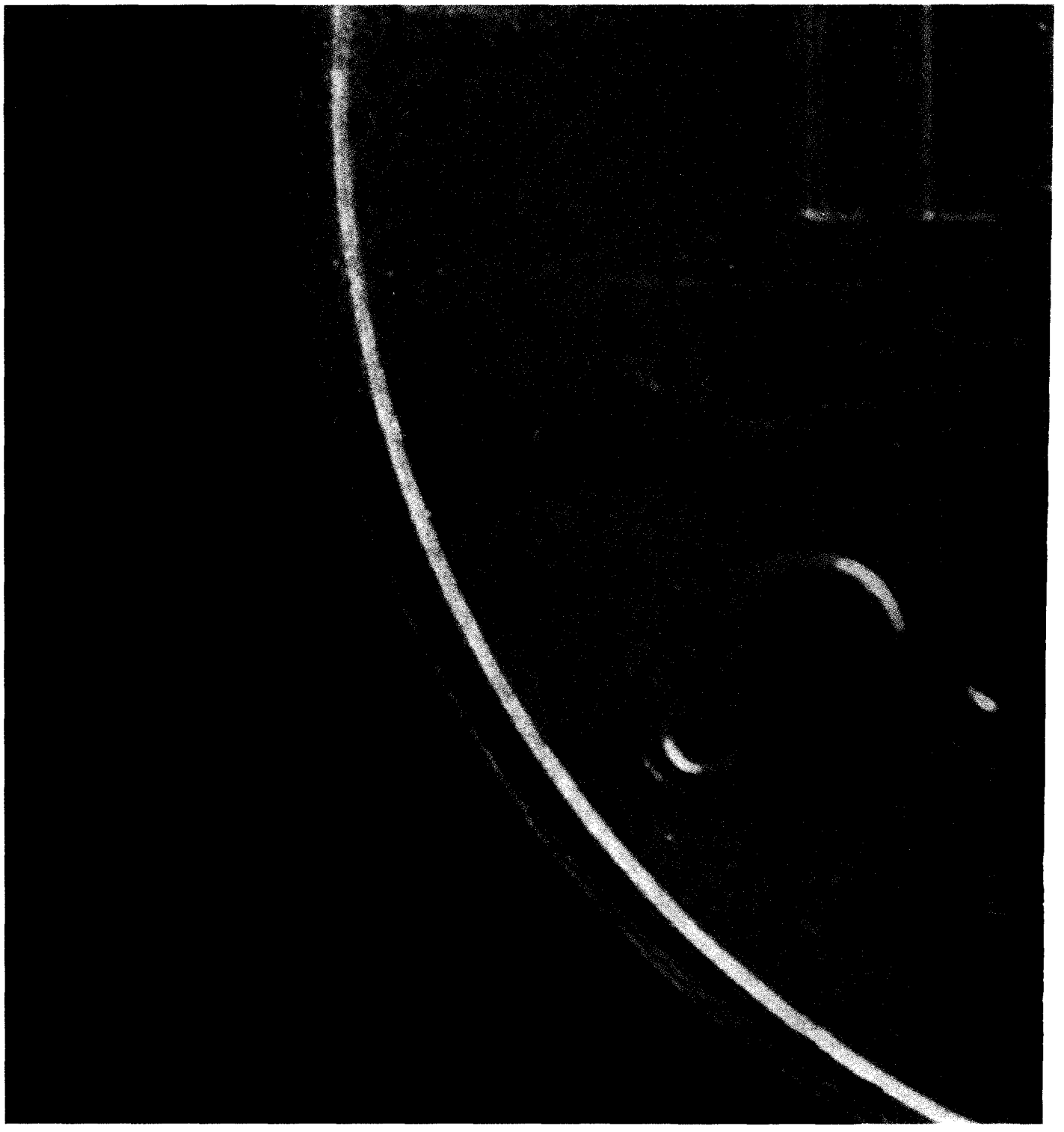
Franklin said, "Who do you suppose made the success of our War of Independence possible?"

I said, "Yourself, to begin with, for persuading France to come to our aid. George Washington, for holding the armies and the nation together."

"No, no. You hit at secondary forces. General Washington could have done nothing if a large part of the colonists had not been behind him and ready to support him. I could not have persuaded France to aid a rebellious nation if there had not been confirmed and resolute rebels to support. Who, then, created the rebels?"

"Samuel Adams?"

"In part. But the main work was done by a scribbler I had sent to America myself, with a recommendation, in 1774. He was an odd, and not very attractive man, named Thomas Paine, who had a gift for a telling phrase, and a straightforward, hard-hitting style. He was the second



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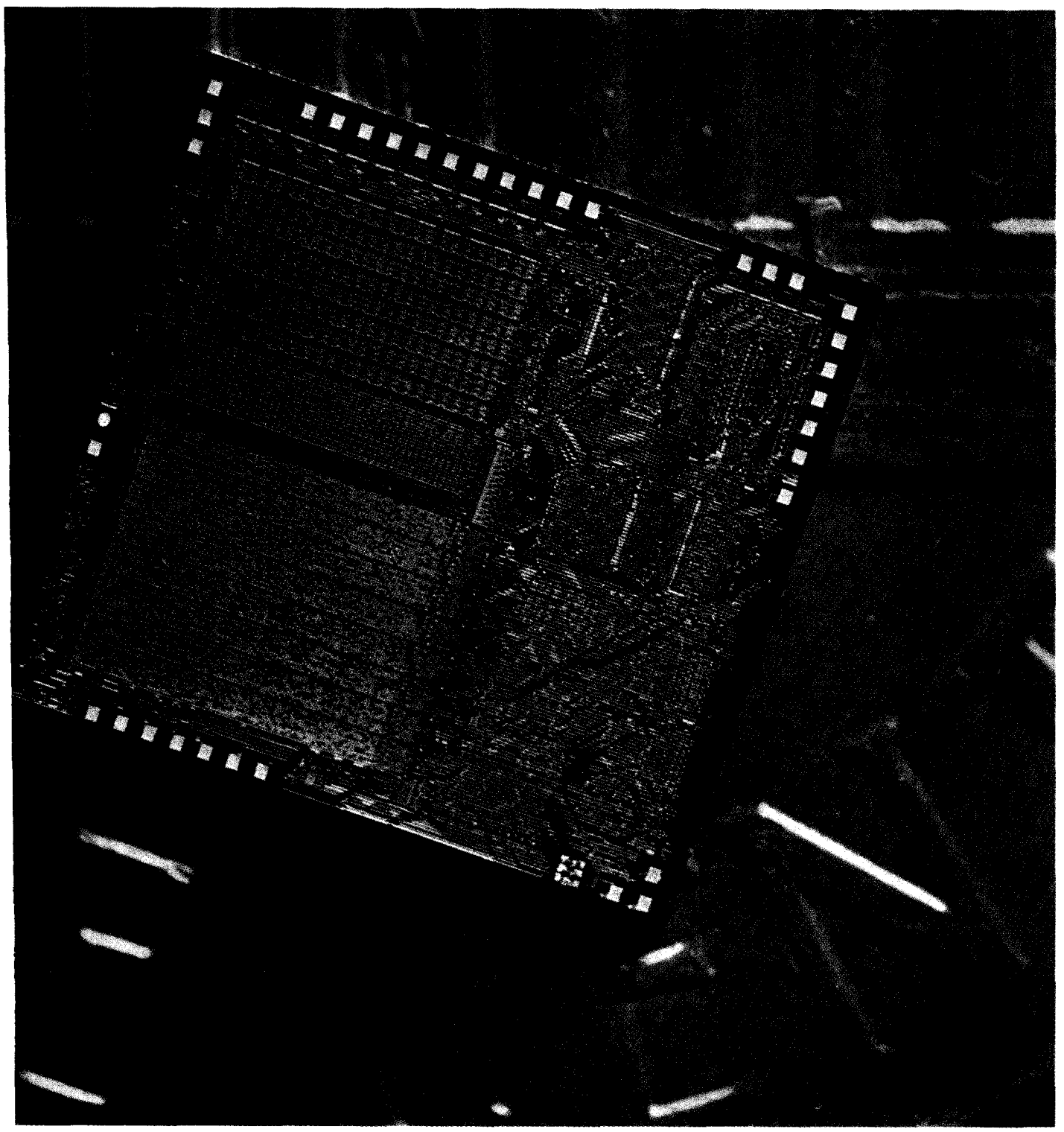
person in the United States to understand that independence was a necessity. Sam Adams was the first. Sam Adams, however, could only work in secret, whereas, in January 1776, Tom Paine exploded the mine openly when he published his pamphlet *Common Sense.*"

Franklin smiled. "All that Sam Adams had tried to accomplish in ten years of intrigue, Tom Paine accomplished at once. As one example of what I mean, General Washington was moved to accept independence as a goal after reading *Common Sense.* And if General Washington had not accepted the idea of independence from England, how would it have been possible to fight the war through to nothing less than that?"

"And again, at the end of the year, when General Washington and what was left of his army were scuttling across New Jersey after their sad defeat in New York, Tom Paine came to our aid again. I remember his words in *The Crisis.* Let me repeat them for you. . . ."



Franklin's old voice regained something of what had once been its vigor as he recited with a wealth of emotion: " 'These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it *now*, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness only that gives every thing its value. Heaven knows how to set a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as *Freedom* should not be highly rated.' "

Franklin paused, then said, in a more normal, more tired voice, "I don't know how many thousands of despairing men those words heartened. The nation met the crisis, but might not have, had it not been for Paine's words. Now we face another crisis, not one of independence from tyranny, but brotherhood against anarchy. 'Brotherly love' is now the message—the very phrase that my city of Philadelphia means in the Greek language. Ought we not have a Tom Paine, now, to speak for mankind?"

"Who would that be?" I mumbled, skeptically.

"No one man, perhaps. But surely there are writers in every one of your hundred and sixty nations. Do you suppose Louis of France, who now trembles before the mob—what is to happen to Louis, by the way?"

"I'm afraid Louis XVI was executed in 1793."

"Like Charles I? Poor fellow! He is well meaning enough and helped us when we needed it, but he is surrounded by as venal and

Continued on page 127

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AMERICA'S JUNIOR MISS PAGEANT: DREAMS COME TRUE

By Betty Wolcott

There's a terrible little story about the minister who, lost during the marriage ceremony in the traditional words, turns to whether anyone present has anything to say which will bear reason that the ceremony not be completed. "Let him speak now or forever hold his peace." In the silence that followed, a voice from the back of the church sang out: "I have. I have something to say. I'd like to say I'm a virgin and proud of it!"

Now, in the silence which followed the uttering of Miss Junior Miss state finals held in Syracuse, New York, and the national finals to be held in Mobile, Alabama, May 6 we'd like to say a few words about Miss Lori Lorraine Sekel of Spencerport, who won the New York state title in February and who qualified presumably by singing in Rochester in the regional semi-finals.

We'd like to say this of contests of this nature: anything that will develop talent and character such as Lori possesses we're for them. And she's for them. Lori says that her prizes have already been promising for her first year at college at the Boston Conservatory of Music, where she is majoring in cello and flute. Since she is a member of a family of seven children and, to help pay her own tuition, work for a living, the scholarship money she wins at Syracuse and Rochester are in themselves worthwhile. But there is more to it than that. After talking with Lorraine and her family, reading that the judges have discovered and encouraged a young lady whose attainments as a human being are already beginning to be realized, and whose prospects could be limitless, we're for her.

Lori Sekel is seventeen years witness to the wisdom of the people who run Junior Miss. Lori happens to be a young woman of great charm of which a fresh young beauty is a part. But her main achievements are not immediately visible. She is a musician of some accomplishment for her age. She can improvise herself on the guitar, sings, clarinets, and is very serious about playing the piano. Guitar is delightful for a young person today. Yet Lori, in informal conversation, admits to wanting to be a Carlos Montoya. As to literature she admires Jane Austen. She plays the clarinet, she smilingly admits, because a sister before her survived such rough going during a stint of piano lessons that the family decided to spare Lori on her own musically with an old clarinet found in the attic. She wanted nine years to forget her private dream of playing the piano, you see. Now she has a dream to work on which will carry her far. She still plays her clarinet in several wind groups, however, and rather heartily admits a liking for Mozart. She accompanies herself on the guitar, and her folk songs she sings with a lyric soprano.

She sang "Let There Be Peace on Earth" to her own guitar accompaniment at the Rochester pageant audience of 500 spellbound with the creative and performing [illegible]. Now she gives guitar lessons and has organized her own folk group, made up of four girls ranging in age from twelve years old. Her group performs [illegible] every Saturday morning on WHEC-TV's Gang. Lori's thrill of the week [illegible] Rochester pageant was singing at the [illegible] marriage ceremony of "my best friend, the drum player."

Another of her two main activities [illegible] gives instruction to [illegible] public schools. "I enjoy that very much [illegible] for at least, but sometimes they [illegible] week and get me. It's in the [illegible] school and it's hard to [illegible] Oh, sure, I went over half an hour [illegible] me. But I've also [illegible] want to have [illegible] want to stop teaching."

She also enjoys sewing on [illegible] and [illegible] knitting, freezing, making [illegible] ing sets. She led work at Christmas [illegible] presentations. Last summer she decided [illegible] youngsters in her neighborhood needed [illegible] something special to do, so "I just picked 'em up off the street and said, 'C'mon, do you want to be actors and actresses?' "

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Lori Sokol's parents reward her after she won the Rochester, New York, Contest.

The Junior Misses have lots of fun as they lumber up for a sexy musical comedy moment.

Mrs. Peggy Miller, pageant executive director, and Lori's brother, Jeff, congratulate the winner.

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POST PATTERNS

By MARY OWEN

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For more than a hundred years, women tilling the fields and women cleaning the attics relied upon their bonnets to protect them from the sun, wind, and dust. Today, women have found these attractive bonnets are useful at the beach, on vacation, in the garden, around the house and they make wonderful gifts.

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So now Lori has just won a contest over hundreds of girls at Rochester and Syracuse, which has nothing at all to do with a bathing suit. She never wears one at all in the contest, and probably if she submitted a picture of herself thus garbed at the very outset with her application, she would be barred for life. The only time a contestant is ever asked her measurements is for the fitting of a costume. Because this contest, at least, has cast away the chaff from the outmoded genre, and kept the grain—it proposes to discover and reward and encourage young girls of ability and character—"the total girl"—who are in their senior year in high school. Judges give scores in scholarship (15 percent); poise and appearance (15 percent); physical fitness (15 percent); creative and performing arts (20 percent); and a whopping big 35 percent score is based on how well she does in an extended and searching interview with the judges.

Taking the Rochester pageant as an example, we talked with a wide range of the people involved and got basically the same reaction from all of them—it was hard work, they loved it, and all felt that they had gained from it and were in some way better people as a result.

Penny Miller, Rochester Pageant Chairman, summed this up very nicely when asked how she felt when it was all over. She recalls a great feeling of relief that everything went so well, and a feeling of personal satisfaction. "It was a great ego trip for me. I felt like I had just accomplished something big. On my part, I had contact with business people like never before. I found I *could* talk to them. I think the kids feel the same way—a little bit better for having been part of the pageant."

This year the JayNcees took over the Rochester pageant, which previously had been conducted by the Jaycees. This group of young Jaycee wives has about twenty-five active members, and Mrs. Miller, who had previously served as a contestants' chairman, was asked to be pageant chairman. She knew it was a big undertaking, but after talking it over with her husband, Dick, and pointing out that if she took it on she couldn't have a lot of other outside pressures and the house would be a little messy, she accepted. "He was just great about it all!"

How did this already busy young woman—mother of Paul, five; Rick, four; and Michael, three, as well as part-time operating-room nurse at St. Mary's Hospital—manage this extra responsibility? By good planning and good help. "I'd hate to say how much time I put in on it, but I was able to do a lot of work on the phone between nine and ten in the morning. 'Sesame Street' was one of my biggest helpers."

Why did Penny Miller agree to be pageant chairman? "It's great to work with young people. You know, when you get past twenty-five, you want to know what kids are doing . . . you wonder if they are the same . . . and you find that they are really no different than we were. Smarter, maybe. They certainly know more about world affairs. But they still like to laugh, giggle, have fun."

Naturally, Penny Miller thinks her winner is truly a Junior Miss, but adds that most of the other girls were too, and she didn't envy the judges. "The sophisticated girl who wears tons of makeup and knows all there is to know about life is not Junior Miss material. Lori's no knockout, but she's a cute kid. The majority of the girls we get are really happy kids, and they like themselves."

The Rochester judges also saw the entrants as young women who are comfortable with themselves but not self-satisfied. They found them anxious to learn, willing to serve others.

One of the judges, Mrs. Wyoma Best, newswoman on WHEC-TV, Rochester, is a veteran of judging many types of competitions, but this was her first experience with Junior Miss. She has high praise for the sponsoring JayNcees, was impressed with the meticulousness of their planning and determination to give each of the girls a fair chance.

When asked how she judged, what she kept in mind when judging, Mrs. Best explained, "I was concerned about how the people came across generally . . . not only their ideas, but how they delivered them. It wasn't usually what they said, but how appropriate it was to the questions asked and how they said it that counted." Questions asked in all Junior Miss judges' interviews are general, not personal. Every effort is made to put the girl at ease and in no way embarrass her.

Mrs. Best was particularly interested in their replies to her questioning about the women's liberation movement. "I was surprised to find that a number of them weren't so much caught up in women's lib as in human lib. The majority of them felt that the women's movement, in its goals and objectives, was not something isolated . . . that it has to do with a lot of people who in some way have not been able to realize their potential or talents in life."

Picking winners for special awards was difficult. "But when it came to the young lady we selected, there was no doubt that she was tops. She's very talented, she just has something very special about her and she seems to have a feeling of warmth about everyone. Her personality just glows. She has no problem initiating and maintaining discussions, and that's a very good quality to have."

Any girl who enters a Junior Miss competition can't lose for winning—that's the conclusions reached as a result of many conversations with pageant chairmen, judges, and most importantly, with parents and the young women themselves.

Obviously, only one in each competition wins the title. Others, named runners-up or recognized for excellence in special areas, receive scholarship funds, trophies, gifts. But those who don't receive special recognition or material gain still win in two of life's most rewarding aspects—experience and making new friends.

While local competitions vary from community to community in sponsorship and detail, they all follow a definitive format set forth by the America's Junior Miss Pageant, Inc., the national, nonprofit organization which sets the standards that must be met before the Junior Miss title can be bestowed on any young woman. Sponsoring organizations include Junior Chambers of Commerce, the women's groups affiliated with the Jaycees, civic groups, women's clubs, fraternal organizations, and even small groups of individuals sufficiently interested in youth to band together for this purpose.

Continued on page 133

"Just let me sleep another five minutes."

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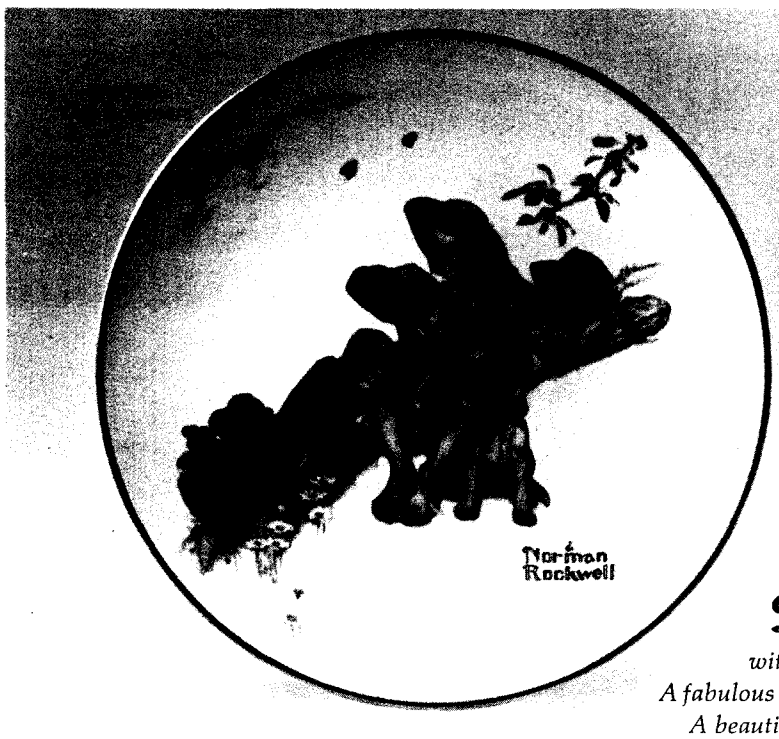
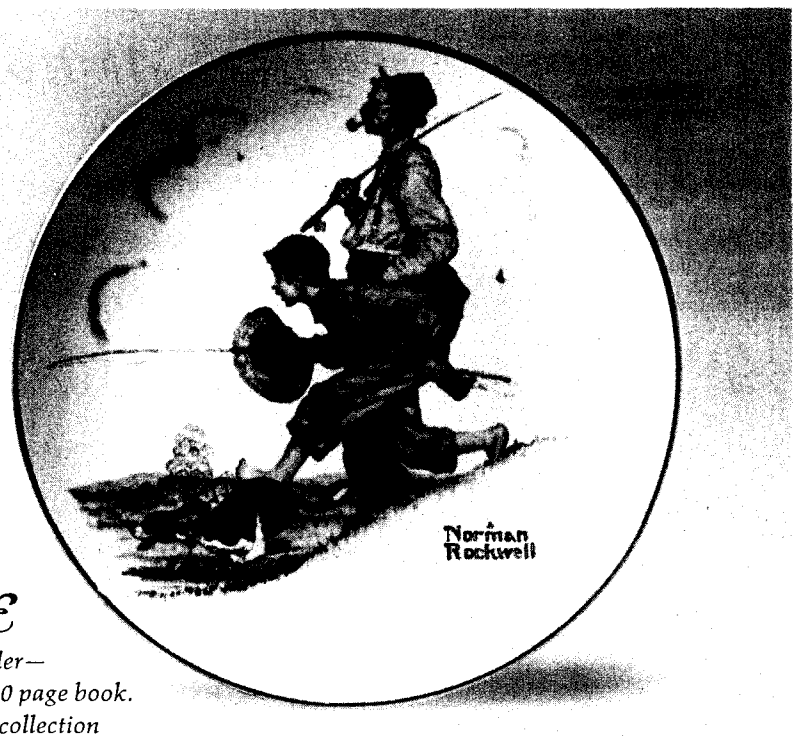
Norman Rockwell's Nostalgic "Grandpa and Me" Authentically Reproduced on Fine Gorham China





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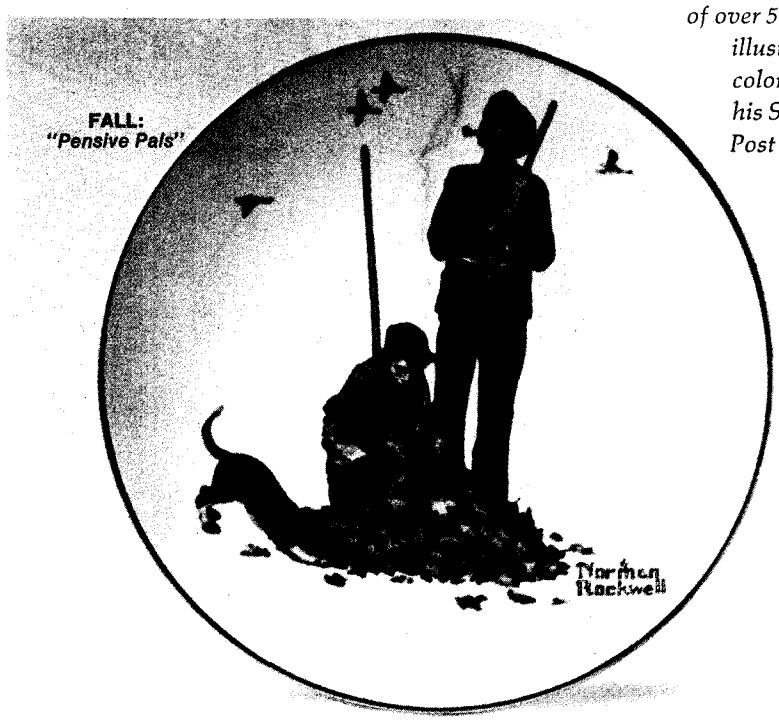

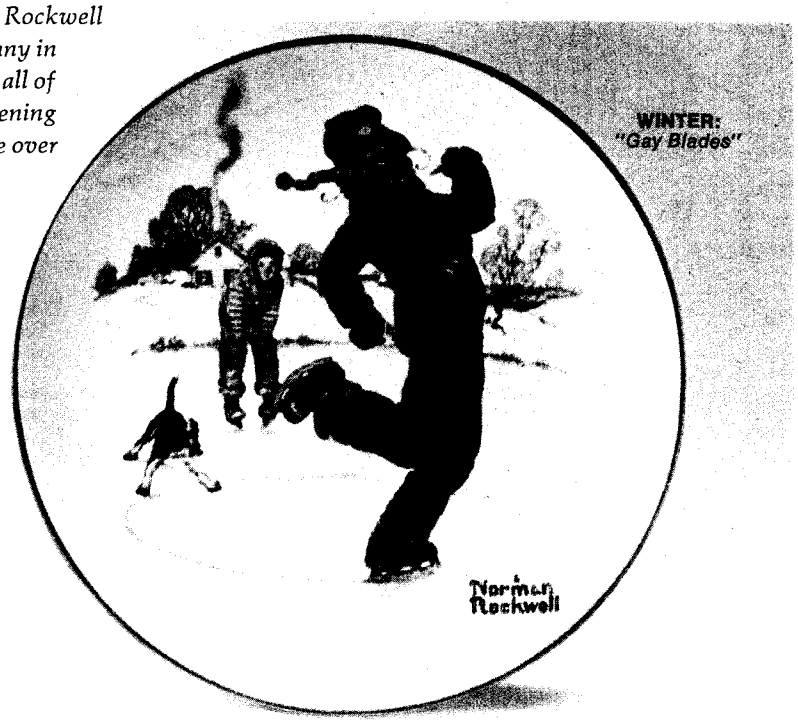

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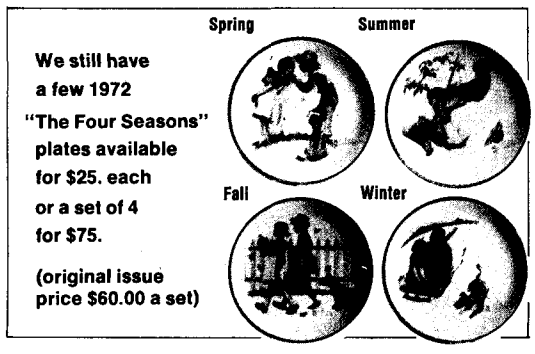
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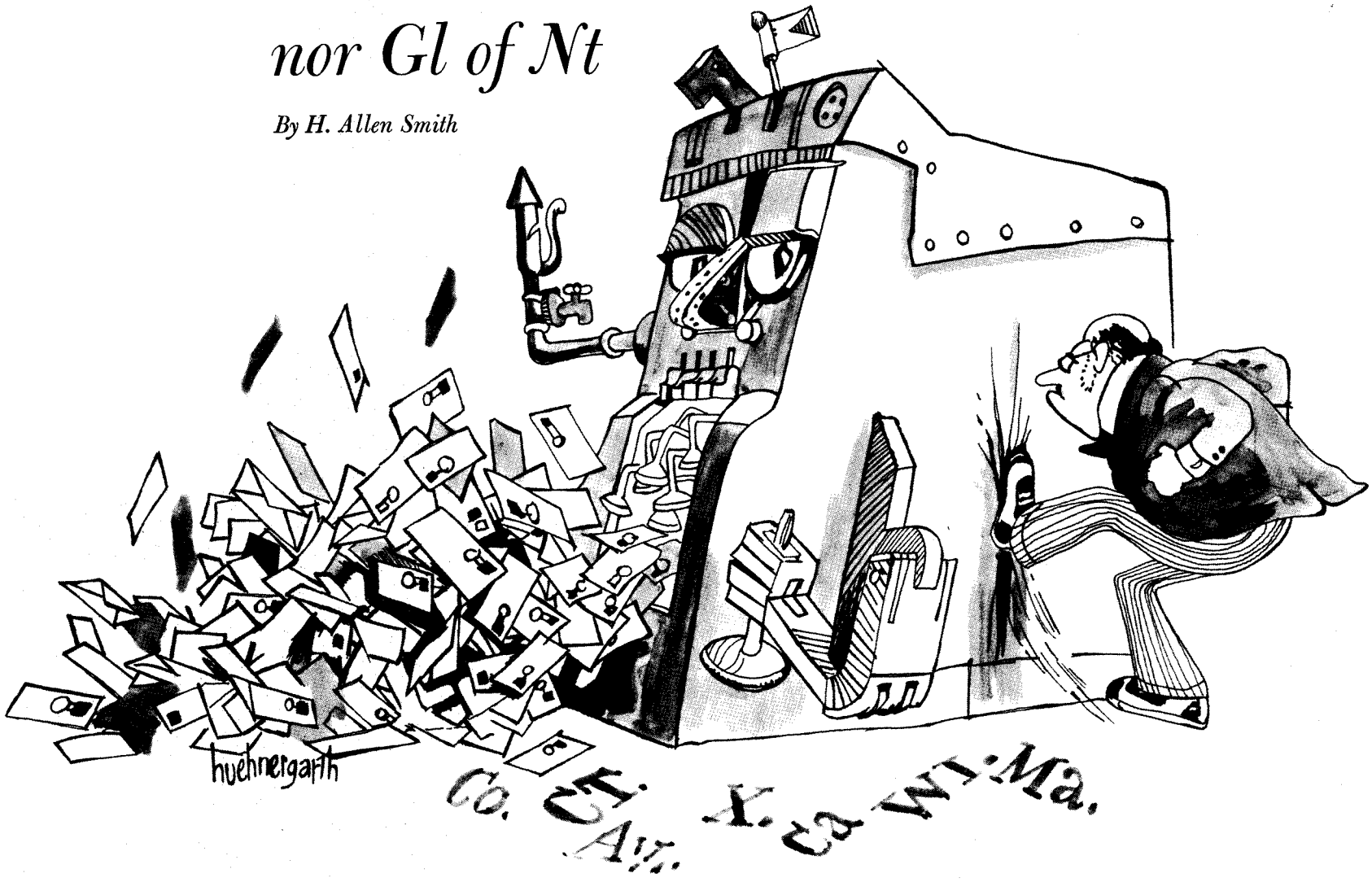
By H. Allen Smith



When I was a teenager working at my first newspaper job in an Indiana town, I knew a man in the local post office and sometimes when I finished with my own chores, I'd go sit beside him and watch him shove letters and postcards into pigeonholes. He was a fascinating friend because he could talk educationally, in the rhythmic accents of an auctioneer, at the same time he was reading names and addresses and hitting the right pigeonholes.

His monologues were a delight, touching on life and love and carp fishin' and science and religion and bass fishin' and politics and bodily ailments and the weather and, mostly, the post office. So it came about that I learned a great deal concerning the inner workings of that service and down through the years I have been a staunch friend of all postal workers.

There has been a lot of niggling criticism of the post-office people in the last few years, just as there has been wailing about shortages of meat and plumbers and bread and gasoline and soybeans and mortgage money and stonemasons, but I have refused to join in because, of course, I know the true reason for the discontent just the way Malthus had it pegged: *too many people.*

The blame, then, for sluggish mail service does not properly belong with the post-office people. Yet they are beginning to lose me as their advocate. They are getting out of hand, carrying things too far. As a general rule I keep my hands off the government, but when the government tries to remove what little poetry and sublime radiance we have left in our lives, I am prepared to mount the barricades. What I have in mind is the changing of state abbreviations.

I still refuse to use the new ones. My whole life has been dedicated to calling California Calif. Calif is a benign and pleasing abbreviation, suggesting the mystic aura of an Ottoman harem and monkey business in a Turkish garden. Now they ordain that I must write Ca. As in San Francisco, Ca. What in the name of time does Ca do for a man's poetic sensitivity? It is the sound of an idiot crow hollering in the woods.

Take Colo, where I lived as a dreamy-eyed young man. There's a certain lyric quality to Colo that vanishes when we reduce it, under government fiat, to Co. All I can think of when I write in Denver, Co, is an ugly efflorescence of heavy industry in the Rockies.

Ugliness where once there was spiritual lift, as in Mass, which is now Ma, and Ala. Praise Ala? Of course. But praise Al? Not at my house.

And Ariz. There's a colloquial expression that, in the back country, suggests standing up, or getting out of bed, or up-from-the-tomb. Look at it today. Az. I'll never do it. I'll quit writing to people before I'll consign them to life in Az.

And consider Conn. It always made me think of band instruments, and now it is Ct. Willimantic, Ct? Not from me. Not even a postcard.

Wi can never be Wi to me but always and forever the wistful Wis. Mich, with its flavor of the Left Bank "Boul' Mich," will not appear on my envelopes as Mi.

Ore, which somehow always suggested to me a quiet pig-iron strength, now has become Or.

Or what? Or Washington?

There are others on the list that jar my sweetbreads, so count me now as a reactionary. Put me down as a fellow who clings to the old ways. Somebody told me that the Post Office Department inaugurated the two-letter abbreviations because of the computers they are now using. So, I say to them, get rid of the computers.

If somebody wants to give me an argument, please don't address me in Tx. Nor even in Tex. Make it read loud and clear and full-flavored: Texas. Ut me no Uts, Id me no Ids, In me no Ins, and Ok me no Oks. And don't get me started on computers. I said at the outset that they'd never amount to a damn till they learned to go downstairs for a coffee break.

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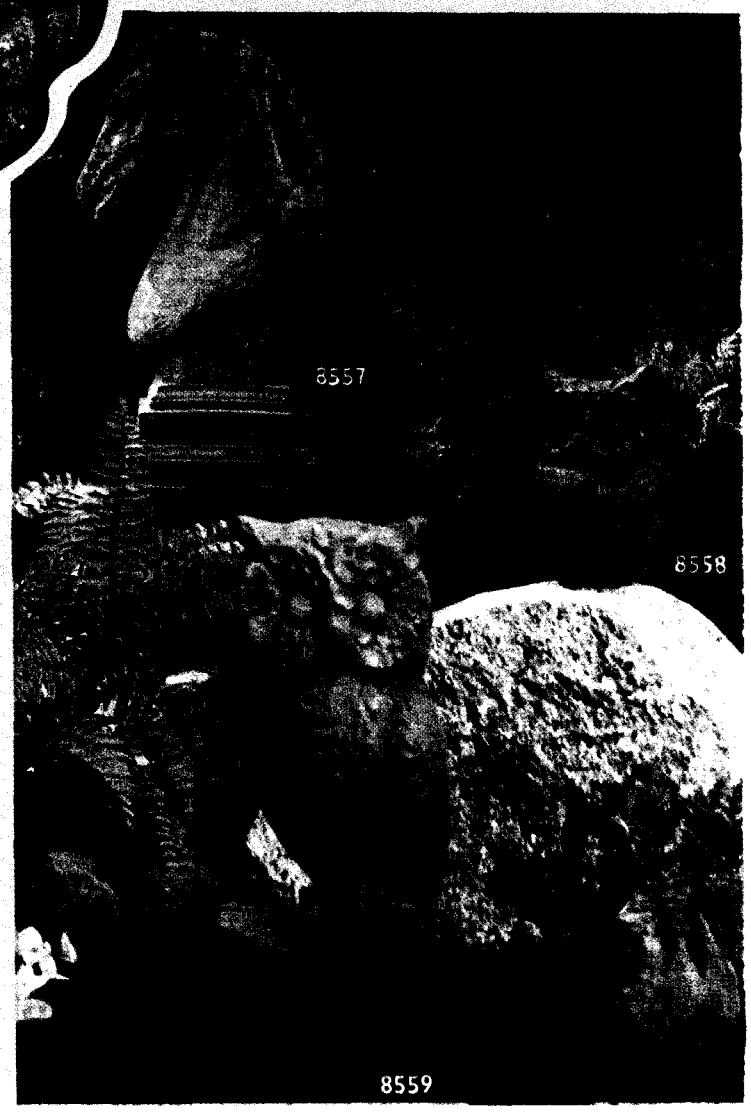

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POOR JOE'S ALMANAC

A compendium of classic sports comments by the distinguished ex-catcher

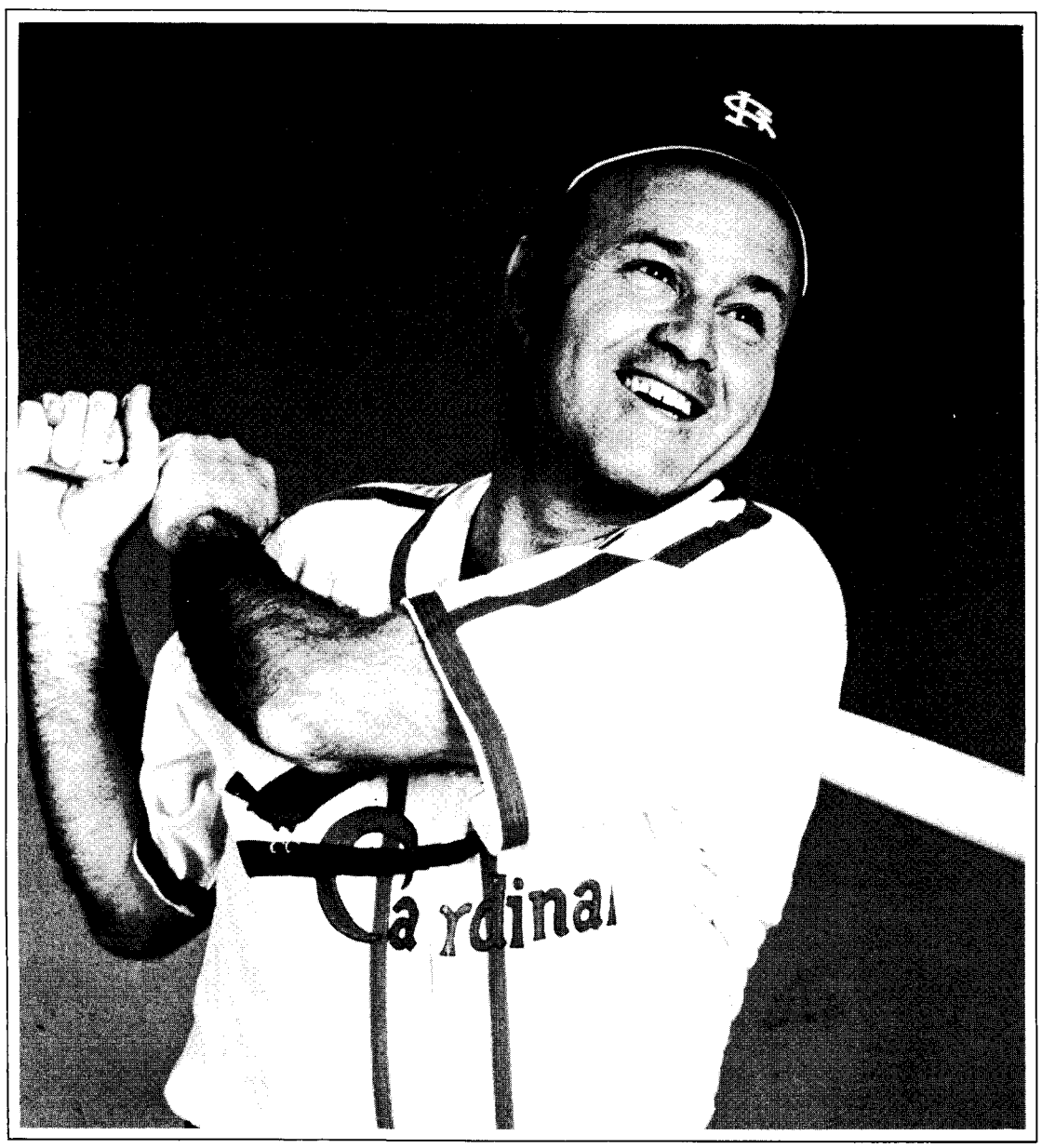
By Joe Garagiola

One of the great attractions of all sports is the fact that records exist and can be broken. The first and second home runs hit by Henry Aaron in 1974 would mean very little, except that they tie and break the all-time record for home runs set by Babe Ruth. People know that, because it is set down for posterity in a record book.

But my regret is not so much what is included in sports record books as what is left out. This is no rap at the statisticians, because they do an unbelievable job. But I guess I'm just not oriented to their kind of records. What athletes do on the field is certainly of interest, but I'm just as fascinated with what they *say*—off the field as well as on.

I have always objected strongly to the portrait of athletes as dull people. That doesn't mean that there aren't dull athletes, just that they don't have the market cornered. As a matter of fact, the percentage of dullards among athletes might be lower than for other groups, because a sense of humor is almost a requisite for being in sports. Sports start out as fun for athletes, and become serious later on. Even when it's serious, though, athletes have to learn to live with defeat, and nothing helps that like a sense of humor.

Let me show you an example. The baseball player who hits .300 has had some kind of year, and knows he's going to get a raise. Yet the batter who hits .300 *fails* seven times out of ten. There's no way you live with that constantly without learning to laugh. The example I used is baseball, but it's true in every sport. Sooner or later—unless you go through life playing basketball for UCLA—you have to learn to live with losing. (Even UCLA has an occasional Notre Dame.)



Wearing the uniform of his beloved Cardinals which he once wore in the World Series, Joe Garagiola takes a healthy cut at the ball during an "oldtimers' game" featuring stars of the past.

But whatever the reason that prompts the humor in sports, I feel there should be a record book for the best quotes from sports people. The purpose of this article is to point out some candidates for that record book, just over the past five years. I have classified the various Almanac entries under subheadings—which you may or may not find appropriate.

Humble Heroes

Adolph Rupp, the longtime University of Kentucky basketball coach who is now retired, told of driving through the Kentucky hills and stopping to make a small purchase at a general store. He wrote out a check and as he handed it to the old man behind the counter, Rupp pointed to the signature and said, "Do you know who that is?" The old man just looked at Rupp for a minute. He finally said, "Well, I was hopin' it was you."

Casey Stengel, former managing great with the Yankees and the Mets, who was being honored at a big gathering to recognize his selection as the greatest living baseball manager, had this to say: "I want to thank all my players for giving me the honor of being what I was."

Candid Comments

Gary Hulst, head basketball coach at Montana State, after his team had won four games and lost twenty-two in his first season at the helm, lamented, "The fans said we couldn't pass, couldn't run, couldn't dribble and didn't hustle. They're just like fans everywhere—picky, picky, picky."

Russian reporter covering a U.S.-Russian track meet, as quoted by Ed Nichtlein of the *Atlantic City Press*, in describing a two-man race won by an American over a Russian: "The Russian finished second. The American finished next to last."

Faithful Fans

Bob Uecker, former major-league catcher, was discussing the notoriously outspoken fans of Philadelphia, which is for some long-lost reason known as the "City of Brotherly Love." Uecker said, "When there was an Easter egg hunt before a game in Connie Mack Stadium, there would be a few kids who wouldn't get any eggs. The crowd would boo them."

Jack Kent Cooke, owner of the Los Angeles Kings of the National Hockey League, in regard to the lack of support for his team, said, "There are 800,000 Canadians living in the Los Angeles area, and I've just discovered why they left Canada. They don't like hockey."

Trade Tricks

Bob Birdsong, who won the middleweight division in the "Mr. America" contest, was explaining one of the tricks practiced by the rippling-muscled weightlifters who hoist hundreds of pounds. It consists of coating their bodies with oil, which accentuates their muscles. "You gotta be careful," Birdsong said. "If you use too much, you look like a giant glazed doughnut."

Eddie Robinson, who produced many top pro players as football coach at Grambling College, was asked why the school changed to that name. "Before our cheerleaders could say, 'Louisiana Negro Normal and Industrial Institute, hold that line!', the other team had scored," Robinson answered.

Breathless Broadcasters

Johnny Logan, former National League short-

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stop who now is a Milwaukee broadcaster, was asked whom he would like to model himself after. Logan replied, "I'd like to be sort of like Lou Boudreau. He does a good job of recapping the play before it happens."

Lynn Shackleford, former basketball player and now a broadcaster, was discussing Detroit Piston center Bob Lanier, who wears size-22 shoes: "He doesn't shine them. He sends them through a car wash."

Ubiquitous Umpire

Nester Chylak, an American League umpire, was asked by Billy Martin, then managing the Detroit Tigers, why he didn't throw Bert Campaneris of the Oakland A's out of a game. Chylak's classic answer was, "I didn't see him do anything. After all, I've only got two pairs of eyes."

Winners' Words

When an athlete achieves a winning record, he is always asked for his reaction. Those reactions follow one of several patterns: "I couldn't have done it without my teammates," or "I didn't know how close I was to a record," or something like that. **Tim Wood**, a high school senior from Indianapolis, broke the world record when he did 15,525 push-ups in ten hours. Asked what he wanted to do when he finished, he said, "Go to the bathroom."

John Brodie, the great San Francisco Forty-Niners quarterback who retired at the end of last season, was asked why a million-dollar quarterback like him had to hold the ball for field goals and points-after-touchdown. Brodie's answer was, "Well, if I didn't, it would fall down."

Facts 'n' Figures

Mickey Mantle, the great Yankee outfielder, obviously was not overawed either by his own importance or by the sanctity of statistics, which are an object of reverence to some baseball followers. Mantle came up with this gem: "During my eighteen years, I came to bat almost 10,000 times. I struck out about 1,700 times and walked maybe 1,800 times. You figure a ball player will average about 500 at-bats a season. That means I played seven years in the major leagues without even hitting the ball."

Pete Elliott, University of Miami (Florida) football coach, described his experience with a promising high-school player he was trying to recruit. "Are you in the top half of your class?" Elliott asked. "No, sir," he answered, "I'm one of those who make the top half possible."

Magnanimous Mentors

Paul (Bear) Bryant, whose Alabama football teams have played in bowl games every year since he's been at the school, was talking with Sonny Werblin, who has been active in the sports complex planned for New Jersey, about the possibility of Alabama playing a game there. Bryant explained to Werblin that Alabama was booked solid for the next ten years. Werblin then told him the new stadium would have 75,000 seats priced at $15 each. Bryant said, "I just found two open dates."

The late **Tom Brock**, who coached at Kings College and at the University of Omaha, is among the many sports figures who learned the hard way that being in the limelight can be a curse as well as a blessing. "A good coach, " said Brock, "is a coach who can be chased down the street by irate alumni, and make it look like he's leading a parade."

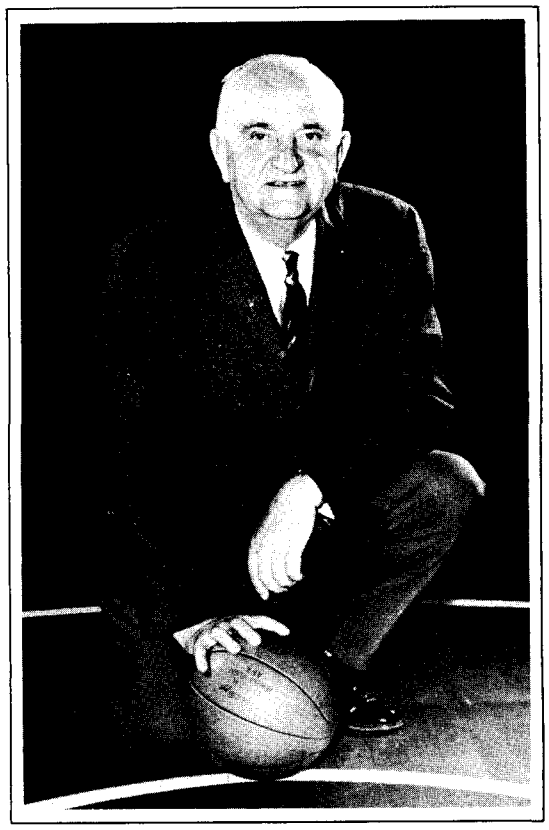
Slumping Stars

Reggie Jackson, the Oakland Athletics' outstanding star of the 1973 World Series, was talking about the ordeals of the "slump" which every ballplayer must go through. "So many ideas come to you," Jackson said, "and you want to try them all, but you can't. You're like a mosquito in a nudist camp. You don't know where to start."

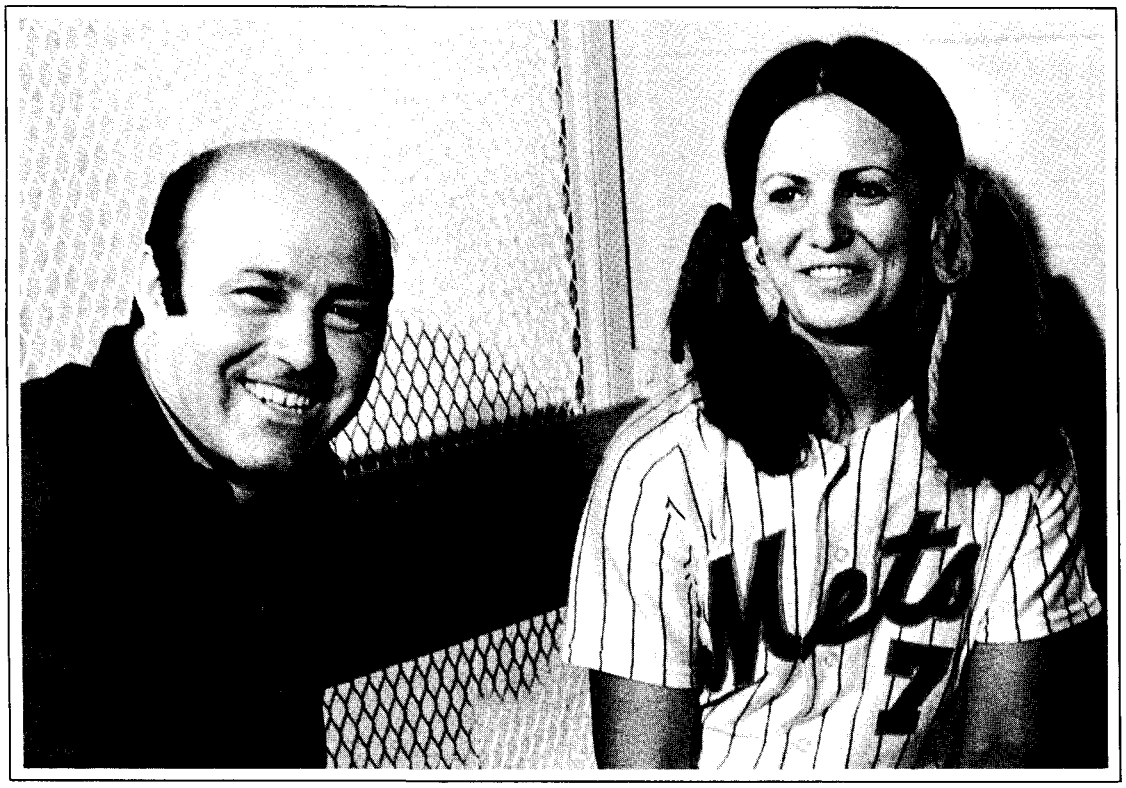
Connie Hawkins, now with the Los Angeles Lakers basketball team but then toiling for the Phoenix Suns, was being described by Phoenix sports scribe Joe Gilmartin. "The Hawk is a work of art," Gilmartin said. "Some nights, he's poetry in motion. Other nights, still life."

Playful Pugs

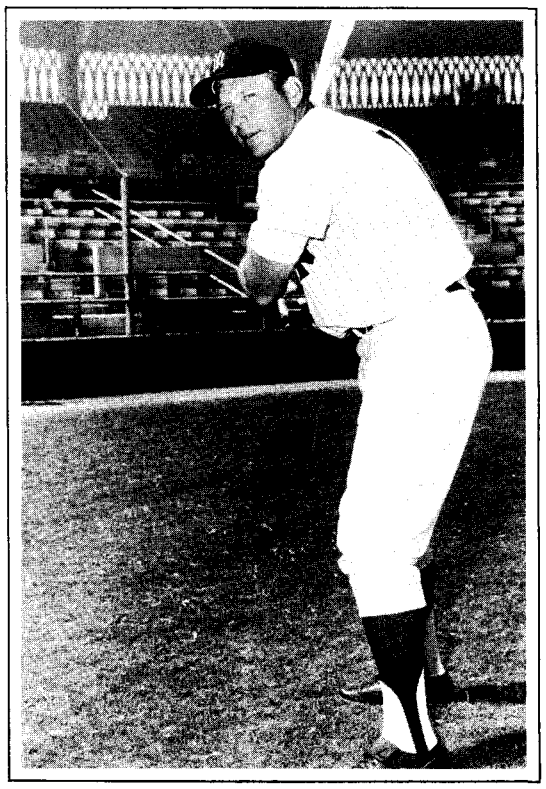
Jake LaMotta, former world middleweight champion, received an award for being selected as



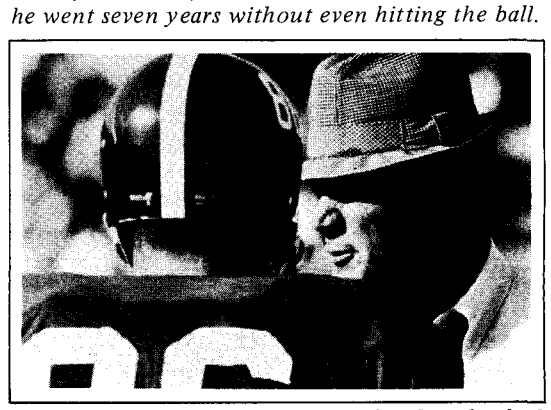
Adolph Rupp, who ruled over Kentucky basketball so long, did not impress general storekeeper.



Now a top television baseball commentator, Garagiola talks with Mrs. Ed Kranepool, wife of a New York Mets' star, during an interlude in a game featuring players' wives at Shea Stadium.



Mickey Mantle, famed Yankees' slugger, figures he went seven years without even hitting the ball.



Bear Bryant of Alabama, wearing familiar checked hat, found open dates after he heard figures.

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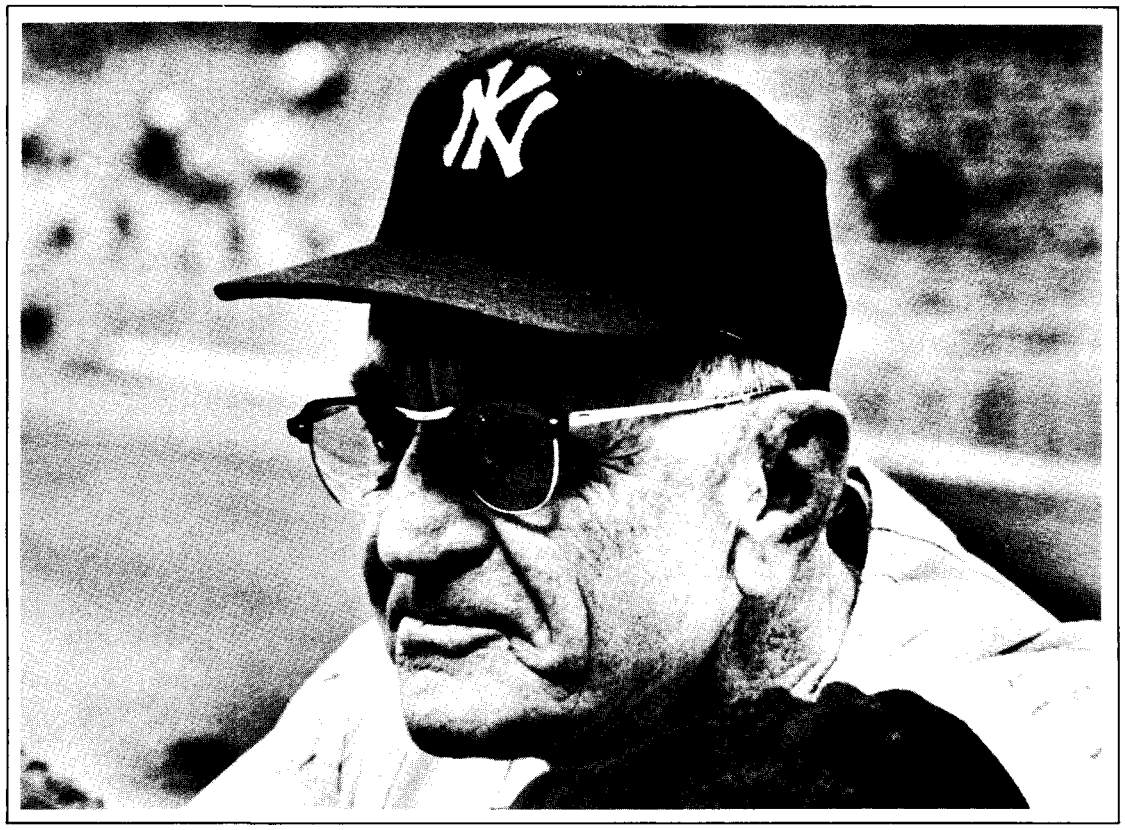
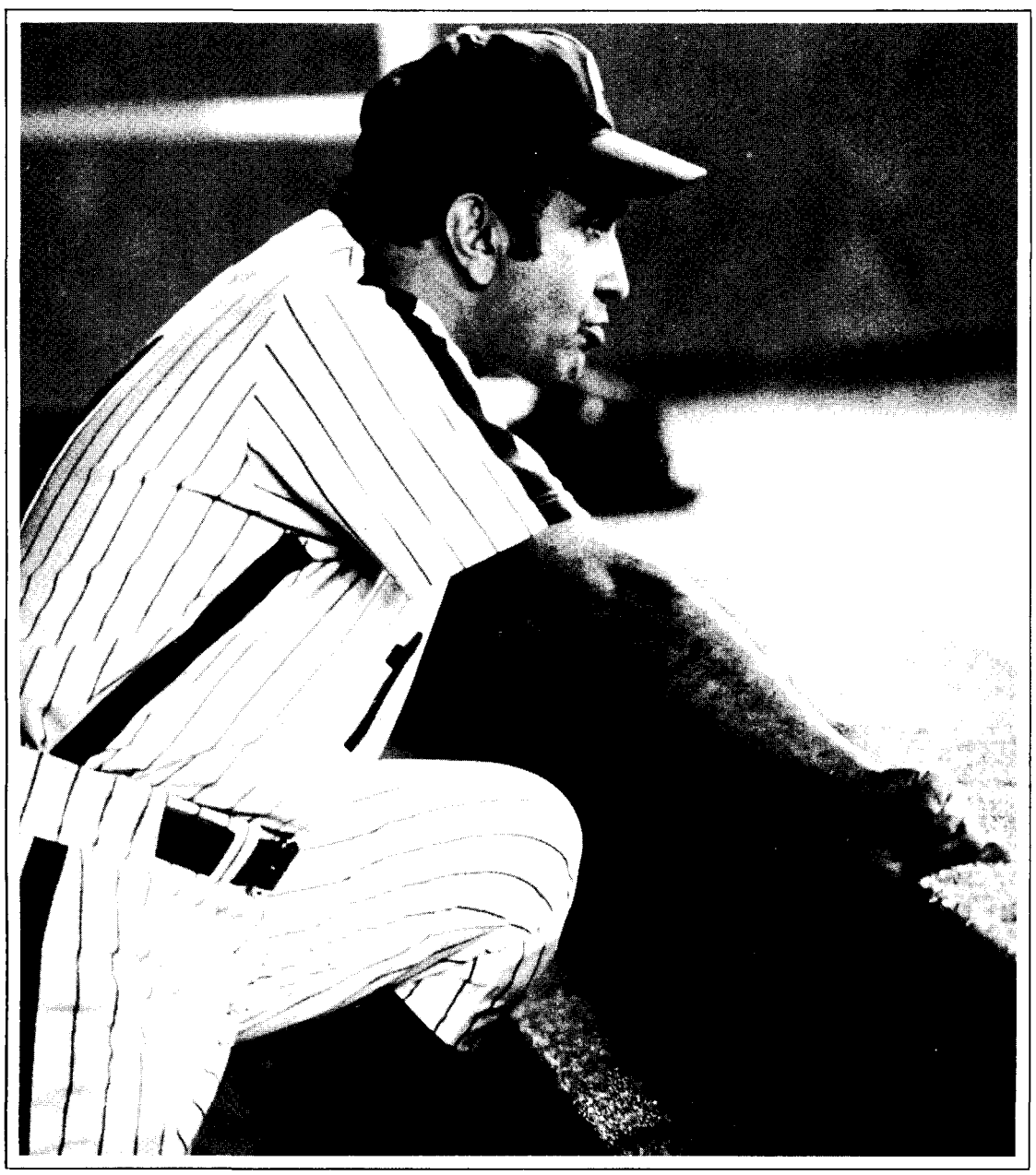


Casey Stengel, casting a wary eye at his New York Yankees, thanked them for "making me what I was."



Yogi Berra, Mets' mastermind, came up with winning entry in Joe Garagiola's Quotation of the Year.

Nester Chylak, big-league umpire, had "only two pairs of eyes," he told Billy Martin.

"The Noblest Roman of Them All." Jake was somewhat mystified at the reason for his choice. "I guess it's because I haven't been arrested for a long time," he said.

Willie Pep, one-time world featherweight champion, is one of the many people in public life who have learned to live with rumors and also have discovered how to handle them. When a rumor circulated that Pep had died, a reporter called Willie's house to check on it. Willie answered the phone himself. "Naw, I didn't die last night," said Willie. "I wasn't even out of the house."

Pedagogic Pilots

Frank Lucchesi was the manager of the Philadelphia Phillies when the team moved into their new headquarters at Veterans Stadium. Discussing the change, Lucchesi said, "The old neighborhood was so tough they raffled off two cars with the cops still in them."

Chuck Noll, coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers pro football team, heard about an incident in which Bill Virdon, skipper of the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball team, was called a dirty name by one of his players, upon which Virdon challenged the player. Asked what he would do if he was called a dirty name by one of his 280-pound linemen, Noll said, "I'd just say, 'Sticks and stones may break my bones. . . .' "

Win Some, Lose Some

How coaches react to victories and defeats is always a source of interest to fans. Oklahoma State basketball coach **Sam Aubrey** was asked how he slept after his team lost to Colorado, 83–62, and Sam said, "Just like a baby. I would sleep for an hour, then wake up and cry for an hour."

The Real World

Bob Devaney, an award-winning coach at Nebraska who is now athletic director, believes in keeping things in perspective. He said, "An undertaker friend of mine, noting a story about my coaching record, told me, 'Bob, no matter how much money you make, or games you win, or clubs you belong to, the size of your funeral depends on one thing—the weather.' "

Quotation Of The Year

Certainly no discussion of quotations, especially by me, would be complete without a **Yogi Berra** quote. People keep trying to make Yogi either a one-line comic, or a malaprop, and he is neither. It's just that he says things that you can't classify. Case in point. On the Mets' bus one day, the trainer said to Yogi, "Yog, what time is it?" Yogi's answer was "You mean now?" Think about that, and then tell me that lines like that don't deserve a record book of their own.

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VIII GOD "HORUS." Egypt, XXVI Dynasty, 663-525 B.C. Horus, the hawk or falcon god, became the symbol of imperial power. Here Horus is depicted as a hawk wearing the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt. 9" high, 6" long. $21.00.

IX THE SCHOLAR. This Oriental piece depicts the Scholar wearing the attire of a learned one, holding the hotei (the mythical deity of happiness and good fortune). 11½" high. $15.50.

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MAY 1974

The Potency Of Vitamin C

Tests from around the world are proving the validity of Nobel laureate Linus Pauling's theory about the prophylactic benefits of vitamin C . . . not just for the common cold but for other diseases as well. One test in Toronto on 818 subjects given vitamin C showed 30 percent fewer upper respiratory infections, and 40 percent fewer illnesses of other kinds. This is particularly good news, since Dr. Pauling feels optimistic that vitamin C in sufficient quantities may have a prophylactic effect in prevention of cancer.

Our country should look upon Dr. Pauling as a valuable national resource, his genius having unlocked the secret of the relationship between molecular abnormality and hereditary disease when he discovered that sickle-cell anemia arises from a minute abnormality in the molecular structure of hemoglobin. Dr. Pauling's contributions to medicine are so great that all listen when he proposes theories for cancer and health research.

With a career batting average as good as Dr. Pauling's, one would imagine that research grants would be thrust upon him. Not so!

We were dismayed to learn that Dr. Pauling was recently turned down on his application for a grant from the National Cancer Institute. His laboratory was investigated and a committee wrote a lengthy criticism of his plans. Instead, the Institute suggested that he do a test of the toxicity of vitamin C on guinea pigs. They proposed $37,000 for two years, but gave the grant such a low priority that it was never funded.

Disappointed, Dr. Pauling wrote to the Sloan-Kettering Institute urging them to carry out his proposed experiments because his own laboratory was forced to drop its technical assistants from the payroll for lack of funds.

"If we had some private money of our own," said Dr. Pauling in a recent interview, "we could go ahead on our own initiative with projects that are normally turned down by the National Cancer Institute. Real progress is made by taking chances. The important discoveries are usually the ones that wouldn't be funded by a granting agency. I wrote to the Cancer Institute that I couldn't believe there were so many new ideas in cancer research that we did not merit support for our request."

Dr. Pauling, who at seventy-three is still a professor at Stanford University, is Director of the Institute of Orthomolecular Medicine. Readers who would like their cancer donations to count might wish to send a check to his Institute, 2700 Sand Hill Road, Menlo Park, California 74025.

Genius Needed

Somewhere on earth, alive or yet unborn, is a person or persons whose intellect, if properly directed and motivated, could, through a series of achievements, perfect the conversion of the hydrogen bomb to peaceful energy potential. The power of the sun would be available on earth itself, in small usable quantities which could easily supply all of the pollution-free energy mankind could use for millions of years. The world would suddenly be energy rich.

The process is called fusion.

The Saturday Evening Post proposes that our government pay any individual perfecting this process for the benefit of America, the sum of one hundred million dollars, tax free, and reimburse said person or persons for all expenses incurred in so perfecting the fusion process.

Should a corporation, rather than an individual, perfect the process through a system approach, the government would pay one billion dollars for the discovery, plus reimbursement for all expenses incurred in discovery.

Ours is an egalitarian society. By preference, we do not wish one citizen or corporation to benefit out of proportion to another. But in this instance, when the nation's and the world's need for energy is so acute that a quick discovery of the fusion process may be lifesaving, our democratic instinct could possibly be waived.

The rules of the contest would be set by Congress. The President would appoint the referees. Soon there would be a victor to claim the reward.

Scientists predict it will take forty to fifty years to achieve fusion as we're now going. But could we perfect fusion within a decade, the world as we know it would never be the same again.

Don't Bother To Mail That Letter

Italy has become the first industrial society which seems to have resigned itself to doing without what was once considered a basic public service—a reliable postal system.

Postal worker disaffection in the last eighteen months has achieved near paralysis with, on any given day, 60,000 of Italy's 185,000 mail workers reported "sick."

To survive, large corporations, businesses and even government have organized private networks of courier cars to deliver and pick up correspondence and packages up and down the peninsula.

But hardest hit are small merchants and private residents who have no effective access to the communications systems that bypass the disrupted mails or who cannot afford them. Patterns of Italian life are changing inexorably, to the despair of those affected.

This must not happen in these United States.

The Congress would enact quick and remedial postal legislation of immediate benefit to all citizens if it were only possible to effect, as an exercise, a partial or complete shutdown of our entire postal system for a week—or two. A comparatively small war in a remote Arab land, which lasted only a matter of days, caused an energy crisis which commanded our instant attention and still has us wide-eyed, although the Arab embargo did not cause but merely revealed our energy dilemma.

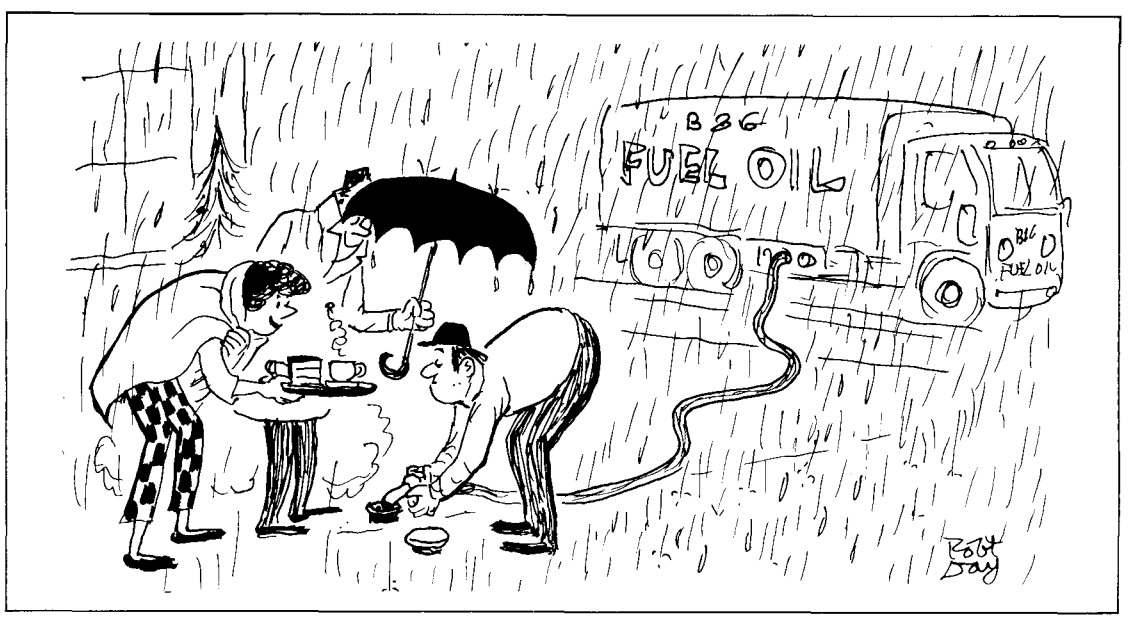
A one- or two-week suspension of the U.S. mail service, it would seem, should be just about the right jolt to get the attention of those persons who could do a lot about it—that's you and me.

Radical, you say, but think! One can imagine living without TV, or radio, or even much of a newspaper. Is it possible to conceive, however, of not being able to send or receive a letter?

How close are the Italians to the end of their postal service? How close are we?

A Shade Of Difference

Organized labor, in the person of AFL-CIO patriarch George Meany, has called upon the House and its Judiciary Committee to impeach the President for whatever reason. Mr. Meany does not like the President. Interestingly, labor organizations contributed $30,923.03 to the



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1972 campaign of Peter W. Rodino, Jr. (D–N.Y.), chairman of the Judiciary Committee which is soon supposed to hand down the impeachment recommendation. Labor organizations contributed $189,195.95 to other Democrats on the Committee and $2,100 to two Republicans. Before the "trial" opened, a large number of the Democrat members of the Judiciary Committee publicly called for the President's impeachment.

It would seem that Mr. Meany himself could well be charged in the court of public opinion with "tampering with the jury."

No One Wants "Big Brother" Around

The report of the Cabinet Committee on Cable TV Communications may well undo George Orwell's prediction for 1984. The report renounces all claim that the government has any authority to regulate the program content of TV once the medium no longer makes use of the finite number of public airwaves. Once TV signals come into homes on private cables, with a theoretically unlimited number of channels, TV programming should enjoy the same right to freedom of the press that newspapers, books and magazines have, the committee held.

The report's conclusion would prevent cable system operators from having a private monopoly over programming by requiring them to divest themselves of all programming functions. The TV cable operators would then function like a telephone company—simply making their wires available to anyone in return for stated fees.

The broadcasting industry is presently not enthusiastic about the report because the networks cherish their programming prerogatives. And Congress and the regulating agencies are not in the vanguard of administration supporters, if only because government is reluctant to give up power to the private sector.

But whether cable TV is eventually controlled by the networks, by a coalition of federal bureaus and private local monopolies, or is left free to develop as a free-will expression of the populace, could well be determined by the direction of Congress at this moment in time.

Notre Dame: First In War, First In Peace and First . . .

Although the Irish are known as number-one ball handlers around the countryside, little is known of their growing academic achievements. Recently, Dr. Morris Pollard, chairman of the Notre Dame microbiology department, announced that extensive research there indicates the technique of using ultrasonics to break up particles of waste, and ozone to purify them, is a superior method of destroying bacteria and viruses in sewage.

Not an announcement of "moon shot" significance, perhaps, but symbolic of the truism that greatness is a multifaceted virtue.

The Wisdom Of Youth

College students around the country are changing their tastes in studies away from many of the abstract and "soft" courses that were popular during the 1960's and toward studies that teach "hard" knowledge or that lead to professional training and a useful career.

Our younger generation early sought a simpler, more fundamental lifestyle long before our opulence and wasteful ways caught up with us. They are voluntarily limiting the size of their new families to zero population growth while we are still at each other's throats on the abortion issue and family-planning techniques—these youngsters are already far more mature for their years than has been historically true.

Perhaps we were wiser than we realized in now giving them their adulthood at eighteen, for there is no greater waste nor emptiness and frustration than for a young person to be kept waiting and dependent through the years of his greatest vitality and creativity.

The Oh-So-Simple Secret Of Success

While walking through a large industrial plant recently, Norman Vincent Peale asked a man famous in the personnel field what he considered the necessary qualities for a successful career in industry. Surprisingly, his prompt reply was:

"Number one, possess the ability to adjust to and work harmoniously with other people. Number two, have common, ordinary, everyday intelligence. Number three is the motivation to work hard, to apply oneself, to give the job all it demands. And the number four requirement is technical skill."

Dr. Peale was somewhat incredulous at the order of his listing, having expected him to put technical skill first.

Not so, said this expert in successful human beings. People succeed or fail, first of all, to the extent they are able to adjust to other people, to get along with them in harmony.

Fortunately, personality adjustment is a skill which anyone can learn. And learning it consists, first, in emphasizing the points of agreement and similarity, rather than differences or disagreements. In short, look for and emphasize the good and the best in the people with whom you work.

Admiral Moorer: Victim of Advocacy Journalism?

In recent months the American people have heard a lot about Admiral Thomas Moorer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and his "spy ring," labeled as such by the *New York Times* and other elements of the media. A public impression has been created that Moorer obtained, through underhanded methods, highly sensitive information on national security. The absurdity of this reporting is apparent when one realizes that Moorer is a member of the National Security Council and thus privy to the most sensitive and secret information. It is even more farfetched when one considers the impeccable character of the man himself.

His career spans three wrenching wars. He did his duty in these difficult years with dignity and loyalty to his Commander-in-Chief and to his country. He has long been known throughout the Defense Department to shun any part in self-seeking publicity.

The irresponsible and perhaps deliberate distortion of the "news" about Admiral Moorer is another sad step toward the ultimate goal of "advocacy journalism," that of fitting the "facts" to support the reporter's premise.

Thomas Moorer, a capable and effective officer, deserves better.

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THE LADY FROM RED GULCH

She couldn't sing nor could she cook—but Corabelle was young and very willing.

By Michael Fessier

It was along about the end of calf-roping season when Don Rafael de Soto strutted into the Chinaman's Chance Saloon in Buffalo Bend and, with his silver spurs jingling and his pearl-handled six gun slapping at his thigh, walked up to the bar and downed a shot of redeye neat. He stood there a moment, an arrogant look on his handsome face; then walked over to the poker game and, without asking leave, sat down, threw a handful of gold pieces onto the table and demanded chips. Then, while Bud Conyears, Bart McCormack and some of the other rougher element of our citizenry watched him with considerable animosity, he proceeded to clean out the game, playing in an abstracted manner, as if his heart weren't in it.

"These game," he said, shoving his chair back, "was too tame." Then he grinned easily, almost affably, at the others. "Which one of you gentlemen desires the honor of fighting me first?" he inquired.

"Why should there be a fight?" asked Judge Gorman, who, as our justice of the peace, felt it incumbent upon him at least to pay lip service to the principle of law and order.

"Because," said Don Rafael, "some of these gentlemen seem to be under the impression that I cheated."

"I know doggone well you did," said Billy Feeney, our town troublemaker, whose favorite spectator sports were mayhem and murder, "all of which calls for you to sample the righteous wrath of outraged decency." Then he pointed. "And Bart McCormack here is just the guy that can do it," he announced and stepped aside as Bart made a rush at the slender Spaniard.

Then, while the rest of us watched incredulously, Don Rafael gave Bart the beating of his life. He swarmed all over the big man like a hiveful of hornets, stinging and slashing and circling until Bart sank dizzily to the floor without having landed one solid blow.

"Which, if you ask me," said Bart, staring admiringly up at his late adversary, "I ain't changed my mind none whatever about you cheating. But," he went on, prying out a loose tooth and staring regretfully at it, "I hereby freely admit that I didn't see you do it when you done it."

Don Rafael grinned amiably, helped Bart to his feet, dusted him off and escorted him to the bar, where he bought drinks for the house. It was a convivial evening, and by final-drink time the general air of hostility that had greeted Don Rafael's arrival in our midst had thawed considerably.

The next day a swaggering Texan came into the Chinaman's Chance, beat up an inoffensive sheepherder; then recklessly offered to shoot it out with any three men we cared to put up against him. Don Rafael faced him coolly and insolently, waited until the visitor went for his gun, then shot him cleanly and neatly through the heart.

During the barbecue that always followed a wedding, a christening or a funeral in Buffalo Bend, Montana Martin, current owner of the Chinaman's Chance, delivered her considered opinion of Don Rafael. "He claims that he's a Castilian nobleman," she said, "but I claim he's a lowborn liar and a horse thief, and I wouldn't trust him any farther than I could throw a bull buffalo by the tail. However," she went on judiciously, "any man that can lick Bart McCormack and outdraw a tall Texan within the space of forty-eight hours is entitled to a few peccadilloes, such as pulling aces out of thin air."

"Until such time as he gets caught at it," said Judge Gorman.

With that pronouncement Don Rafael de Soto became a full-fledged and accepted member of our community. Although he was not unanimously admired, he was liked by some and respected by all and, outside of a few minor scuffles at the card table, he lived peacefully among us for a month. Then Tenney Grant hit town.

Tenney was about Don Rafael's age, with wide shoulders and a slim waist, and there was a look of long-suffering sorrow in his mild blue eyes as he entered the Chinaman's Chance along about fourth-drink time and stared about him as if he were looking for someone.

Don Rafael, who had been playing pinochle with Montana Martin, dropped his cards, crossed the room and threw his arms around Tenney.

"Ah, my friend, my brother!" he cried exuberantly. "It has been so long a time!"

Tenney's eyes lighted up a moment and then they became somber. "It sure enough has been a long time," he said. "More than five years."

"But the pain of separation is always dissipated by reunion," said Don Rafael. "Come, my cousin, we shall drink to this happy occasion." They stepped up to the bar and downed a shot of redeye apiece.

Then Don Rafael grinned at Tenney and said, "What brings you to these town, my son?"

"Why, to kill you, of course, Rafael," said Tenney softly.

Don Rafael grinned easily. "I was afraid you had some such foolhardy notion in mind," he said. Then he shrugged. "Since I am to be the recipient of these great honor," he went on, "will you tell me when it is to be?" He stepped back and his eyes were alert, but his right hand made no move toward his hip.

"Why, that's up to you, Rafael," said Tenney. "Whenever you go for your gun."

"But I love you, my son," said Don Rafael. "What makes you think I would draw a weapon in anger against the best friend I ever had?"

"Because," said Tenney evenly, "you're plenty impatient, Rafael—impatient and nervous. In addition to which, you're curious. You've always wondered whether or not you could beat me to the draw."

"That is true. That is true," admitted Don Rafael. "But my curiosity has its limits. It does not extend to the point of killing you, my son."

"Don't worry about me, pal," said Tenney. "It'll be your funeral."

"After which there'll be a barbecue and athletic contests for one and all," said Billy Feeney, licking his lips. Then he stared from one man to another. "Say, what kind of a gun fight is this?" he demanded. "Why doesn't somebody shoot somebody?"

Continued on page 100

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

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TROUBLED WATERS IN THE NAVY

The U. S. Navy in Crisis.

By Hanson Baldwin

Editor's Note: This distinguished military critic, himself a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, points to problems of lowered standards, lax discipline and eroded command authority that are seriously compromising the "New Navy."

Evening, the Gulf of Tonkin—the beginning of a long night for the United States Navy. After a full day launching air strikes, the great carrier USS *Kitty Hawk* rests in calm seas, a floating city of 4,483 men. It is 7 p.m. October 12, 1972, and for the next seven and one-half hours tension and terror will roll across the decks of the mighty warship. Bands of black sailors go in search of white crewmen. They wield chains, broomsticks, wrenches, fire extinguisher nozzles and metal pipes as they scream, "Kill the white trash." Sleeping crewmen are dragged from their bunks, beaten and left bleeding on the decks. Those able to stagger to the chaotic ship dispensary are threatened and harassed by another band of blacks as they await treatment. Forty whites and six blacks are wounded, three so seriously they must be airlifted from the carrier to shore hospitals. Not until the early hours of the morning is the riot quelled.

The *Kitty Hawk* violence was a frightening manifestation of the winds of change sweeping through the Navy's rigging today, symptoms of a sickness afloat, a widespread malaise never before experienced by the American fleet. The infection did not suddenly come to a head aboard the carrier. It had been festering for years as a social revolution convulsed the United States. Since 1971 there have been at least ten mutinous incidents of significant proportion in the Navy, one of them as recently as last July aboard the carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt* in the Caribbean.

Two of these confrontations—the one on the *Kitty Hawk* and a second racial blowup aboard the carrier *Constellation* a month later—caused the House Armed Services Committee to launch a full-scale investigation of "disciplinary problems in the U.S. Navy." More than 2,500 pages of testimony from fifty-six witnesses and an examination of the entire spectrum of naval orders and procedures led the special investigatory subcommittee, headed by Rep. Floyd V. Hicks (D–Wash.), to conclude:

"The United States Navy is now confronted with pressures, both from within and without, which, if not controlled, will surely destroy its enviable tradition of discipline."

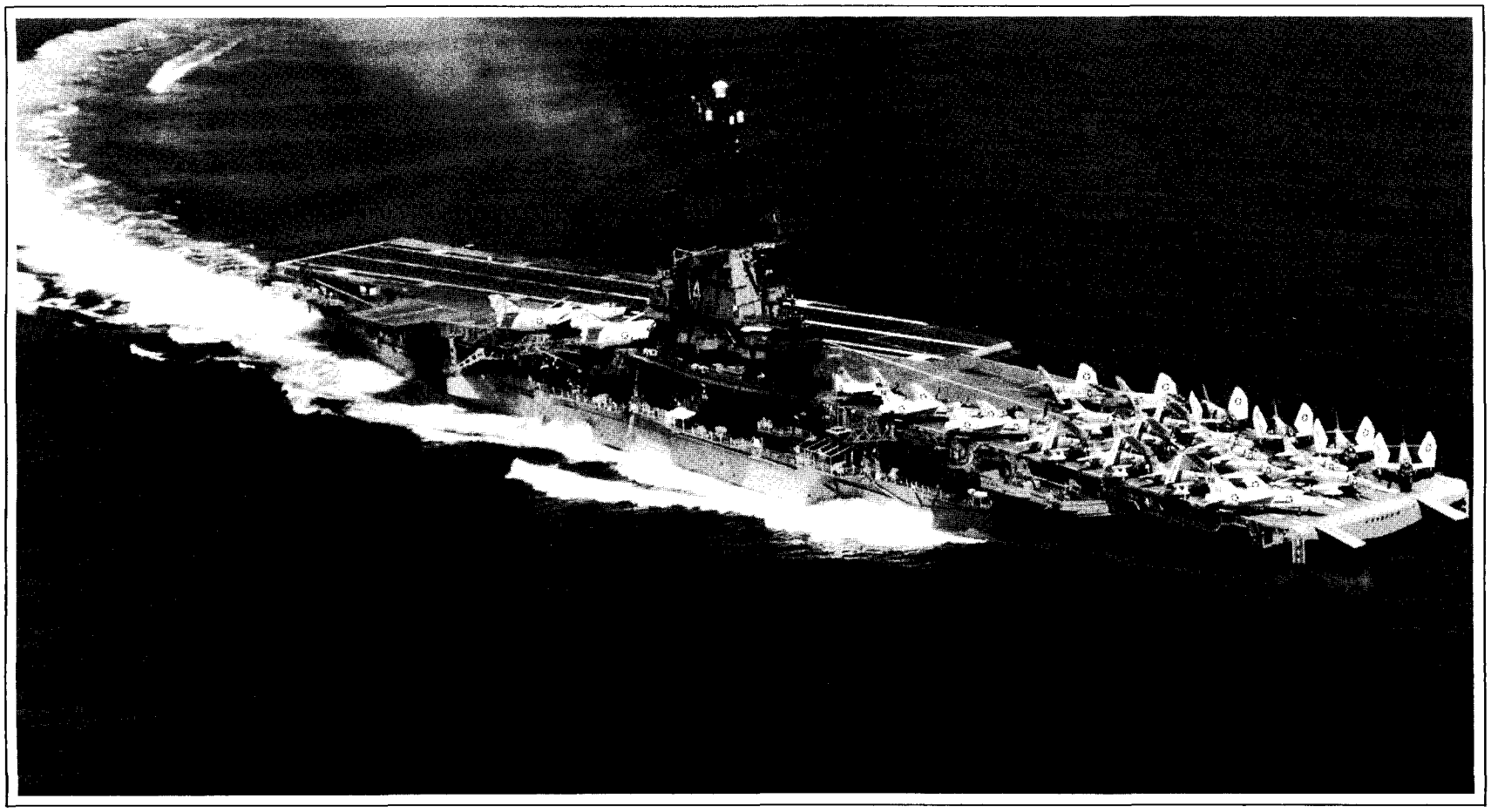
Additionally, "an environment of leniency, appeasement and permissiveness" has led to lowered Navy morale and a deterioration in appearance and performance. Even more ominously, the committee found, this "easy" atmosphere enhanced chances for mutinous acts and brought about "an alarming frequency of successful acts of sabotage and apparent sabotage on a wide variety of ships and stations within the Navy." The report pointed to lowered Navy recruiting and training standards as being responsible for an influx of "agitators and troublemakers" into naval ranks, thus creating fertile ground for trouble.

The Hicks report has been ignored by many congressmen and brushed under the rug or criticized as overstated by some in the Navy. The two carriers, they note, had been at sea three months—twice the normal tour—and without relief and relaxation, frustrations had built up among crew members. Yet a recent visit to many ships and stations of the Navy's crack Sixth Fleet, sampling opinion from admiral to seaman, from executive officer to mess cook, bears out the report's findings.

And last November, the commander in chief of the Pacific Fleet sent a message to all ships and stations noting in his own command "the disregard of law, order and common decency . . . an atmosphere of lawlessness, intimidation and defiance of established authority . . . unprovoked assaults and robberies by marauding gangs of Navy personnel upon smaller groups. . . ."

The Navy, like all our institutions, has reaped the whirlwind of student dissidents, the anti-Vietnam trauma, the drug culture and black militancy and anti-military feeling. These outside pressures have weakened the fleet at the very time it must face the greatest challenge in its history from rapidly expanding Soviet sea power. But some of the Navy's problems are of its own making, and the "solutions" the Navy has tried have exacerbated the situation instead of resolving it.

This period of mutiny, disobedience and internal sabotage has coincided with the most profound internal changes in the Navy's history, begun four



At the very time it is trying to reconcile reduced defense funds with the challenge of expanding Soviet sea power, the Navy has been weakened by outside pressures.

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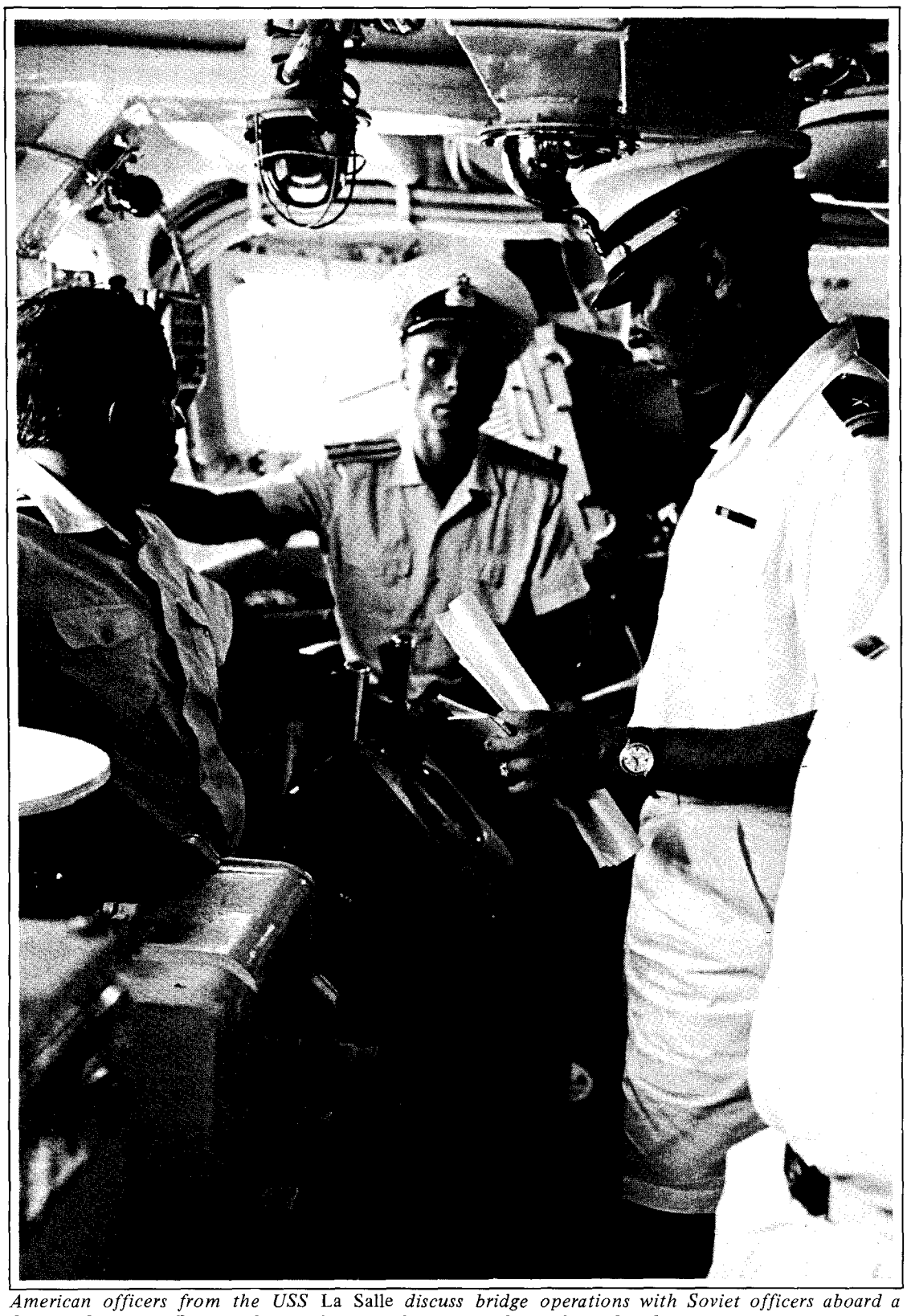
years ago under Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt, who ends his term this summer. The tenure of this personable, energetic, bright officer–youngest ever to hold the post of Chief of Naval Operations–has thus been one of great controversy. Taking over in an era of social transition, he firmly believed that the Navy must change along with the nation. But the speed and manner in which he proceeded to foster that change have split the Navy wide open.

Many young officers, enlisted men, and petty officers believe Zumwalt, in the words of one of them, is the "best thing that ever happened to the Navy." They applaud the more relaxed discipline and the emphasis on people that have marked Zumwalt's tenure. But numerous senior and middle-grade officers and chief petty officers (CPOs)–as well as a very large number of officers who retired before and since Zumwalt took over–are shocked by recent developments. They blame him for too much permissiveness, and a dangerous weakening of the Navy's chain of command.

One admiral, who served two years ashore in the first part of Zumwalt's tenure and then returned to sea in precisely the same area he had commanded before, noted a "tremendous degradation in discipline and readiness" in the interval.

The backbone of Zumwalt's controversial program has been his famous "Z-grams," general directives published throughout the Navy on matters ranging from shore leave to civilian clothes to wash facilities. In his first Z-gram, Zumwalt said he was committing himself "to improving the quality of Navy life in all respects and restoring the fun and zest of going to sea." Many Z-grams have been aimed at eliminating the "Mickey Mouse" irritations–unnecessary or obsolete regulations–and at improving the attractiveness of a service career. Laudably, some of them have dealt with the problem of racial friction and have established new means of communication on racial issues.



American officers from the USS La Salle *discuss bridge operations with Soviet officers aboard a Russian destroyer. Russian ships and seamanship are rated superlative by observers.*

The collective *intent* of the Z-grams and of other Zumwalt programs–most in the Navy would agree–has been praiseworthy. But the effect has often been deplorable.

Many in the fleet attribute the confusion in standards and slackening discipline so evident in the Navy of today to the *interpretation* of the Z-grams rather than to their substance or purpose. The messages themselves have at times been so vague and imprecise that they have required a bewildering stream of follow-up clarification.

For example, Z-gram 57 issued in November 1970 stated that "in the case of haircuts, sideburns and contemporary clothing styles, my view is that we must learn to adapt to changing fashions." The message explicitly allowed any officer or enlisted man "to grow sideburns or neatly trimmed beards or mustaches." The same Z-gram also authorized wearing of dungarees to and from work in naval commissaries, exchanges and service areas. New rules already permitted such changes, but the Z-gram emphasized the point.

It produced the greatest variety of hairstyles seen in the Navy in its history, and at many naval stations men in dirty or frayed dungarees quickly became a common sight. In January 1971, another Z-gram stipulated that hair, beards and mustaches "will be neatly trimmed, well groomed" and "sideburns will not extend beyond the bottom of the earlobes." But Pandora's box had been opened. The following December still another Z-gram had to be issued:

"Z-57 has been erroneously interpreted. Instances are still observed of men in public with dirty or torn uniforms, haircuts and beards which are below standards. . . ."

At a Mediterranean port, a chief petty officer orders several shaggy-maned crewmen to cut their hair before leaving ship. But an officer waves the men ashore and later joins them for drinks in a harbor bar. "How the hell can I enforce discipline with a situation like that?" says the CPO wearily. Adds a chief in the Sixth Fleet: "It's nonsense the amount of time we have to spend on a simple thing like haircuts."

The net result of the Z-grams on grooming and personal appearance has been, most naval personnel agree, a marked deterioration in the look of the men, a "slovenly" appearance, as the Hicks subcommittee put it.

By far the most potentially detrimental of Zumwalt's revolutionary reforms have been those which, in fact though not in intent, have weakened the authority of the entire chain of command. For instance, each major command was ordered to establish a minority affairs officer who will have "direct access" to the commanding officer and who "will be consulted *on all matters involving minority personnel*." Specialized human relations councils were established; "gripe" or "rap" sessions and "hot lines" for complaints direct to commanding officers, bypassing immediate superiors, were instituted.

Again the intent–to establish a "viable two-way dialogue at all levels of command"–was

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commendable, but the effect was that the chain of command was weakened and new limitations were placed on a CO's authority. Juniors were encouraged—by indirection—to bypass superiors. As the Hicks report on the *Kitty Hawk* and *Constellation* incidents noted, middle-management officers were convinced "their authority (had) been diluted by the Chief of Naval Operations when he addressed all naval personnel in a series of Z-grams."

Especially rankling is the fact that many of the Z-grams—there had been 119 by last June—involve petty administrative details that have previously been exercised by commanding officers. This centralization of command and administrative power in Washington has been deleterious to all the links of authority from admiral to seaman.

Following the *Kitty Hawk* and *Constellation* incidents, Zumwalt further contributed to the problem with a public admonition—made even before the facts in these cases were fully known—of senior Navy officers and of his staff for failing to solve racial problems within the Navy. The Hicks committee tersely rebuked him, pointing out that "again concern over racial problems seemed paramount to the question of good order and discipline," and regretting "that the tradition of not criticizing seniors in front of their subordinates was ignored."

Many of the reforms Zumwalt has achieved are to the good; and the Navy will certainly never return to its past. But there are three major problem areas—all dealing broadly with personnel—with which the Navy must deal if it is to survive as one of the bulwarks of our defense.

1. *The realities of racial bias have been blown out of proportion and needlessly exacerbated.* The Hicks report found no "instances of institutional discrimination on the part of the Navy toward any group of persons, majority or minority." Yet racial frictions in the past few years have been increased rather than decreased by the subtle establishment of what amounts to two standards in the fleet—one of them preferential for minority groups.

Time and again officers and petty officers said they were hesitant to record offenses—particularly against blacks. Yet, as the House subcommittee reported, the great majority of the dissidents in the *Kitty Hawk* and *Constellation* cases and in other incidents were black. These were the same types of men who either fell for or fostered an idea of black separatism that made any reprimand of a black sailor appear to be a racial rather than a naval matter. Thus, notes the Hicks report, many black sailors "find it difficult to accept punishment on an individual basis. Rather, they perceive that punishment to one is punishment to all." The report further emphasizes that "what many of these men view as discrimination is more often than not a perception rather than a reality."

In ships with a small number of blacks there is usually little trouble, but in larger ships with several hundred black sailors, polarization inevitably occurs: "The Brothers" form a separate part of the crew with Black Power salutes and symbols. "This ship is sitting on a volcano," said one Sixth Fleet officer. "The whites aboard are scared, or mad, or both. Everybody's uptight. You constantly hear blacks saying, 'When we take over . . . when the revolution comes. . . .' "

Much of the hesitation to enforce discipline against blacks represents a fear of political and promotion consequences. The appellation "racist" is easily applied but hard to outgrow in the service today; it can be the kiss of death to promotion. Blacks who are disciplined may use this semantic blackmail against their superiors, or they seek relief from just punishment by writing to their congressman, or organizations such as the American Civil Liberties Union. The inevitable result is a "rocket" from Washington which requires answer, even if the disciplinarian is not reversed. The CO who tries to keep his justice evenhanded—black or white—may not be supported in his efforts. "A white man is really afraid to tell a black he has screwed up," a Sixth Fleet CPO said.

2. *Lowered recruiting and training standards, a "quota system" and a rapid turnover in personnel.* The all-volunteer service and a quota of black enlistments pressured the Navy into recruitment measures which have contributed materially to its recent state of woe. Despite the Nixon administration's avowed opposition to quotas as a discriminatory way of achieving equal opportunity, the Navy's recruitment goals for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1973, were established at 12 percent black, 6 percent other minorities.

With the draft scheduled to end on the same date, and with an equal-rights-for-women amendment to the Constitution pending, the Navy intensified its drive for black recruits. Enlistment standards had been lowered in the 1960's to permit recruitment of high-school dropouts and men with the equivalent of a sixth-grade education. Some of the advertising appeals and recruitment methods were dubious. They often made impossible promises, actual or implied.

Now emphasis shifted to numbers, not quality. During one six-month period, more than a quarter of the enlistees were from Mental Group IV, the least educated and scoring lowest in qualification tests. Many had only rudimentary knowledge of mathematics and English in a service where technical analysis and effective communication are essential for promotion. Recruitment of large numbers of Group IV personnel was doomed to failure. Experience in World War II, Korea, and since had shown that these men rarely pull their weight and account for a hugely disproportionate percentage of the Navy's disciplinary problems.

At this critical juncture the Navy's three "boot camps" or recruit training schools at Great Lakes, Illinois; San Diego, California; and Orlando, Florida, reduced recruit training time from the prior nine weeks (it used to be eleven) to seven weeks. Done to accommodate a new three-year enlistment program, it was, all agree, a failure.

The naval training stations reflect much of the same permissiveness as the rest of the Navy. They are rarely tough and hard. Many CPOs refer to them scornfully as "charm schools." Some of the recruits themselves have complained about the looseness of the boot camps. "The hardest thing I

Charismatic, controversial Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr. The Hicks report of Kitty Hawk *and* Constellation *noted that middle-management officers were convinced "their authority had been diluted by Chief of Naval Operations Zumwalt when he addressed all naval personnel in a series of Z-grams."*

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had to do at Great Lakes," one sailor said, "was to fold my skivvies."

Spurred by congressional and public criticism after the riots and mutinies of 1972 and 1973, the Navy is now remedying the enlistment mistakes of a year ago. Enlistment standards have been raised. The percentage of Group IV enlistees is dropping sharply. Today those enlistees accepted come from the upper portion of the group, are high-school graduates, and most of them are qualified for some form of technical training. The Navy's boot camps have returned to a nine-week training cycle, with increased emphasis on military discipline, naval traditions and shipboard training.

But the Navy's manpower problems are not over. In the last six months of fiscal 1973–when there were no draft calls–the Navy was able to enlist only 83 percent of its needs. And despite the fact that its total strength is being sharply reduced, it ended the year more than 8,000 men short of authorized strength. With the hot breath of the draft no longer a factor, there is a real question whether the Navy can recruit enough men of high quality.

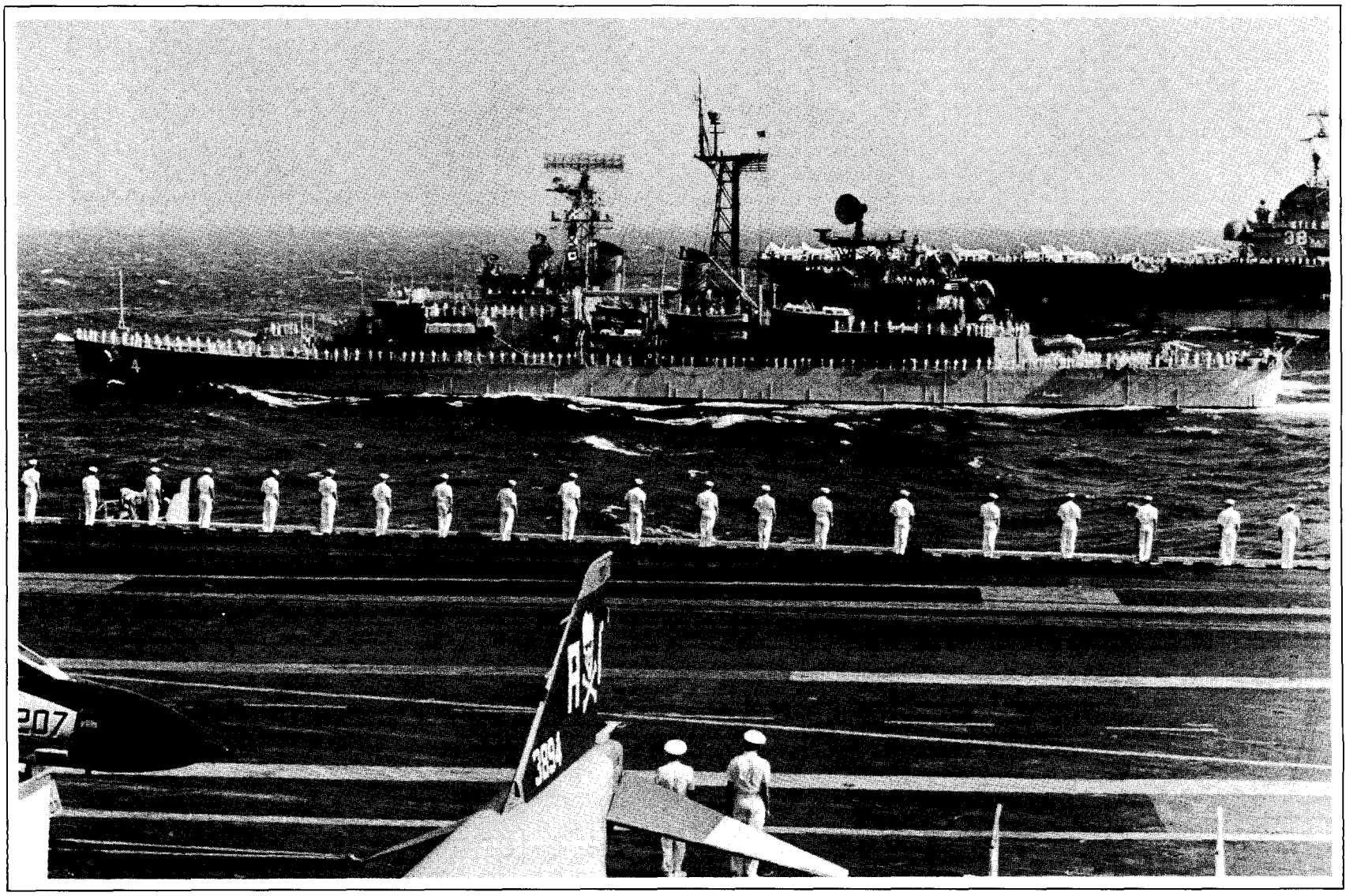
Equally important, the Navy is having a tough time keeping men aboard once they have served a single term. All sorts of inducements to persuade men to reenlist, to induce suitable junior officers to make a Navy career, are being tried. Congress has approved a reenlistment or extended tour bonus–which for critical or highly important specialties can reach as much as $15,000–are offered to each qualified officer or man who signs on for another term after his first term of duty expires. The retention rate of first-term enlistees–only 10.3 percent in 1970–has risen, as a result of all these measures, to a respectable 23 percent in fiscal 1973.

Yet retention rates do not adequately reflect the personnel situation in the Navy today. Many of those who chose to stay in the Navy were not nearly as qualified as many of those who got out. Many who leave the Navy are influenced in their decisions by the red tape and delay and the judicial leniency now prevalent in military disciplinary procedures. Many feel that legalisms tend to pervade the services' administration of justice–and, in turn, reflect the sense of permissiveness which permeates the fleet and the nation today. Theft, a crime corrosive to any structure of teamwork, is pervasive, and the use of marijuana and soft drugs is so frequent, even aboard ship, that in one Sixth Fleet ship a brig annex, three times the size of the original brig, has been created to house offenders. Psychological rewards–the sense of a job worth doing and a job well done–are too often missing in today's Navy. Many junior officers, long-term CPOs and first-class petty officers–many with years of service at stake–want "out" as soon as possible. Time and time again, man after man said: "I'm getting out just as soon as my twenty years are up."

3. *The erosion of military justice.* The Uniform Code of Military Justice, which governs the disciplinary procedures of all the services, replaced the far stricter "Articles for the Government of the Navy" in 1951. The reforms were needed, but unfortunately, the code introduced some of the same legal delays, red tape and paperwork that have tied up our civilian courts.

The Navy, however, could live with the Code of Military Justice, but many officers feel its provisions and, above all, its intent are being watered down, sometimes by congressional pressures, but most of all by what Colonel Robert D. Heinl, Jr., U.S. Marine Corps (retired), has described as a "wide-ranging though little-noticed series of legal challenges brought mainly by radical lawyers and consistently sustained by libertarian civilian courts."

In a comprehensive review of many court rulings of the past six years, Colonel Heinl, writing in the *Detroit News*, points out that–despite explicit constitutional authority for a separate and distinct system of military justice (Congress is charged with making "rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces")–continuous legal challenges and rulings have sought "to impose literal application of the libertarian and egalitarian provisions of the Constitution upon the Armed Forces which, in their nature as institutions, cannot tolerate or coexist with libertarianism or egalitarianism."



Sailors man the rails as the Attack Aircraft Carrier USS Shangri-La *and the light guided missile Cruiser USS* Little Rock *pass the Attack Aircraft Carrier USS* Independence. *Not all ships are affected by the malaise of the fleet. A good captain can still foster a happy ship. Aviators and submarine crews–both keyed to teamwork–are, so far, relatively immune to the deterioration around them.*

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Repeatedly, civilian courts have overturned military decisions and have forced honorable discharges–with veterans' benefits–for servicemen who had been convicted of criminal, subversive, or seditious acts. In 1969 the U.S. Supreme Court, in a shocking judgment which reversed 200 years of precedents, held that military courts-martial should not try uniformed personnel for "civilian" offenses. As a result, a convicted former Army officer serving thirty years in Leavenworth for multiple offenses of rape, sodomy and burglary was released, presented with a check for $50,000 worth of back pay and, over the unavailing protests of the Army, put back in uniform.

The U.S. Court of Military Appeals, the highest court of the military legal ladder, composed entirely of civilian justices, has echoed some of the bizarre judgments of civilian courts. It has ruled, for instance, that an officer who drew bad checks to pay gambling debts committed no offense and that a convicted Vietnam private who lobbed a live hand grenade into a sergeant's hut should be freed because his counsel did not introduce character witnesses.

Theft, almost nonexistent in the old Navy when military law permitted the immediate bad-conduct discharge of a proven thief, is now a fairly general problem both afloat and ashore. Its effects are obviously corrosive to the development of teamwork so essential to any military society. As a chief in a Sixth Fleet ship put it, "the kids can't leave anything lying on their bunks."

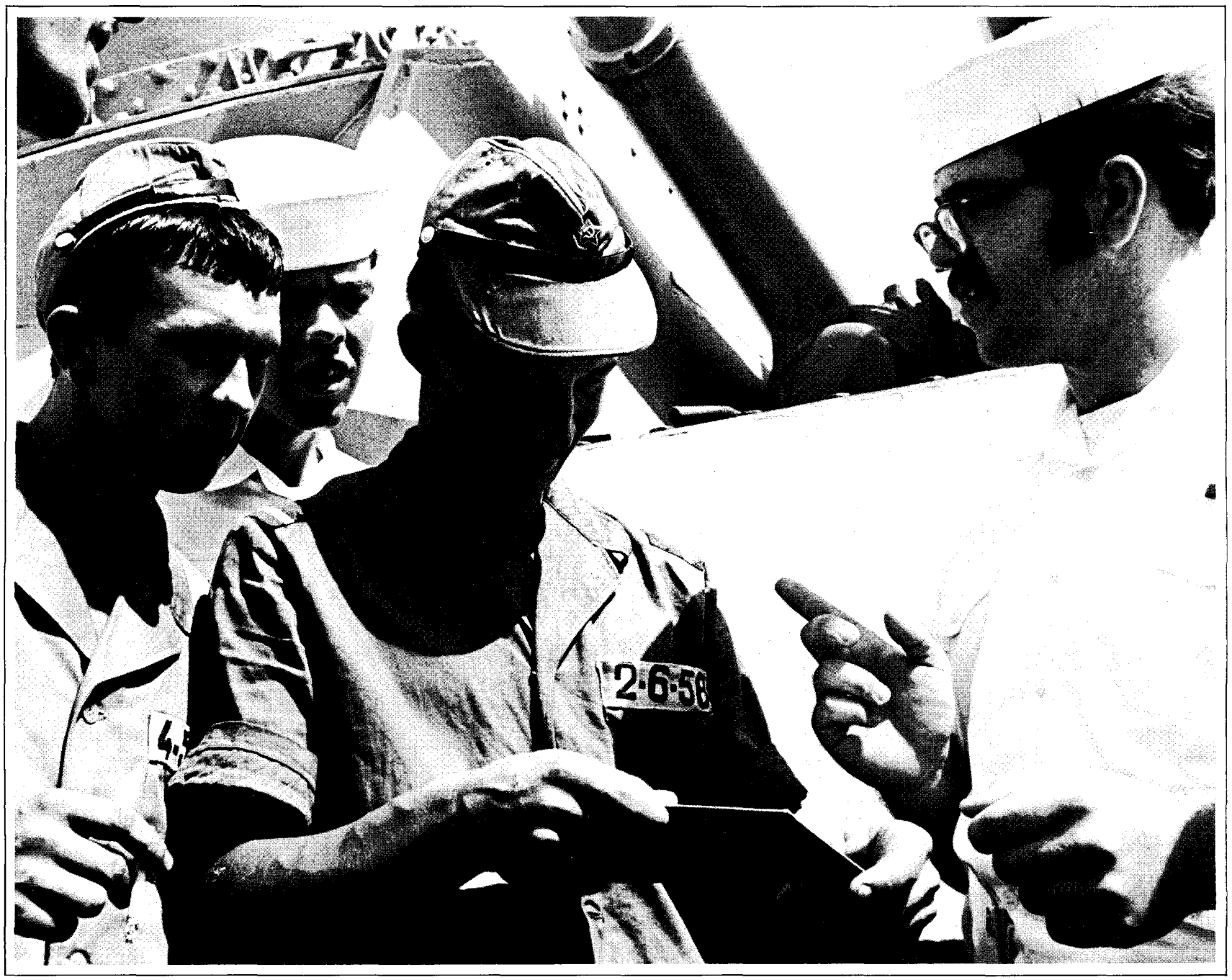
Drugs, as well as theft, are another pervasive problem in all the Armed Services. Happily, in the Sixth Fleet, the use of hard drugs is rare, but marijuana, pep pills, hashish and amphetamines are an almost universal part of the naval scene. Intermittent spot checks, body and locker searches and special inspections–even aboard fighting ships–by dogs trained to sniff out narcotics, are some of the control measures tried, all of them handicapped by aberrant court decisions (one of which freed two confessed drug-running soldiers who had been detected by a dog). One ship in the Sixth Fleet has had to triple the size of its detention facilities for a "brig annex" to house sailors found guilty of possessing or using marijuana.

Another aspect of the watered-down code: the red tape and delay on most disciplinary procedures and light court-martial sentences, which often bear no relationship to the seriousness of the crime. Legalisms and judicial leniency have also influenced many COs to overlook offenses which might normally have been punished; the personal records of individuals often do not adequately reflect disciplinary infractions.

Thus, the Navy of today is in crisis. Too often, there is lacking that "conviction of excellence" the late Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King defined as the kernel of morale. Indeed, spirits were so low among embattled command rank officers in the Sixth Fleet that Vice Admiral Gerald E. Miller felt constrained to issue a special order early in 1973 reaffirming his faith in these men. But there *are* bright overtones in this somber picture.

First and most important, the majority of the Navy's personnel–white and black–are sound; the misfits, the militants, the malcontents and the oddballs are a minority. *Properly screened and selected*, the young recruit of today has assets his forefathers never had–a much better technical education and therefore a capacity for grasping the complex details of a highly technical profession. "I find it hard to keep up with them," a chief said. "These kids will get in a week what it takes me a month to master."

Second, there are some–though inconclusive–



How do you say tovarishch *in English? Soviet and American sailors check the translation manual in an attempt to break the language barrier as the Americans visit aboard the Russian destroyer USSR* Skritorii *in Massawa, Ethiopia. Fleets of the two nations keep a friendly but wary eye on each other.*

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indications that the Navy's slump in morale and discipline *may* have "bottomed out." The shock of last year's mutinies and the determination of a few courageous commanders to cope with the growing chaos in the fleet led to somewhat sterner measures and perhaps a reversal of recent trends. The Navy's recruiting command has been reorganized, and more careful screening is being stressed. Basic training is more thorough than a year ago.

Not all ships are affected by the malaise of the fleet. A good captain can usually foster a "happy ship." Aviators and submarine crews–both very carefully selected, both with a sense of dedication to their jobs, both keyed to teamwork–are so far relatively immune to the deterioration around them.

But it is always harder, in the Navy's phrase, "to walk the cat back" when discipline has once been relaxed and morale has declined, especially since heavy pressures on the side of still more permissiveness are being exerted.

The first and fundamental requirement in the renaissance of the U.S. Navy is public support. We must understand the fundamental purpose of a navy–to deter war, to protect our vital interests and to win battles. Neither the Navy nor any of the other military services can be a social science laboratory and still retain combat effectiveness.

To win public support and to restore that sense of excellence which is the key to all morale, the Navy must clean its own house. It must restore the high-spirited, wise leadership it has usually had in the past, leadership dedicated to holding the line against unwise congressional and bureaucratic, political and sociological pressures; leadership that puts first things first: a disciplined, dependable and effective fleet.

This leadership must stress selectivity and quality of personnel–not quotas or quantity–it must rigorously eliminate the malcontents, the radical militants, the disgruntled time-servers and the misfits. It must stress one standard for white *and* black. As Rear Admiral Samuel L. Gravely, Jr., the first of the Navy's two black admirals, said some time ago, "Equal opportunity should mean just that and nothing else."

Above all, the Navy must stand firm against any further civilianization of the Code of Military Justice. Military justice must be *military*–a disciplinary prop. A clearcut ruling by the Supreme Court that would put up a "No Trespassing" sign around the military justice system would greatly aid in preventing the continuous erosion of the system by the encroachments of the judicial branch.

The Hicks report put the problem in a nutshell: "Discipline is the keystone of the Armed Services of any nation. If discipline collapses, a military force becomes a leaderless, uniformed mob, capable only of accomplishing its own destruction."

There is not, there cannot be, there never will be a so-called "democratic army or navy." There can be a navy of a democracy, but it must be composed of proud, high-spirited young men who expect and welcome a structured life of discipline tempered with humanitarianism, and who recognize that wearing the uniform entails special obligations, duties, laws and restraints as well as privileges. A sense of excellence, pride of service and fidelity to authority must be once again emphasized in the "New Navy" of today and tomorrow.

The deterioration of our Navy has gone so far that a time of decision has been reached. The Navy quite possibly can survive the assaults upon its budget, its size, the reduction in its strength and even the petty and narrow economies that tend to hobble it. But it cannot survive the assaults upon its soul.

Rear Admiral Samuel L. Gravely, Jr., who has commanded some of the Navy's finest ships, began his distinguished Navy career during World War II. He states openly that blacks are not asking for, nor should they receive, special treatment. He recently said, " 'Equal opportunity' should mean just that and nothing else." Admiral Gravely is presently Commander of Cruiser Destroyer Group II.

American sailors swap snapshots with Soviet seamen aboard a Russian destroyer. The sailor in this photograph is part of the "new Navy" look. Z-gram 57 issued in November 1970 stated that "in the case of haircuts, sideburns and contemporary clothing styles, my view is that we must learn to adapt to changing fashions." The message explicitly allowed any officer or enlisted man "to grow sideburns or neatly trimmed beards or mustaches."

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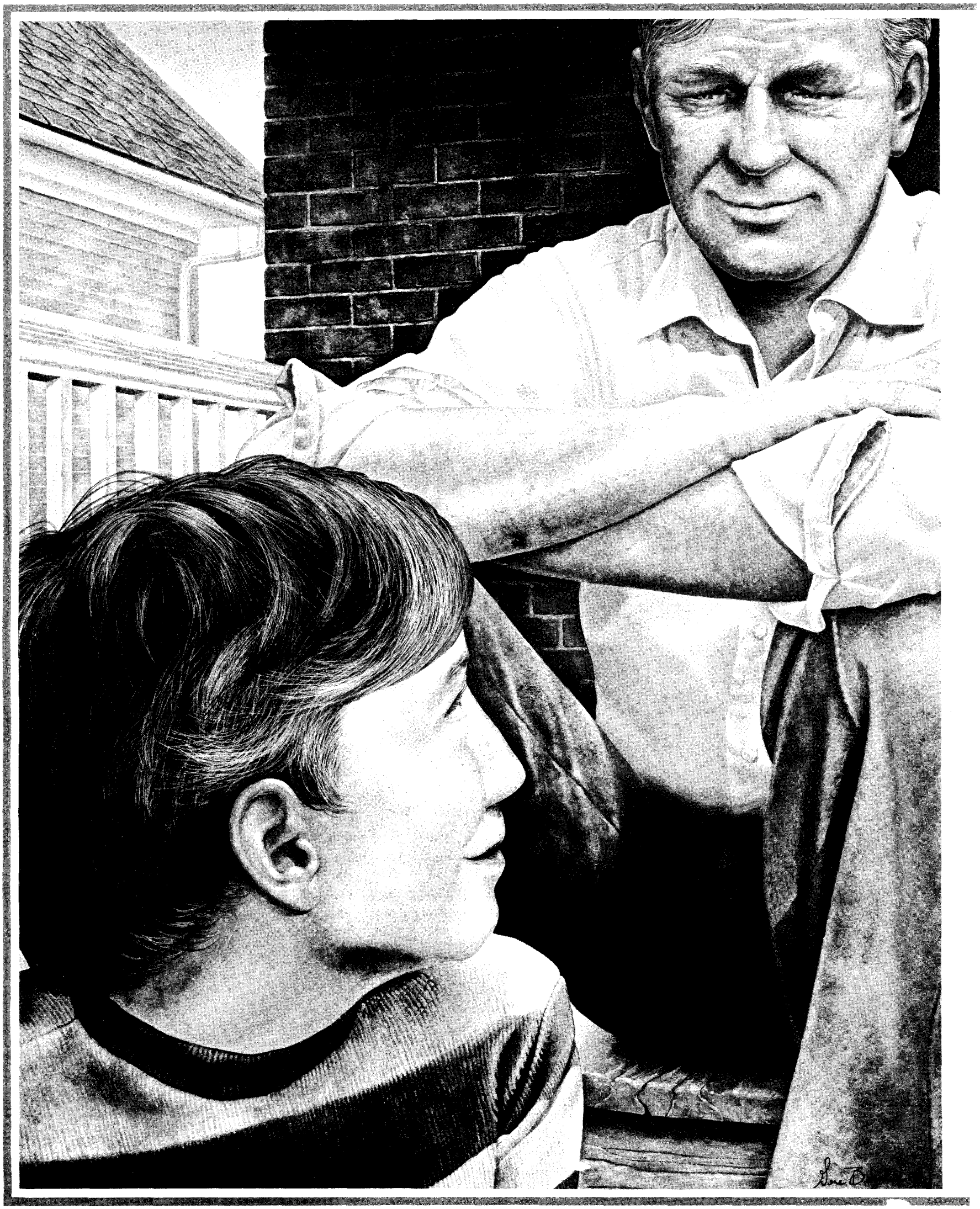

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THE FATHERS AND SONS BANQUET

By Ray Bradbury

Ah, Christ, remember, once a foolish year
We gathered in some old gymnasium
That smelled of sweaty seas that dried to dust;
There sexual exercisers, going grey,
Came them to table
With their sons, not yet, yet hopeful, after lust,
And sat in twins along the white and silver way
To eat back chicken and sad peas
And drifts of long-departed winter snows,
Those sweltered and destroyed-by-summer-night ice creams.
Then strangely for one moment in it all,
Someone said something that was *right*.
And each sat tall up in his flesh and knew his bones
And none knew whether he was boy or man,
Son or father of the son;
When all was Team,
Found twin.
Suddenly bemused, befuddled and befogged by tears,
By love surprised, expressed,
Only to be lost a second later
When, hands unclasped, shoulders unhugged,
Clean ears unkissed, brows uncaressed, all bent them once again
To the untouchable flavors of swiftly melting time.
The scheme that was divined into the light
Sinks now again in remnants of entwined spaghetti,
Never to be unknit by rhetoric.
So, unspun, the dream retreats
To its dumb and brute-bone hiding place
As tears salt-dry the cheeks, start back in stunned
And blinded eyes
And leave no trace.

Remembering all this last night
[Yes, yes, last night!]
I saw my father stride within a memory film
Which ran the length of me
But measured *him*!
Behind my flesh in amiable disguise
I found him lurked in my not-knowing
But now seeing and appraising eyes.

He long has slept away to moss.
All the more reason then for my sad searching
And my sense of loss.
For he is hardly here in nose or jaw or ear.
But, ah, look! There! atumble in the hair on wrist and arm
Like glints of gold and amber and bright sun,
There everything I was and am and will be soon
Deep run.
O, sometimes twice a day I catch him treading by!
Or, if alert with only simmers of half-vision
On the flexed wide sill of patient eye,
Some dozen times or more, especially at noon,
I capture him in-fry and burn and brazen heat;
He lifts my hands to catch a phantom ball,
He runs my feet to hurdles that fell down,
And ruins stayed, some forty years ago.
I plan to catch him so, in shocks, abrupt entrapments,
Rare delights,
A hundred thousand times or more before I die.

My dad, old pa, that loving father there
Awrestle in bright sweat,
All nestled in the clockspring copper twine
That furs me with a sunset fire
And speaks with light and tells more with a silence
Than my lost sad soul can half divine.
My Pop, my Pater, walks him still—
[I called him Guv'nor for a joke]
His flesh, praise God, dies not
And is not broke to shambles or decay,
He rambles where the ants of childhood scurried on my knuckles,
Now lost, now found, he waves for me to see him
On that most strange hearth, my wheat-field arm,
My whorled palm and fingertip, my harvest flesh.
I do now see him conjoined there
To most sweet meats, my own; none else is sweeter
For the living and the thriving.
Ah God! what joy my God's conniving
To allow my blind bleak vision to gape wide
And see the father-in-the-son all snug
And tucked and warm and happy-fine inside.
Miraculous! that pore and blood
And cell and gene and chromosome
Are that odd immortality we rarely note or speak of
For a home.
Yet home it is, and threshold of the fire
Where father, playing at a death,
Did sink, retire, and stoke him up a warmer blaze:
Myself . . . a bon rekindled with genetic praise.
His fingers hover as I hover out my grasp,
My breath of exultation, thanking Providence,
Sighs out a prayer with every gasp.
Thankful for me, I give my thanks to him;
In twin thanksgivings then we share our single heart with grace,
And love this soul, this flesh, these limbs,
Our basking place.
We are the stuffs of each other's dreams;
He, the long-since melted and vanished,
And I all that remains of those dim dearly remembered
Warm June summer night ice creams. . . .

And now at last
From the long lazing, drowsy fathers-and-sons banquet of life
We wander home;
Two on the same sidewalk
Ambling as one.
And still tonight, tonight,
Alone and shaving, the lonely mirror bright,
My own gaze seeks beyond this lather-mask and foam:
Old One, I miss but find you here,
This is your home,
And yours my marrow,
And I your son.
Never were there two of us! but only one.
Once that one was you.
But with the changings of the sea
The tide, gone out, returns,
And now, now, now, O, now!
That one is . . .
. . . me.

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SCOTT FITZGERALD: THE GATSBY LEGEND

His books were a loving and meticulous search for the golden fleece of the American Dream. Many of Fitzgerald's readers believed that through him they had found that enchanted land. Perhaps. But it was a place he never was able to discover for himself.

By George Frazier

Editor's Note: *Few writers have the accomplishment or the lifestyle so perfectly attuned to comment on a Scott Fitzgerald as George Frazier. As a Harvard undergraduate, he won the Bowdoin Prize for Literature, the most esteemed award in its field. He sold his first three manuscripts, articles and fiction, to the magazine* Vanity Fair, *when that publication was the fabulous home base for the most glittering talents of that day. Like Fitzgerald, Frazier also lived in the lofty purlieus of the Hotel Plaza during his stays in New York, as he whirled through a career as fashion authority, social arbiter, and jazz critic. In the latter role, when assailed by dissidents at a Newport Jazz Festival as a "mouldy fig," George replied in a lengthy speech entirely in Latin, quelling the rabble in "my native tongue." Frazier's four-times-a-week column in the Boston* Globe *was recently hailed by* Time *magazine, listing the ten best newspapers in the United States, as "a continuing tirade against lapses in taste, morals and common sense." He broadcasts over CBS every morning on the news, and in an enduring gesture to the gentility of Boston, reports on the opening baseball game of each season entirely in Latin. The drama of working with George Frazier was not lost during the preparation of this article. Confined to a hospital with cracked ribs and numerous abrasions while the* Post *deadline expired, he was sedated to the point where he misdirected the manuscript to some long lost address. Ultimately, the article was dictated directly to our typesetters' premises from the Frazier bed of pain, and thus made this issue with a squeak which Scott Fitzgerald himself would have relished. There is drama in both subject and author.*

George Frazier makes the point that The Great Gatsby *has pervaded our present thought and way of living. As if to prove that, the aware citizens of Nashville, Tennessee, have taken the Scott Fitzgerald era as the theme for their 1974 Swan ball at "Cheekwood," formerly the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Cheek, which now serves the community as the Tennessee Botanical Gardens and Fine Arts Center. The photographs accompanying this article were taken at "Cheekwood," and depict Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Darling Pickslay Cheek, Jr., recapturing the age of Gatsby in the atmosphere which was their family's home until 1929.*

He wrote sixty-eight stories for the Post. *Never able to separate his talent from his charm, success spoiled him and he spoiled success.*

This drunk! This deadbeat! This genius! The academic advocates of such established classics as *The Scarlet Letter* and *Moby Dick*, big bulky sententious books like that notwithstanding, there has lately been growing support for *The Great Gatsby*'s right to recognition as, if not precisely the greatest American novel, one with few, if any, equals. In the most enlightened and progressive literary circles, *Gatsby* belongs with *Huckleberry Finn*, *A Farewell to Arms*, *The Sun Also Rises*, *Tender Is The Night*, *Appointment in Samarra*, *Catcher In The Rye*, *Ethan Frome*, and *The Red Badge Of Courage* as an American novel that seems to improve with each passing year. Moreover, it has its own mystique, an appeal of such increasing power that now, just short of fifty years after its publication, it is influencing the lifestyles of practically all of us.

I know of nothing else in world literature quite like the Gatsby phenomenon. For one thing, it was written by F. Scott Fitzgerald, the laureate of the Jazz Age, who, when he died of a heart attack in December 1940, was generally regarded as a failure. Repeating the celebrated line out of *Gatsby*, Dorothy Parker, when informed of Fitzgerald's death, said, "The poor son of a b———." Well, the passage of time and heightening of our consciousness have changed all that. A few years ago the Fitzgerald revival had assumed such proportions that *Look* magazine entitled an article about it "The Poor Son of a B——— Isn't Poor Anymore."

It's all so ironic. In his lifetime, poor Scott Fitzgerald was a deadbeat, an ugly alcoholic and a denigrator of his own talent. Forced to write hack movie scripts in order to meet his daughter's college tuition and his wife's hospital expenses, he had to suffer the slurs from such an egomaniac as Joseph Mankiewicz, a Hollywood hand, and the condescension of a marquee lure named Joan Crawford, who, when he was assigned to write a script for her, smiled coquettishly and said, "Write hard." This, in Arthur Mizener's haunting phrase, was the far side of paradise—the mounting debts, a wife who was insane, the debilitating drinking bouts, a chronic heart condition, the dwindling sales of his books, and—yes, the public spectacle. The dazzlingly handsome man of impeccable taste who, with one drink too many, metamorphosed into a rummy—that was Scott Fitzgerald's fall from grace.

The other side of paradise began with the publication of his first novel, *This Side of Paradise,* in March 1920. This, and his marriage a month later to Zelda Sayre, was the start of the legend—the Golden Boy and the beautiful, untamed, and as it turned out, utterly mad Southern Belle. The carryings-on, the high jinks, the unsubtleties, the bitter quarrels, and ardent reconciliations, their roles as apostles of the Jazz Age have made the Fitzgeralds part of our more stylish folkways. Unfortunately, in the course of all this, it was generally overlooked that, when sober, Scott Fitzgerald was a writer of magical talent. Though he was a negligent caretaker of his health and purse, he treated his writing gifts with almost sublime respect. Even his potboilers, which were turned out to meet tuition bills or household expenses, betray a deep concern for craftsmanship. But as I've said, this side of Fitzgerald was not what made him a celebrity. A perfect sentence would go unnoticed by all except admirers of his prose, while the whole of sophisticated New York would be titillated by his and Zelda's midnight dips in the pool in front of the Plaza. Over the years, there have been other literary legends in America—Hemingway, for one, Mailer, for another, and also Hart Crane, and Faulkner and Ken Kesey and Jack Kerouac—but Fitzgerald was sui generis, which is to say that, for all the wallowing in the gutter, there was a certain fashionable playboyishness to his drunken disorderliness. He carried on with the arrogant indifference to money of a young heir to immense wealth. Actually, except for the first gaudy emoluments of his status as the prophet of the Jazz Age, he was usually poor as a churchmouse—but never too proud to beg. Perhaps the most serviceable brief chronology of the main events of Fitzgerald's life was prepared by the late Andrew Turnbull for his edition of *The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald*. I quote from it with certain observations of my own which I put in italics, a catalog of triumph and lost hope few can match.

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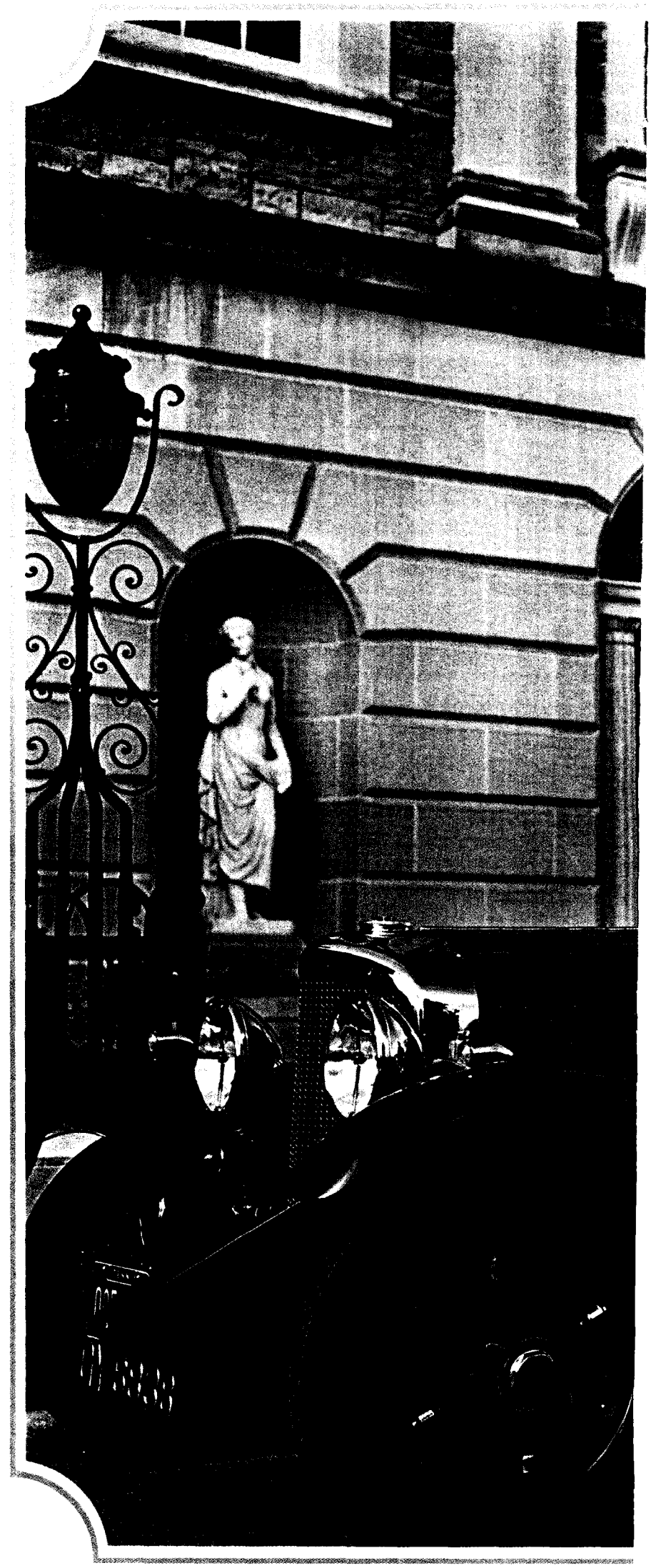
1896, September. Born in St. Paul. *The son of a gentleman-type of little "get-up-and-go."*
1911, September. After a couple of years at St. Paul Academy, he entered Newman, a Catholic prep school in New Jersey.
1913, September. Entered Princeton. *Here he was notorious for his inability to spell.*
1915, December. Dropped out of Princeton.
1917, September. Made his first literary sale–a poem to a little magazine.
1917, November. Commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the regular Army. Sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for officer's training.
1918, March. Finished first draft of a novel.
1918, July. Met Zelda Sayre.
1919, February. Discharged from the Army and goes to New York to take job with advertising agency.
1919, June. Zelda breaks their engagement.
1919, July. Back to St. Paul for further word on novel.
1919, September. *This Side of Paradise* bought by Scribner's.
1919, November. Engagement to Zelda on again.
1920, March. *This Side of Paradise* published *and awoke to find himself famous.*
1920, April. He and Zelda marry.
1920, August. *Flappers and Philosophers* published.
1921, May. He and Zelda to Europe.
1921, October. Daughter, Scottie, born.
1922, April. *The Beautiful and Damned* published.
1922, September. *Tales of the Jazz Age* published.
1923, November. *The Vegetable*, a play, flops.
1924, To the south of France where he meets Gerald and Sara Murphy.
1925, April. *The Great Gatsby* published.
1925, May. Beginning of friendship with Hemingway.

One could continue with this chronology but bit by bit it becomes almost too depressing to bear. After the reception of *The Great Gatsby,* Fitzgerald's career appeared to go steadily downhill. But one cannot, in retrospect and in view of the current brouhaha over the movie, overlook the reviews *Gatsby* received. Mostly the reaction was ecstatic although there were those who had reservations, notably H.L. Mencken. It was unmistakable that a writer of immense stature had arrived. (The trouble was that success did not become Fitzgerald, and his wife even less.) Yet it is a characteristic of good books that they are constantly undergoing scene changes, one generation the rage, the next generation completely out of fashion. *Gatsby*, on the whole, has demonstrated extraordinary staying power. Now, with the movie featuring Robert Redford, it probably will achieve its most notable success. Already the bookstores report tripled sales over the past few months. But what the picture will do, bad or good, will have little bearing on the fact that here is a novel rarely matched in the English language for the beauty of its prose and the singular simplicity of its narrative. A good many critics consider it a flawless novel. Indeed it is so perfect a work of art that it seems almost sacrilegious to quote from it, since it is as a whole that it commands our unflagging attention and respect. In the end, of course, the story is always of Fitzgerald and Zelda.

This drunk, this deadbeat, this merciless critic of his own gifts, turns out to have been quite possibly the greatest American writer. But unlike others in his profession, he was without the jealousy, the snideness, that characterized, say, a Hemingway. Indeed, Hemingway owed much of his early success to the fact that Fitzgerald constantly promoted him. And yet, when Fitzgerald was ill and completely penniless, Hemingway repaid the kindness by slurring him in a short story. There is something about Fitzgerald that is part Gatsby, because of all American heroes, Jimmy Gatz a/k/a (as they say about Cassius Clay, "also known as"), Jay Gatsby may well be the noblest. Fitzgerald is never known to have done an unkind thing, unless drunk, either to friend or competitor. Considering this, it is providential that the youth of today have taken him as their hero. As a result *The Great Gatsby* has become more than a mere novel. It has become, almost fifty years after its publication, a way of life among the young. If elegance returns, as some people predict that it will, part of the reason will be the appeal of Gatsby. It is not for nothing that booze is back at college, that the high-Hamilton stiff evening collar is seen at the formal dances at Eastern colleges. Already the stills of Robert Redford from the movie of *Gatsby* have inspired a hairstyle that goes back to the 20's. And in a way the flapper is back too. The tomboyish female of recent years is being replaced by the soft Southern Belle type, played with a great deal of skill in the movie by Mia Farrow. The Gatsby legend isn't likely to perish when the movie has had its run. There is too much substance, too much beauty, not to leave a residue.

Continued on page 141



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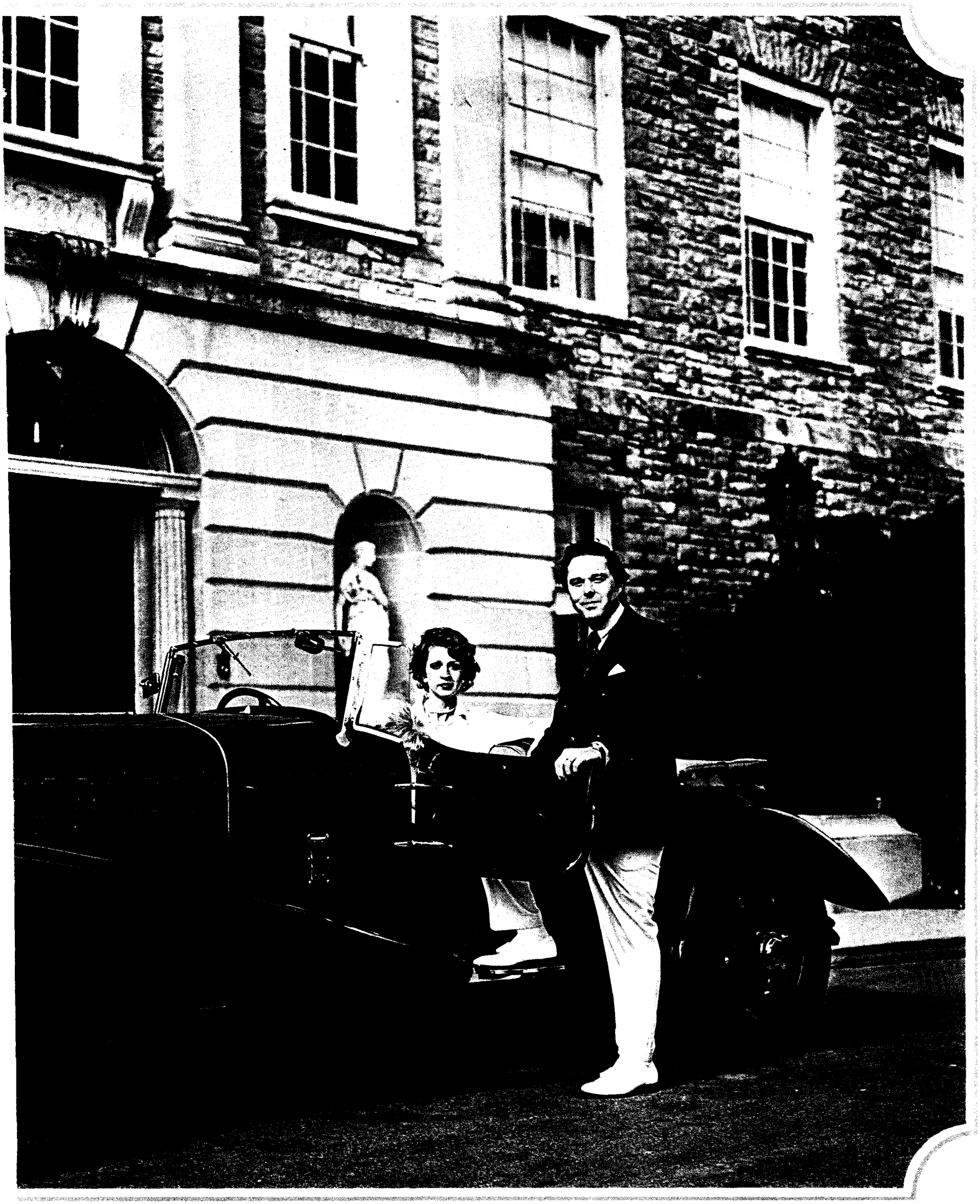

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Western Art

By Julie Nixon Eisenhower

"The Margaret and John Hill Collection, Nashville, Tennessee: A Microcosm of eighty years of Western Art."

To most people, the term Western art means cowboys and Indians, bright colors, plenty of action, and the names Remington and Russell. But there is so much more. First of all, Western art is uniquely American. The artists who went West recorded through their paintings an important era in the history of our country: the great migrations to dangerous, unknown regions, the Indian wars, and the advent of the cowboy, rancher, and cattleman. In addition, today, just as much as in the past, the West represents an amazingly fertile area of creativity for the artist. From the very beginning, adventure and romance have been synonymous with the word "West." Contemporary artists are still drawn to the region. They seek the same wide-open spaces, the same incredibly vivid colors, unique lighting, and above all, the individualism of people still living in the West.

On the following pages, the *Post* presents a microcosm of Western art through the private collection of Margaret and John Hill of Nashville, Tennessee. The Hills have been collecting Western art for thirty-one years. The works of art presented on the next few pages span more than eighty years, between 1890 to the present, and, as some of the modern paintings in the collection indicate, Western art has never been more alive.

Almost from the beginning, the world has carried on a love affair with the West. It is still a way of life to see cowboy hats and Indian jewelry on the streets of Rome, and Western movies with Japanese actors in Tokyo theaters. In contrast, however, the public has lightly regarded and even neglected Western art for many years. True recognition of its quality and vitality has come only in the last two decades. Today, growing numbers of Americans, like Margaret and John Hill, are under the spell of the free spirit and straightforwardness of Western art. They are discovering not only the beauty and excitement artists and illustrators captured at the turn of the century when the West was still wild, but also the richness of modern Western art.

The artists who went West in the 1880's and 90's were a special breed. In the words of Ed Ainsworth, author of *The Cowboy in Art,* "Stamina, endurance, and courage were essential in the wilderness, whether a man carried a gun or a paintbox." These men were inspired to travel West by popular literature and on-the-scene reports from the wildlands. For example, despite the fact that no artists were eyewitnesses to the Battle of Little Big Horn, the story of Custer's death has evoked an estimated 848 paintings and drawings! Today one immediately associates Western art with paintings of Indians, but according to Robert Taft, who wrote the scholarly *Artists and Illustrators of the Old West,* it was not until 1890 that artists even considered the Indians worth painting. It is ironic to note that by 1900 the desire to paint Indians was a primary reason for the birth of the now-famous art colony in Taos, New Mexico. The artists who flocked to Taos found that the Indians who lived in the pueblos, unlike most Indians, had been able to maintain their culture and dignity, and a way of life close to nature. Van Deren Coke, in his *Art History of Taos and Santa Fe,* explains the migration to Taos. The artists were "drawn at first by the romantic concept of recording what was thought of as a dying race. . . ." They discovered instead a secure tribe which has had continuous and vital existence for over 450 years. And they discovered as well that Taos was an almost ideal setting for artists because of its long season of clear sunlit weather, wide range of colors, and landscape striking in its grandeur and austerity. By 1915, there were over 100 artists in Taos, including Couse and Berninghaus, whose paintings are reproduced on the following pages.

Today there is still a sizable group of artists living and working in Taos. They and the other Western artists throughout our country are heirs to a tradition of adventure and romance in painting. What is significant is the artists' response to that heritage—not only are they carrying on the Western spirit, but also they are giving it new depth and meaning with vital and exciting creations. In 1885, Theodore Roosevelt saw a way of life—that of the ranchmen—vanishing. He wrote:

"We ourselves (the ranchmen) and the life that we lead, will shortly pass away from the plains as completely as the red and white hunters who have vanished before our herds. The broad and boundless prairies have already been bounded and will soon be made narrow. It is scarcely a figure of speech to say that the tide of white settlement during the last few years has risen over the West like a flood; and the cattlemen are but a spray from the crest of the wave, thrown far in advance, but soon to be overtaken."

Yet Teddy Roosevelt's contemporaries, Frederic Remington, Charles Russell, and all the rest, preserved that way of life in their paintings, and today the spirit of the West lives in the art of a large group of creative men and women. John Hill, for one, believes that in the perspective of time, Western art and especially the Taos School will be ranked as equal to the other great art movements of the last century such as Impressionism and Cubism. The wide variety, creativity and action on the following pages seem to support his thesis.

Attack

Attack *by Olaf Wieghorst is vividly colorful, strong and bold. The Danish-born artist, who immigrated to the United States when he was nineteen years old, spent twenty years, from 1924 to 1944, on the New York City police force before he was able to realize his dream of living and painting in the West. Almost all of his compositions are themes that he plans and visualizes in his mind. Barry Goldwater, who is an avid collector of Western art, has stated: "I consider Olaf Wieghorst the outstanding contemporary Western artist."*

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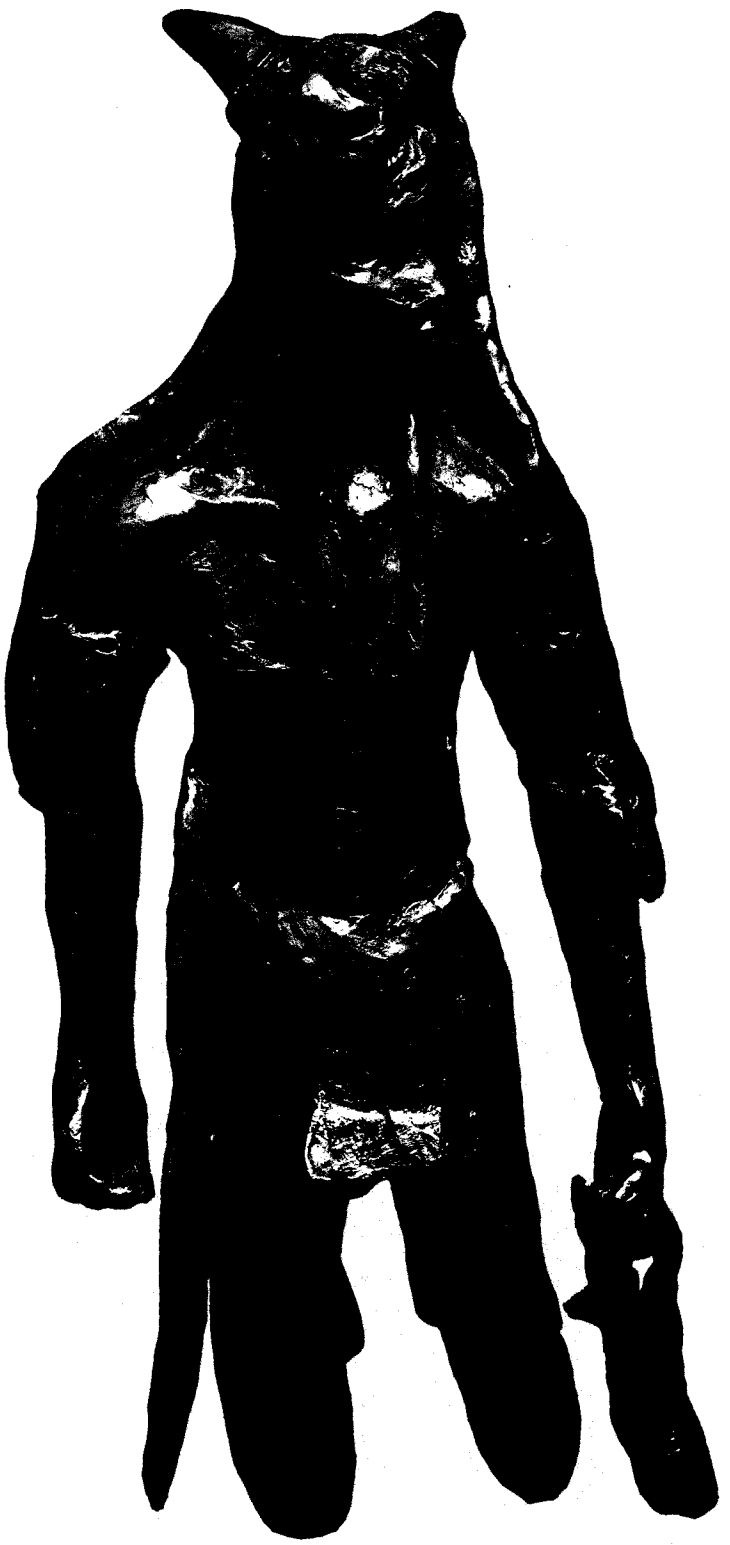
Indian Head

The bronze sculptures reproduced on this page are separated by eighty years, yet each projects a certain excitement and romance of the West. From 1882 until his death in 1909, Frederic Remington executed thousands of illustrations for magazines and books, including Theodore Roosevelt's Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail. *He did not begin sculpting, however, until the last years of his life. His bronze* Indian Head *is bold and strong; it captures what one feels is the typical Easterner's concept of the unknown West—the Indian as an alien and forbidding figure.*



The Wolf Dance

Michael Naranjo of Santa Fe, New Mexico, a young American Indian who was blinded during the fighting in Vietnam in 1968, also captures the mystery and the action of the West in his sculpture The Wolf Dance. *He re-creates in bronze the strength and beauty of an Indian ceremonial dance. From his early childhood, Naranjo has loved the "good feeling of molding clay into forms," and today, despite his blindness, he is creating vivid, expressive images of the West for posterity.*

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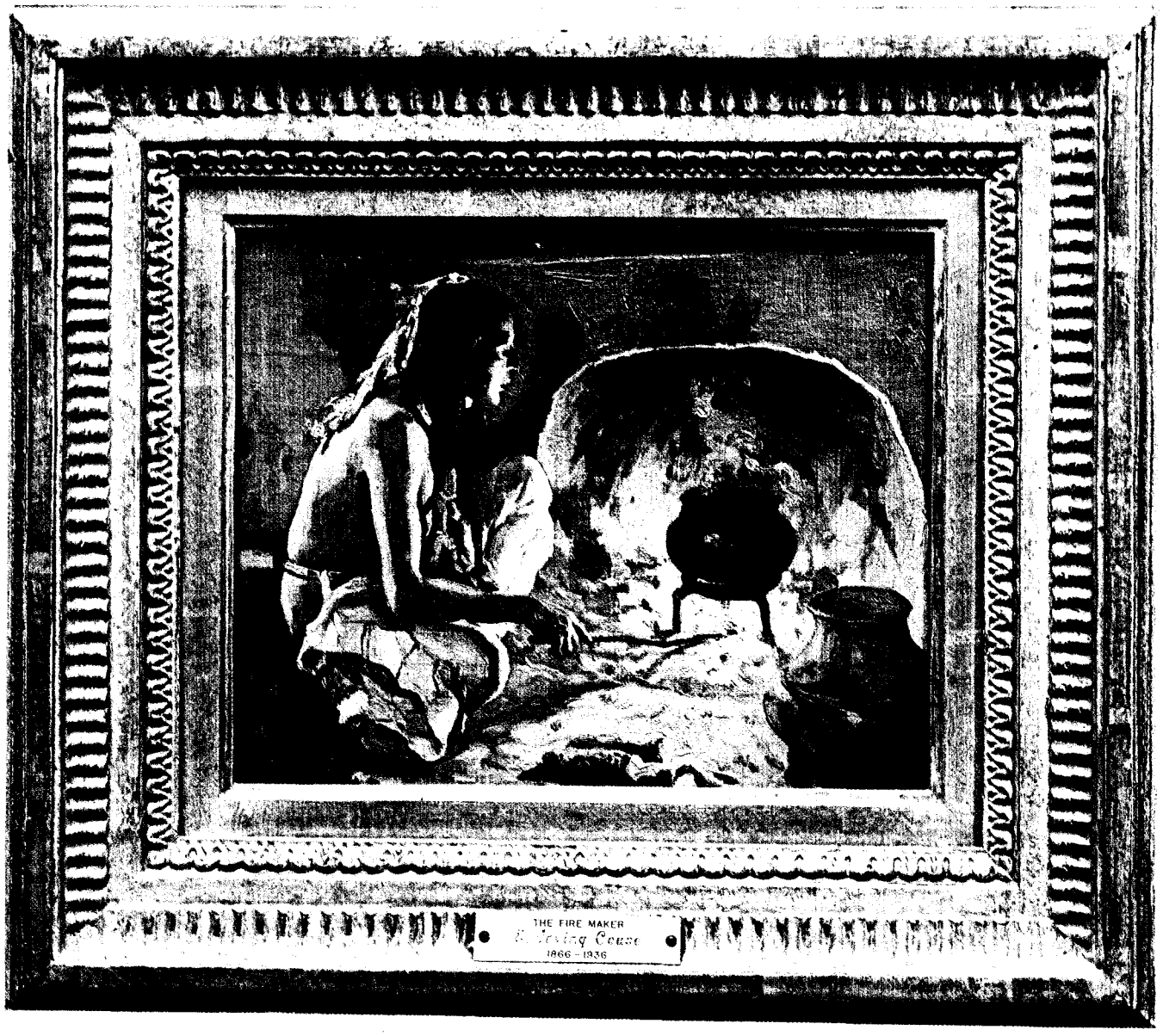

The Fire Maker

Irving Couse's The Fire Maker *has a luminous quality. Couse, who was born in 1866, was an original member of the Taos Society of Artists. For thirty years, he concentrated almost all of his efforts on idealized paintings of the Taos Indians. Most of his paintings have strong romantic lighting which he used to portray what he felt was the inner beauty and innocence of Indians close to nature. In addition, Couse's frequent use of fire enabled him to surround his subjects with a romantic, even mysterious aura.*

The Rabbit Hunt

Oscar Berninghaus, who helped found the Taos society of artists in 1912, was twenty-five when he first made New Mexico his home. He became intimately acquainted with the Indians living in the Taos area and consequently was able to portray so vividly scenes like The Rabbit Hunt. *The rabbit was the chief animal food for the Southwestern Indians. Apart from the periodic hunts for food, several ceremonial hunts were held each year. Because the latter had religious significance, the Indians allowed very few outsiders to witness these hunts. Berninghaus was one of the exceptions.*

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Texas John Kelly *The romance of the West continues to inspire artists today. Texas John Kelly is a modern-day cowboy painted by John S. Curry in 1922. Despite the dominance of purples and greens, the portrait of Texas John is a traditional rendition of the Cowboy of Yesteryear. Texas John projects a self-contained, even cocky air. He is obviously a man on his own and yet he seems slightly vulnerable in his aloneness. Although obviously successful with Western subjects, Curry did not paint a great number of Western scenes. Ben Hibbs, for many years the editor of* The Saturday Evening Post, *was a special fan of Curry's Western art work.*

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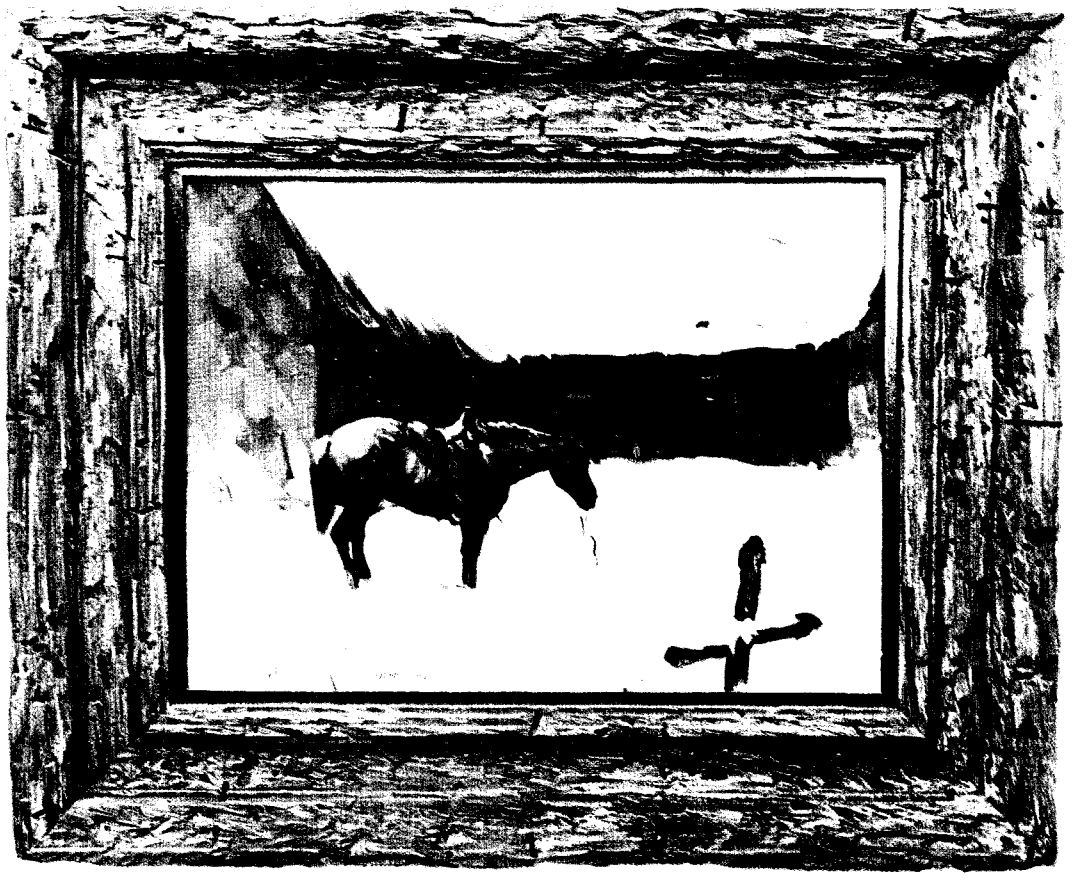

The Hold-Up

Frank B. Hoffman's The Hold-up *is the epitome of the Old West, full of adventure and romance, and a touch of the absurd. Not surprisingly, when the John Hill Collection was exhibited recently,* The Hold-Up *was the most popular painting. It is everything we've ever dreamed the West was—and more. Hoffman was part of the Taos Art Group, joining them in the 1940's and working in New Mexico until his death in 1958.*

Horse in Snow Storm

George Dick, who is well known for both his bird and cowboy subjects, is another modern artist who paints in New Mexico. His oil study of a horse patiently waiting in the snow for its owner captures the loneliness and bleakness of life on the Western range.

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Indian Maiden *The Indian girl, a gray cat cradled in her arms, is a somewhat different image of the West. One finds a hint of sadness and dignity in John Franklin's character study of the young Indian. It is interesting to note that Franklin is one of the group of artists currently living in Taos, and drawing inspiration from that area.*

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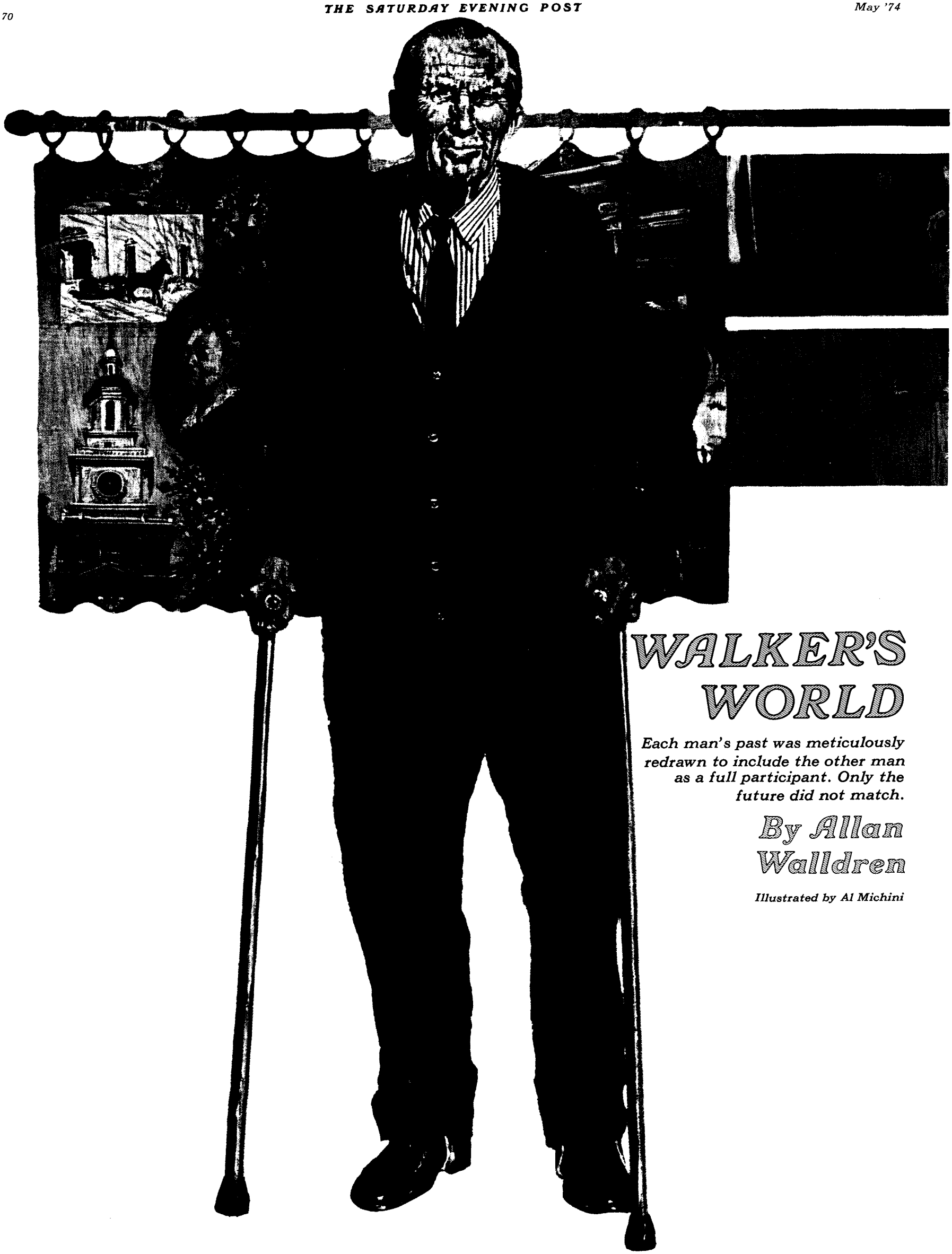

WALKER'S WORLD

Each man's past was meticulously redrawn to include the other man as a full participant. Only the future did not match.

By Allan Walldren

Illustrated by Al Michini

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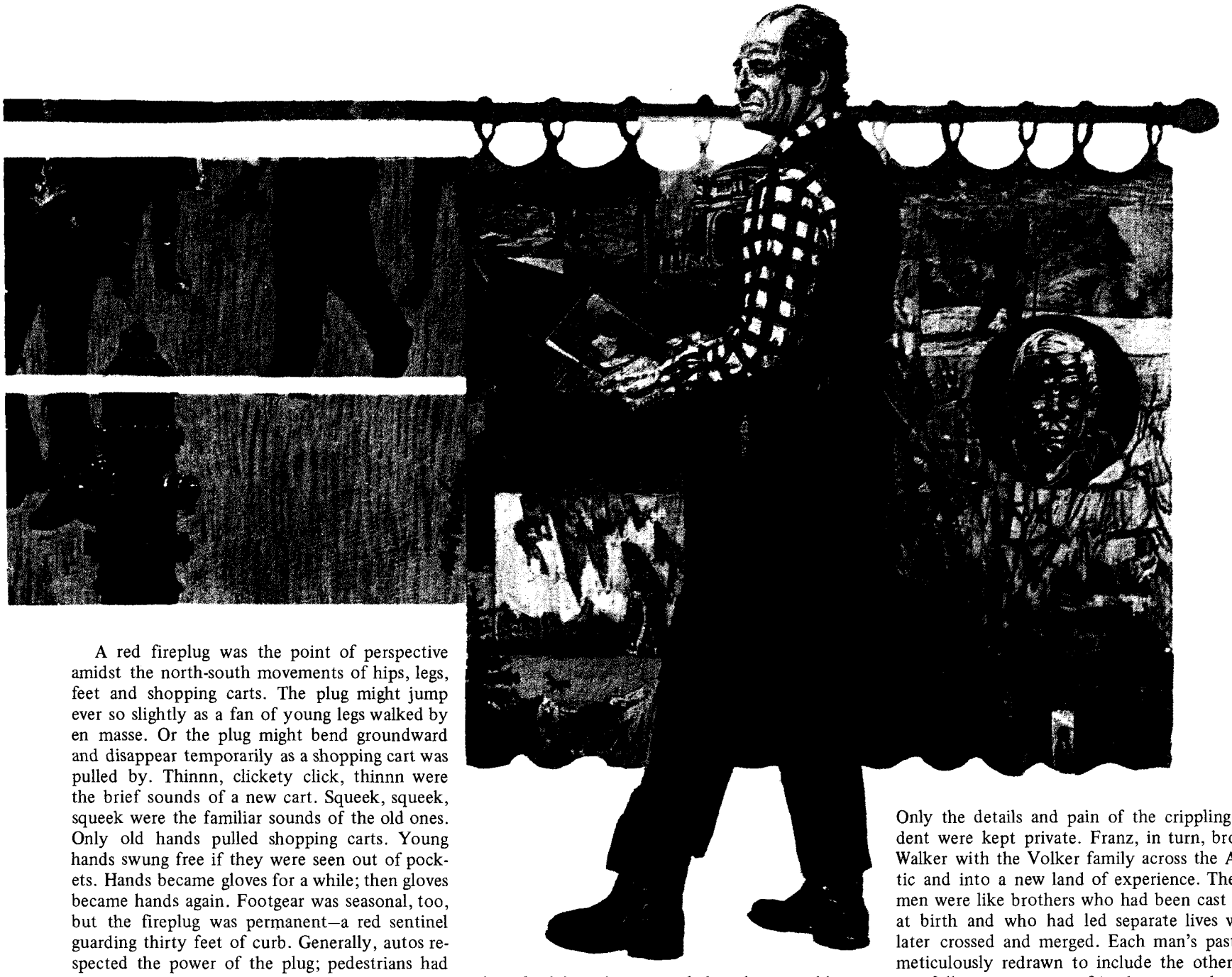

A red fireplug was the point of perspective amidst the north-south movements of hips, legs, feet and shopping carts. The plug might jump ever so slightly as a fan of young legs walked by en masse. Or the plug might bend groundward and disappear temporarily as a shopping cart was pulled by. Thinnn, clickety click, thinnn were the brief sounds of a new cart. Squeek, squeek, squeek were the familiar sounds of the old ones. Only old hands pulled shopping carts. Young hands swung free if they were seen out of pockets. Hands became gloves for a while; then gloves became hands again. Footgear was seasonal, too, but the fireplug was permanent—a red sentinel guarding thirty feet of curb. Generally, autos respected the power of the plug; pedestrians had no reason to.

Walker's world had been reduced to this porthole view of a sidewalk, a parkway and a one-way street. Everett Walker, no one called him Everett, lived alone in a garden apartment only a few steps from the Lincoln-Paulina train stop. When they closed the stop as an economy measure, the foot traffic in Walker's world further diminished. If it weren't for the trailing end of a two-year lease and Franz, the janitor, Walker would have moved to a street with more activity.

Clear days were richer days for Walker. On clear days he'd eat an early breakfast, dispatch the morning paper without working the puzzle, and be at the window for the morning show. Like a payroll clerk checking employee punctuality, he'd mentally log in his workers. Like a traffic engineer, he'd monitor the vehicular intervals. With the eye of an old coach, he'd follow squads of kids on their way to school. And like a detective on a stake-out, he'd unobtrusively watch for the obtrusive.

Clear days were the only days Walker could explore his sidewalk and verify the other side of his window world. Franz visited Walker every day for at least an hour. But only on clear days would Franz suggest a walk to the corner. Franz always picked the very best days—the crisp days, the strong days when Walker could clumsily leave his wheelchair three steps below the ground line. The awkward journey certainly would appear comically sad to a first-time viewer—Walker stabbing the pavement with his tubular crutches and stiffly braced legs; Franz Volker, always with a screwdriver in his back pocket, gesturing and pointing to things in a wider world than Walker could see. The walk was like a tethered run—through the gangway, south to the corner and back again. At trip's end Walker would doggedly descend the stairs and slump into his wheelchair, physically spent but brawny of mind and voice.

On weather-weary days Franz would stop twice—first at eleven o'clock with Walker's mail, if there was any; and later for the daily meeting of the Volker-Walker Fellowship Club. Refreshments were always served, a mug of coffee or a can of beer, depending on the season. News of the neighborhood and tenants was briefly discussed and recorded as "committee reports" in the minutes. When they were treated at all, city, state and national happenings were parsimoniously packaged as "old business." It was "new business," the special presentation, that was awaited and was the focus of this fellowship.

Each man genuinely shared himself with the other. Walker's flights of fancy, boyhood experiences, love affairs and war stories were carefully reconstructed to bring Franz in as full partner. Only the details and pain of the crippling accident were kept private. Franz, in turn, brought Walker with the Volker family across the Atlantic and into a new land of experience. The two men were like brothers who had been cast apart at birth and who had led separate lives which later crossed and merged. Each man's past was meticulously redrawn to include the other man as a full participant, as a friend, as a true brother. When Franz first showed a picture of his father, Walker nodded as if his memory had just been refreshed. Of course, how could anyone forget Father's glint? His face was built around it.

Snapshots, portraits and picture albums quickly became club decor, and Walker's apartment became the official clubhouse. Walker had far more pictures than did Franz, but Franz had outside contact. When someone moved out of the building, invariably something graphic was left behind. Like an art broker Franz would select and hang only the perfect works. He brought a Bavarian calendar, an Olympic poster and several oval sepia portraits of women and men who could have been his aunts and uncles. Franz and Walker reviewed their family album and agreed that Tante Louise was their favorite. She became the starting point for many of their stories. At least once a week the young brothers would stop at her house. After the visit they might step into their Bavarian street scene to stop at the Conditerei for something sweet, or maybe they would bring home some warm bread from the bakery. Surely the cobblestones were further smoothed by their many trips on the Oberstrasse.

Franz suggested they frame their more important pictures. He brought some tools and a large

Continued on page 134

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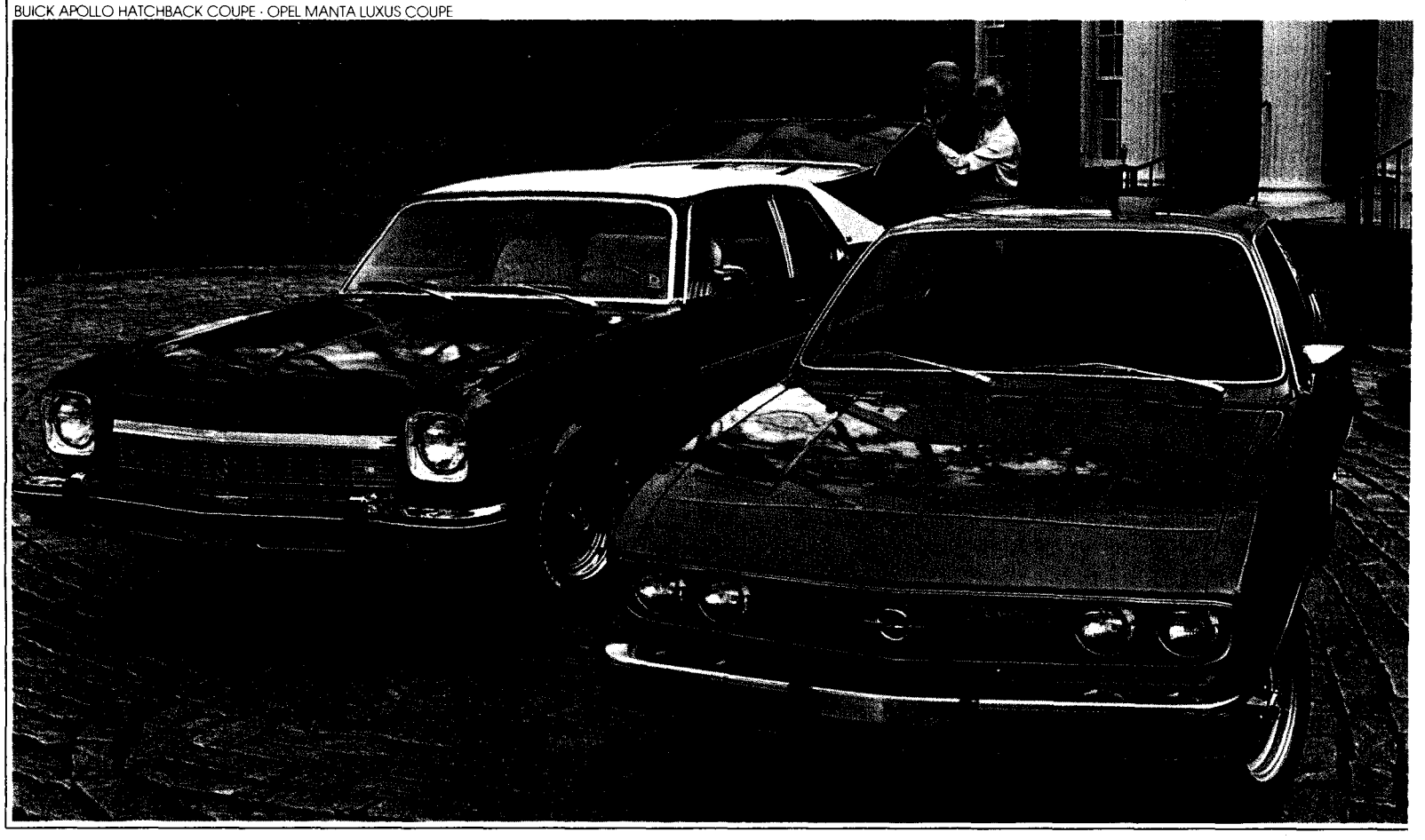

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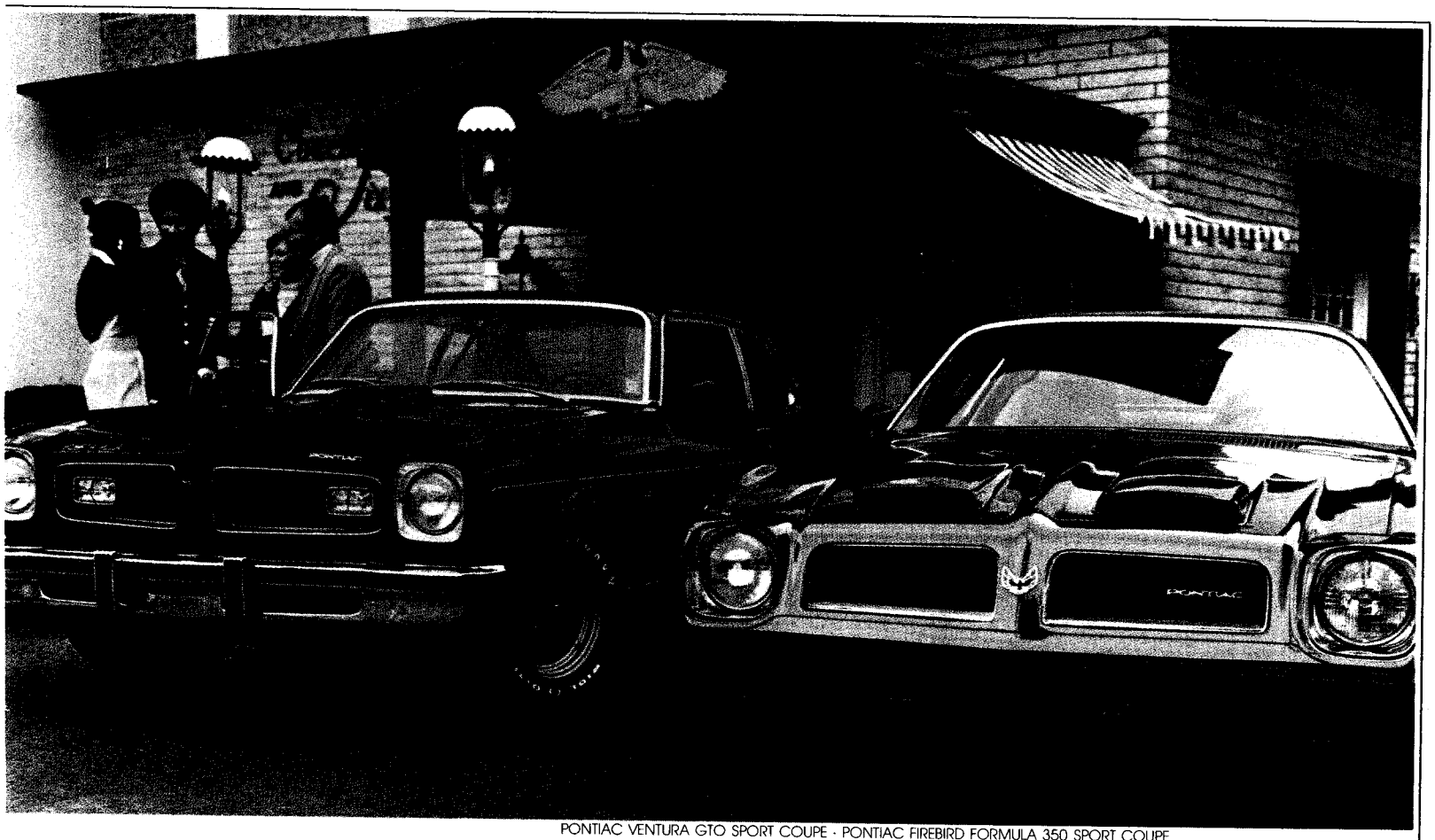

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TWO JAM JARS, ONE BUCKET, TWO PUDDING BASINS

Home Birth, a Personal Account

by Susan Eisenhower Bradshaw

The Bradshaws. Alexander, Caroline, Laura and Susan. "Don't forget," warned the midwife, "when you go into labor, put on the kettle so I can have a cup of tea."

Three years ago the last thing I would have considered was having a baby at home. The thought of it brought visions of total household chaos! I imagined myself sitting up in bed, gathering the strength to go down and put in the laundry. As for the bedroom acting as a delivery room, I couldn't imagine it fit for human habitation for days afterwards. "Besides," I told my friends, "I want no risks taken with my baby."

When I found out I was pregnant in July 1971, I immediately made plans to have the baby in a large London teaching hospital. I had no set ideas about my pregnancy or labor, but I knew I wanted my husband to be as much a part of the whole process as possible.

My doctor booked me into a well-known hospital with an exceptional maternity wing. Prior to my first prenatal visit I read a short article on the beginnings of pregnancy and hospital care. Fortunately I had noticed an important sentence in the article suggesting one find out hospital policy before prenatal care began. My first visit to the hospital meant a two-hour wait, an examination and blood test. I happened to mention on the way out that I wanted my husband present at the birth. The nurse looked up starchily and said, "I'm afraid it is not permitted." I was stunned. I was sure it was the new trend and most hospitals were liberalizing their policy. I indignantly asked her the reason. "There are no facilities," she answered sheepishly. I mentioned that surely it was a matter of "standing room only." She then rather apologetically explained that although she personally saw no objections, the hospital policy on this matter was set by the consultant obstetrician.

I promptly went home, called my doctor, and asked him to arrange a change of hospitals. He found another teaching hospital which allowed husbands to join their wives in the delivery room. I had the baby on the National Health System, which consequently meant that all my prenatal visits took place in a clinic at the hospital. At every visit there were at least ten to fifteen girls sitting in rows of chairs waiting for their turn in the cubicle. Behind the cubicles, women often were left for some time on the table waiting for the doctor to come. Since it was a large hospital, there were many doctors assigned to the clinic. By the end of my pregnancy, I'd seen the same doctor only four times in sixteen visits! I was never remembered from one visit to another. I felt uneasy about asking questions, either because of lack of personal contact or the knowledge that each cubicle beside mine, separated by only a curtain, was filled with other waiting women who could hear every word I said.

Nevertheless, my pregnancy went well, and I anxiously awaited my due date. I had to find the answers to many of my questions from several books a friend gave me. Among the books was Marjorie Karmel's *Thank You Doctor Lamaze.* It is a very readable account of her desire to control her labor. She dealt with the methods she employed in labor and spoke of the tremendous satisfaction of watching her baby being born. I found this book inspiring, and after my husband, Alexander, read it I enrolled us both in the National Childbirth Trust. We managed to get into one of the few classes, consisting of seven lessons, conducted for husbands and wives. The classes were wonderful. They treated the husbands as if they too were going to have a baby. We took turns doing breathing exercises and practicing various helpful techniques. I felt as though Alexander and I were a team and that he was a real part of my pregnancy and labor.

My due date arrived, my due date passed. One week later, I decided it was a hoax, I wasn't having a baby at all. A few days later I went for yet another prenatal visit and they told me to come back to the hospital later that afternoon so that the baby could be induced.

Alexander and I arrived at the hospital in a state of high anticipation. After a few hours, the doctors decided to rupture the membranes and administer medication to bring on labor. After rupturing the membranes, they attached a golden fishhooklike piece onto the unborn baby's scalp. This was later attached to a machine that measures on a graph the fetal heartbeat. They then put a thick rubber belt around my waist to measure, by graph, the strength of contractions.

As labor progressed, I realized that the machine was a source of increasing annoyance; it was like having contractions with a girdle on. I was unable to change positions without a nurse readjusting the equipment. The effleurage (light massage of the abdomen) that the natural childbirth class taught as a weapon against strong contractions was impossible with the belt on.

In the meantime a doctor kept coming in and

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patting me on the knee saying, "Doctor knows best, let me give you something for the pain." I was doing perfectly well, but he kept on: "Don't listen to what they taught you at those silly classes, I really know best."

As it turned out I had the baby a matter of an hour or so later, delivered by someone I had never seen before. I had resisted anesthesia and managed all right without it. It was a gratifying and wonderful experience seeing our daughter, Caroline, born.

I felt my experience was a good one, but it was exasperating to cope with the doctor and contractions simultaneously. Next time, I thought, I must go somewhere without the machine; a machine which was administered as standard practice, even when there was no fear of complications. I was also determined to have my husband present again. He had been a source of enormous comfort and help.

When Caroline was ten days old we moved out of the city center to Highgate in North London. It is a very friendly and scenic area, with excellent medical facilities.

My second pregnancy was confirmed by my local G.P. in February 1973. After deciding to again have the baby on the National Health System, we began to discuss where it would be born. My doctor suggested a local maternity hospital and encouraged me to agree to a forty-eight-hour hospital stay. The plan sounded fine, especially as this particular hospital allowed him to do the prenatal care and thus he would be responsible for my entire case.

I was rather apprehensive, though, about being discharged after forty-eight hours. I discussed my plans with several local friends and I was surprised to learn that many of them had had their babies at home. They were very enthusiastic and said they would choose a home confinement every time. One of the greatest advantages, they felt, was the lack of a jealousy problem with their older children. The experience was described as "intensely personal" and a real "family affair." Because of Britain's National Health System, a "home help" is provided for two weeks after the birth of the baby (free of charge for those who cannot afford to pay). My friends added that "a capable husband helps too!"

It was the first time I had even given the idea serious thought. I felt that perhaps having the baby at home would eliminate my worries about the disruption of being moved after a hospitalization period of only forty-eight hours.

I began to get excited about the idea. I asked people for their opinions. When I asked my housecleaner what she thought, she responded in a very confident manner.

"Oh no, Mrs. Bradshaw, they won't let you have your baby at home."

Curious, I asked her why not.

"Because you don't have a fireplace," she continued.

I really didn't see what a fireplace had to do with it until she explained.

"You have to burn the afterbirth."

"But this is the last half of the twentieth century; surely they dispose of it for you."

"Oh no," she concluded.

"London," I mumbled, "is a smokeless zone."

That was all I needed to conclude that theories are theories. I finally decided to broach the idea with my doctor.

He was very enthusiastic. He had delivered well over 700 babies at home and assured me of the various precautions taken. Only women having second, third or possibly fourth babies are accepted. Rarely are those over the age of thirty-five or with a history of multiple births allowed a home confinement. The patient's medical and obstetric history has to be excellent. Housing conditions are also taken into consideration. If the pregnancy proceeds with absolutely no complications up to the last moment, the delivery will take place at home. He also explained about the emergency care units. The Flying Squads throughout the city can get to the house in minutes. The Obstetric Flying Squad consists of a specialist obstetrician, an anesthetist, and all of the necessary equipment. The Premature Baby Flying Squad consists of a pediatrician and portable premature baby unit.

"As for the afterbirth," my doctor laughed, "don't worry, they will take it away." In fact, I was told many hospitals sell the placentae to cosmetic firms because of its valuable hormones.

M.C.W.80

London Borough of Islington

PUBLIC HEALTH DEPARTMENT

DOMICILIARY MIDWIFERY SERVICE

Articles which the expectant mother is advised to obtain

MOTHER
- Nightgowns or pajama jackets
- Changes of bed linen
- Pieces of old linen for draw sheets
- Towels
- Sanitary belt or knot of tape
- Extra sanitary towels
- 2 bowls
- 2 pudding basins
- 1 bucket
- 1 jug
- 2 jam jars
- Soap
- Newspaper
- Plastic tablecloth
- Nail brush
- 2 face cloths

BABY
- Cot, carry cot or improvised cot
- Cot bedding
- Baby clothes
- Napkins (at least 2 dozen)
- 1 shawl
- Towel
- 1 crepe bandage (3 inch)
- Safety pins
- Vaseline
- Baby soap
- Bath or bowl for bathing

REMEMBER - It is difficult to judge how long your labour may last. Inform your midwife in good time and before 8 a.m. if her services are required during the morning. It is likely that sixpenny pieces will be needed for telephone calls. Please have several available.

P.H. 105

The sun will certainly never set on the British Empire while its public servants issue such stiff-upper-lipped advisories as the official document above. Parisian or American mothers confined in London may undoubtedly cope with any problem of obtaining such surgical necessities as pudding basins and jam jars, but it nevertheless is perplexing about those sixpenny pieces for phone calls. Does the Domiciliary Midwifery Service take the position that the home in question either has no telephone, or if it does have an installation, that the bill is unpaid and the service cut off? At any rate, it is comforting that baby has spare sixpenny pieces on his side, and a Midwifery Service which thinks of everything.

They are also "great for roses."

At the end of my visit he informed me that a midwife from my borough council (London is divided into thirty-two districts) would get in touch with me.

The midwife rang a few days later and confirmed my intention to have the baby at home. A week or so later she dropped in to have a chat and to look at the bathroom, kitchen, and bedroom. This is regular procedure to insure that the house fulfills certain standards.

She was a very likable person with a warm and reassuring air. After she looked over the important places in the house she saw the garden and realized we shared an interest.

"Next time I come," she added, "I'll bring you a cutting from my garden and we'll see if it takes." I felt another relationship had been established; how different from my first experience!

Prenatal care got underway. I went to my doctor and to my midwife separately. Both saw me independently of each other, so in essence I had double the attention. Instead of five-minute visits, the midwife and doctor always took the extra time to answer questions or just have a chat.

On my second visit, my midwife informed me that there would be one or two things I would have to have on hand for the delivery. It was a fairly obvious list of requirements except for the last few items. I smiled as I read: newspaper, one plastic tablecloth, two jam jars, one jug, one bucket, two pudding basins and two bowls!

About six weeks before my due date my midwife dropped in to make sure I had everything organized. It was anything but. . . . I tried to fake it, though, by pulling out some of Caroline's diapers and a hand-me-down sleeper. I was planning to replace them later with new things. She promptly wrapped up the linen and baby clothing in a towel with a hot-water bottle between the crib sheets. She sorted out the drawers and made sure I had everything on the list. She deposited a large brown box in the hall. It contained all the extras the doctor and she would need for the delivery, such as a disposable sheet for the bed, sterilized cotton swabs and umbilical dressings. A week or so later I was to put the plastic tablecloth between the mattress and the bottom sheet in case my water broke. Her parting instructions were, "Don't forget, when you go into labor put hot water in the water bottle to get baby's bed warmed and put on the kettle so I can have a cup of tea."

My due date approached and on one of my last visits to the midwife she reminded me of the procedure for calling her when labor started and assured me that she would contact my doctor when the birth was imminent. I was furnished with a series of alternate phone numbers and names of other midwives. If none of her standbys could be reached I was to phone the head midwife who would come herself if necessary. She warned me that if I called her at night she wouldn't be able to come if she had been out the previous three nights. That sounded only fair; even midwives have to sleep.

Twelve days before my due date I started getting regular contractions every four to five minutes. I was apprehensive about calling her because it was already a few minutes past midnight. I remembered what she had said, though: "Never

Continued on page 94

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JACKIE STEWART—TOP WHEEL

Winner of 27 Grand Prix races quit while he was ahead of the game.

By Harvey Duck

Even now Jackie Stewart doesn't remember the precise date, other than that it was "sometime in April 1973," and it's a shame that his memory is faulty on the subject so that the exact hour can't be shared with others, even in retrospect. It was then that Stewart told himself it was time to retire as an active auto racing driver at the end of the 1973 season. He told no one—not even his wife Helen—but kept the lonely burden of self-commitment to himself.

"The reason I decided not to tell Helen or anyone else," recalls Stewart, "is that it would have subjected them to a countdown game . . . a horrible one. And, if I were to die with only three more races to go, or two more, or even the last one . . . it's the survivors who would be hurt the most. I wasn't afraid of it for myself. I don't think any driver is, because it can't hurt for very long." So Stewart, a Scot who at the time was thirty-four years old and had established himself as one of the all-time great drivers, and who had achieved fame and wealth, could have coasted through the 1973 season following a leisurely pre-retirement pace, right?

Wrong.

Jackie blasted through the 1973 campaign just as he had done throughout his career, running as hard and as fast as always. He won five more Grand Prix races, more than enough to earn a third World Driving championship. No other man won more Grand Prix races than he—twenty-seven in all—and only one driver, Argentina's Juan Manual Fangio with five world championships, exceeded Stewart's three titles.

The inevitable question thus arises: Why did he continue to push himself to such limits, taunting the unpredictable fates that surround the sport? He explained in late September, as the 1973 season drew to a close, by saying, "I race with animal instinct, an instinct every race driver must have to be successful. A driver can be taught techniques, and some master them. But he must have the animal instinct, a hunger for conquest of himself, his machines, the race course and his rivals.

"I finished fourth in my last race—the Italian Grand Prix at Monza—yet I consider it one of my greatest races. It was a greater race for me than many of my victories. I had a flat tire on the ninth lap and dropped back all the way to last place. I don't know if I have ever driven harder or better, but I had the real satisfaction of knowing that I had driven one of my greatest races. I don't know or care how much I won; how much difference there was between finishing fourth or last and fourth or first for that matter. I satisfied my animal instinct."

Stewart may be remembered in the years ahead as much for his contributions to the sport as for his on-track achievements. Most prominent professional drivers possess qualities of determination, bravery and fearlessness as well as the basic knowledge of what their equipment can and cannot do under any and all conditions. Stewart, without question, displayed a superabundance of such virtues throughout his career. It is likely that his "animal instinct" as much as any attribute served to set him a notch above his contemporaries who outwardly were his equals in many respects. But Jackie also brought with him a certain dignity that frequently set him apart from his peers. Coupled with a natural vivacity, he projected an image that instantly appealed to the avid hero-worshipers of auto racing.

This isn't to say that the often brash, sometimes irascible Scotsman sprinkled love and affection in his footsteps during a ten-year professional career that saw him reach the pinnacle of sports' most demanding role. No. There were frustrated rival drivers and chagrined competitive crews whom he sometimes irritated and occasionally antagonized. Still, even if his personality once in a while touched on the abrasive, his professional skills were never questioned. Only admired and envied.

Stewart had attained international prominence, although he had yet to capture his first world championship, when American race fans got their first thorough look at him. It came in May 1966, when he made his initial appearance at Indianapolis—a happening that was becoming increasingly popular with the sophisticated European road course drivers. The hard facts of racing were becoming obvious: Grand Prix racing might well carry scads of prestige with it but America was proving to be the land of the lucrative purses. The almost $700,000 in prize money, carrying a first place award of more than $125,000 in 1966, was too plump a plum to be left unplucked.

Thus Stewart, following the lead set earlier by fellow Scot Jimmy Clark and Australia's Jack Brabham, joined England's Graham Hill in an assault on America's most prestigious racing event. But long before the start of the annual Memorial Day classic, Stewart had captured the fancy of the pro-U.S. fans by assisting Indiana State Police in apprehending thieves who were attempting to flee from a robbery in a stolen car. Jackie was made an honorary member of the state police force and was presented with his personal nightstick. He had yet to race, and an eleventh-best qualifying effort was but "mediocre" by Jackie's standards. Nevertheless, his natural verve, coupled with his off-track heroics, had helped to make him an instant favorite.

The start of an Indy 500 is always a momentous experience, even for a poised Grand Prix veteran, and the 1966 start was far more spectacular than that of the previous forty-nine races. Sixteen cars were involved in a chain-reaction crash as the field roared past the main grandstands heading for the starting line, leaving the front stretch of the Speedway littered with clutters of debris and junk. Fortunately no one was injured, but eleven of the original field of thirty-three cars were too badly damaged to continue when the race was restarted an hour and forty minutes later. (No one was injured in the crash, but A. J. Foyt did cut a hand in scrambling over a fence to safety amidst the crowd.)

Long-haired Jackie Stewart, retired three-time Grand Prix champion, in three roles at the track. Left to right, he discusses a problem with Goodyear tire engineer Leo Mehl; attired in his familiar corduroy cap, he watches a competitor practice; as ABC commentator, he interviews Emerson Fittipaldi.

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Stewart, considered a "rookie driver" under Indy rules, took the lead after 150 laps when leader Lloyd Ruby's car faltered, and held on with a steady, impressive exhibition of driving skill for the next 40 laps. With but 10 laps to go, the charging Stewart appeared to be a certain winner until his engine abruptly lost oil pressure and the car coasted to a stop.

But as he walked what must be sports' loneliest path, trudging the length of the main stretch back toward pit row, the huge crowd of almost 300,000 rose and applauded his gallant effort. Perhaps it was that spontaneous group gesture that earned American race fans a permanent niche in Stewart's affections, because throughout the balance of his career Jackie always had fond words to say about them.

But the memories of the wild crash also remained and Stewart made but one more official appearance at Indianapolis the following year. It was the remembrance of that harrowing experience that prompted him to bluntly reject a $250,000 offer from Andy Granatelli to drive an STP car in the 1972 race. "It is too bloody dangerous to drive at Indianapolis," he said.

All professional race drivers become imbued with the subject of racing safety, but it became a near obsession with Stewart during the latter stages of his career. His concern over improved safety measures was further nurtured shortly after the near calamity at Indianapolis when his car crashed during a Grand Prix race at the famous Spa course in Belgium. Running at 150 miles an hour over a rain-slick track, the car skidded off the pavement, careened through two stone walls and collided with a telephone pole. The machine's framework collapsed, pinning Stewart in the wreckage for thirty-five minutes while the engine continued to run as leaking fuel poured into the cockpit. He was literally trapped in the midst of a potential firebomb, threatening to explode at any moment.

"The accident itself doesn't exist in my mind at all," he said later. He recalled fellow drivers Graham Hill and Bob Bondurant pulling over and running to help.

"I remember Graham tried to push the monocoque out with his hands and I admit I had a horrible fear because of the petrol. I couldn't move. I knew something had broken around my shoulder, but I couldn't get my legs out because the steering wheel was tangled all around me."

It was during his recuperation period, while the broken collarbone and dislocated shoulder mended and the fuel burns healed, that Stewart began to formulate definite opinions about on-track safety proposals. He once explained his thinking in this manner: "I am a professional racing driver and I enjoy it, but I realize that if I drive regularly for maybe ten years, I would be a fool to think I wouldn't have an accident in that time. . . .

"If I did not prepare myself for an accident by using the best helmet, the best thermal underwear, the best fireproof overalls and so on, I would be irresponsible. I want to survive. I want to live, preferably to a good old age. The only way I am likely to achieve that is by taking the proper precautions. And if I can help perhaps by suggesting that a fence or a barrier be placed there which might not only save my life but the lives of young, novice drivers, I think I am doing a service to them and to the sport."

If Stewart had a personal philosophy at the height of his career, he might have best expressed it shortly before the 1970 U. S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, New York, when he said: "I never look at racing from the darker side, always the brighter side. I don't get my kicks from flirting with death. I flirt with life. It's not that I enjoy the risks, the dangers and the challenge of a race. I enjoy the life it gives me. When I finish a race, the sky looks bluer, the grass looks greener, the air feels fresher. It's so much better to be alive."

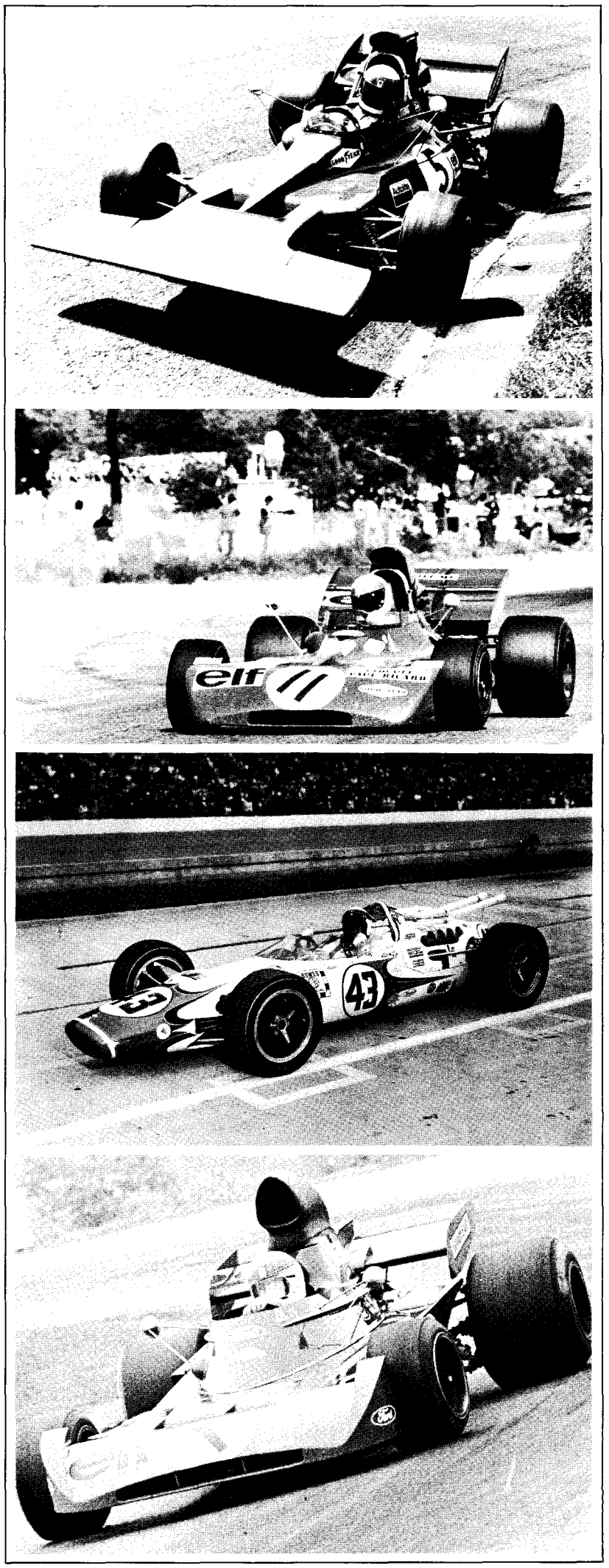
Three years later, at the same Watkins Glen road course, one day before running what would have been his final professional race, an ashen-faced, grief-stricken Stewart had to be helped from the cockpit of his car. His close friend, teammate François Cevert, had moments before been killed during a practice run prior to the 1973 U.S. Grand Prix.

"I've been through this before. Too many times before," he said. "Under the circumstances I don't feel I could give my best effort. Out of respect for François and his countrymen, I have decided not to compete."

Yes, Stewart had been through it before. Such close friends as Jimmy Clark, Piers Courage, Bruce McLaren, Jo Siffert, Pedro Rodriguez and Jochen Rindt had all lost their lives while racing. Thus, no one was surprised when a week later Jackie made his retirement official. Even then he said, "I want to continue to work toward better safety in the sport. When I was a driver I couldn't campaign for safety. I couldn't spend three days at a track arguing with officials and give full attention to a race. I think they'll listen to me. I'm still respected in the field and my flame isn't going to go out overnight.

"Auto racing will never be totally safe. You can't speed at 200 miles an hour, hit trees or fences and not expect anybody to be hurt. I'll campaign to

Continued on page 128



Stewart, wearing familiar plaid-striped helmet, is shown in four cars he drove. Three are Tyrrell-Ford Grand Prix machines; #43 is his Indy Lotus.

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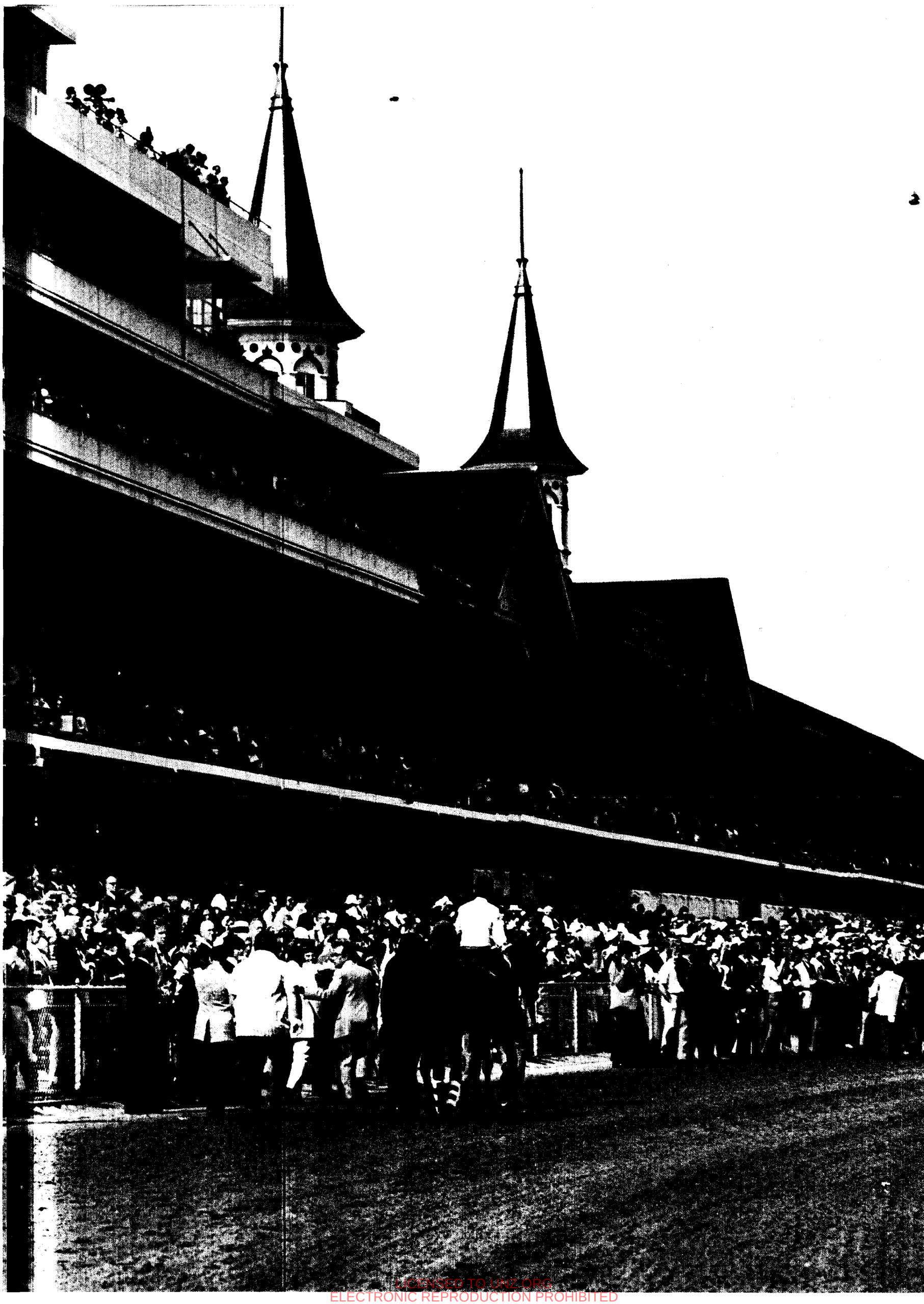

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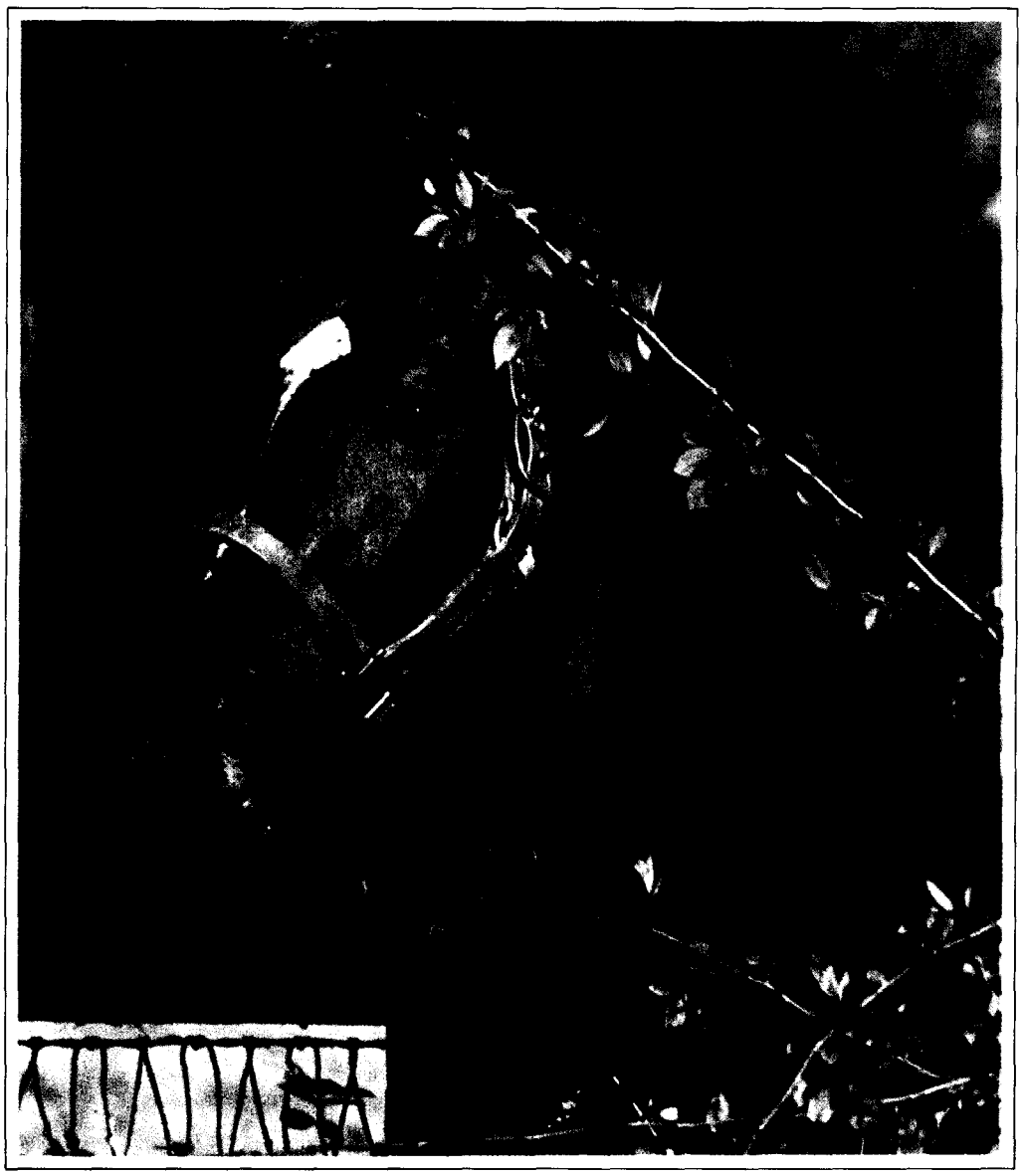
A CENTURY OF DERBIES

"Being the true thoughts and reflections of Secretariat himself, as ably noted and transcribed by our best horse interviewer, Starkey Flythe, Esquire."

By Secretariat

Photography by Tony Leonard



Me today. Retired (if you can call it that) at age three. Roses tumble over the fence; I can roll in the mud to my heart's content. (Left) The famous spires, built in 1875. A hundred thousand people—almost the amount of the purse—jam Churchill Downs for America's horse-racing classic.

The first week in May. The jockey's silks are as bright as a bridegroom's cravat. We are rubbed to the patina of antique Georgian furniture. Thirteen of us. There is the soft smell of leather and light tweed, earth that a hundred years of horses have kicked up and a hundred years of juleps in silver stirrup cups have wet down. And rising, ever so faintly, above the crowd, over the salt tears that edge out of eyes when "My Old Kentucky Home" blares, a whiff of roses.

(I just gave you that bit of purple prose to dissociate myself from those other talking *equi* and *muli*, Mr. Ed and Francis.)

Anybody can run in it. At least if they're registered by the Jockey Club. And there's a story about a horse from out West who was asked not to, but whose owner insisted, until the nag was entered only to refuse to go into the starting gate, but once in with the help of all the King's men, refused to go out, and finally out with the same aid, ran backwards. But "anybody" rarely wins it. Of the ninety-nine starts, forty-three post-time favorites have won.

It is the ninth race in a day of ten. Post time is 5:30. And for the moment, Churchill Downs is the center of the universe. For racing? No, not just for racing. For radiance. The horse that wins will wear, not just as long as his head is above the turf—but forever—a crown of glory. A brass name plate on his turn-out bridle. A plaque on his stall door. He will become a living moment in the big and noble hearts of Thoroughbreds. He will never be referred to again as a stakes horse, normally a compliment opposed to being called a "plater"—one who competes for trophies. He—or in one case, she—will always be a Derby winner.

The money is $125,000 to which are added nomination fees, entry fees ($2,500) and starting fees ($1,500). The mutuel pool my year was $3,284,962. The total bet, over $6 million (a record). The value to the winner, $155,050. Which isn't bad for 1:59.4. Which was a record for the track. Which, noted the *Daily Racing Form*, was fast. But nothing compared to me. I ran faster the last quarter than the first. Went by the stands last first. And first last. Which is when it counts.

Elation. True elation. It is a rare experience. Mares have said when they've dropped a foal and seen it, wet from birth, struggling to its feet—awkward as a chapped-lip whistle—and seen that its points were those of a champion—straight and flawless legs, trim and tight knees and ankles—and that the colt would race and someday people would know his name—then they have experienced elation.

Elation came to me—more I think at the Derby than at any other race. I didn't mean to be a ham, though Mrs. Tweedy says I am—"He pricks up his ears and gazes off nobly into the distance when he hears cameras clicking"—what do they expect of you when they take a million pictures of you—one photographer even has a recording of mares in heat he plays to get our attention—but the grandstands seemed the place to lead. Ron Turcotte was no more than a fly or a gnat on my back when he struck me with his whip leaving the far turn. Then he switched it to his left hand. Flashed it. It seemed my lungs swelled, like water wings, lifting me into the ether—I never touched the ground again—the rest of the world seemed to have wound down to a snail race. I could hear the rows of men, see their arms high, know that it was me they were calling—almost to come back—but I had gone beyond them and could never go back. My heart was a boiler of blood. It seemed to me it might explode, but I could not stop. Then something outside of me took over and I was not merely me anymore. I was Pegasus, flat and lean, hurled against the sky. There was no resistance. The elements lay docile at my feet. Until I had passed; then they shoved me. A pair of wings crossed the finish line. I was already in the winner's circle and Mrs. Tweedy was leading me out to the roses.

I could remember Sham, the horse I competed with who beat me in the Wood Memorial, and who came in second at the Derby, his mouth the color of roses too. Only it was blood.

When we were being loaded into the starting gate, Twice a Prince—he ran next to last—perhaps he knew he was going to—refused to enter his stall. He reared up and threw his jockey. Shoes clanged against the metal of the stall divider. Sham's head hit the gate, drawing blood, nearly knocking out his front teeth. Ron, smart as the horsefly he is, hadn't loaded me in yet and turned me away from the clatter. Somebody got Twice a Prince out of the gate and soothed him.

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They got his jockey back up and all of us were in our stalls and off.

My hood is checkered—the colors of home—The Meadow—blue, white—it is like the flags at a Grand Prix—and on the backstretch I could see the blood flying from Sham's mouth and right up to the wire I knew he was there, running fine, fast, rising over the pain and fear he felt. It would have been his race—any year but this one. Two who in any company would shine were this year against each other. Still, I could never have known myself against any but the best. Sham is the best. Races are never between the quick and the dead. They are between the quick and the quick.

There's another horse I have to name, too. My stable mate, Riva Ridge. Riva is a dark bay—almost mahogany with sable legs and mane, a shortness of grace and going; he now stands at stud across the lane, a paddock away from me, at Claiborne Farm. I see him, silhouetted, motion even standing still, and there has been, at times, envy between us. When he won the Derby—the ninety-eighth running—he was the center of attraction. When I came along, there was trouble. People used to come see me in my stall, passing Riva Ridge. And he knew it and would turn his backside right up to the stall door, letting them have a taste of their own fickleness.

Riva was the horse that first brought glory to The Meadow and made us all celebrities. And when Christopher Chenery, who founded The Meadow and gave us all our chance and had always wanted to have a Derby winner, was so ill and down in bed, Riva won and we don't know, but we think Mr. Chenery understood, sick as he was, that he had a winner, and he went out happy.

Sometimes I think about the hardships of racing. About the cold morning workouts. About the other horses, the sting of the earth as it flies up and hits your belly, the closeness of the other horses, their fear and your fear, the tricks unscrupulous jockeys sometimes play on you, the animosity among trainers in the barns and stables at racetracks, the way we know we are going to be run (instead of the usual four quarts of oats for lunch, there's half a quart, and the hay outside the stall is taken away), the way they—grooms, trainers, hands—try to make you relax, and how it never quite works. When they are nervous, you are nervous. "Horses ain't like humans," my friend and groom of last year, Eddie Sweat, said. (And we can thank the great Four-Legged One above for that.) Eddie says, "They have a mind of their own and you never can tell what they're going to do. You think you have them settled down, but something happens, and it might bother them."

Well, we're hyperopic (farsighted). And we can't see things close up unless our noses are practically touching them. Nor can we see directly in front of us, but to either side, behind, and to some extent above and below.

Stick your finger out in front of you. Now blink your left eye. Then your right. Fast. The finger seems to jump. Your eyes are an inch apart. Ours are six. Think how inanimate objects spring out at us. Then think that our ancestors knew running away was their only defense. Farsightedness shows us the enemy at a distance. Farsightedness creates time for head starts.

So against this heritage—not to mention the Arabians bred with English mares 200 years ago—the registered Thoroughbreds in America are descended from three sires: the Byerly Turk, the Godolphin Barb and the Darley Arabian—we are expected to perform in a world where people are our only friends, where stall walls are too high to enable us to get aquanted with any horses.

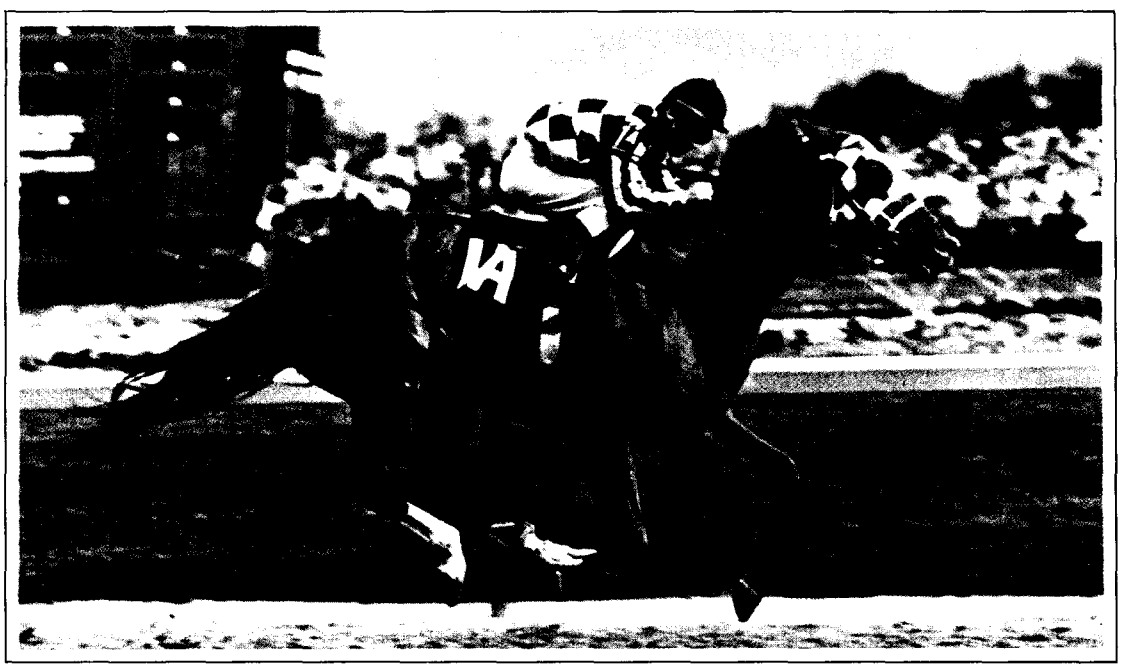
Throughbred is a distinct breed of horse, just like Morgan, Hambletonian, Percheron or Hackney. We have a dished or straight profile, a long, slender neck, sloping shoulders, fairly short back. The width of brisket—the space between our forelegs—is large, making room for the great heart of a Thoroughbred and the powerful lungs. Our muscles are flat and stringy, mane and tail thin and fine, veins violin strings, skin so thin we suffer terribly from flies and hot weather. We are high-spirited, but rarely mean or stubborn; ruined by rough treatment and easily gentled as a foal by kindness. Courage and quickness, spirit and delicacy mark us—no horse in the world can stay with us on the track; none can outjump us in the field. And we all have the same birthday, January first. At a year we are considered to be seven. At three, we are one and twenty and our lives—in some stallions' cases—are paved with woo.

People say Ron Turcotte and I have our own style, that we break from the gate and then drop back; that's a nice thought. The competition isn't a bunch of drays, though, or the race an amateur version of *The Iceman Cometh.* They're the fastest horses in the world and they've been trained all their lives for this day.

We have our own starting gate at The Meadow—and at Belmont, where I trained. So we'll

"Hard to believe that one horse could take up a whole airplane," says Mrs. John Tweedy.

Being led out with the outrider. Nice to meet a horse. Most of my friends are people.



My feet never seemed to touch the ground again. I was Pegasus and my time smashed the Derby record. No one believed all four feet were airborne until photography came along.

know how to break. So we won't be afraid. Mrs. Tweedy thought of that and discussed it with Lucien Laurin, my trainer. (I love it when people discuss around us, their voices are quiet and soft—they don't want to upset us—vexation never won a race.) Lucien said he thought it was a good idea.

I like Penny Tweedy. She said the first time she saw me, "Wow!" And it stuck. "The Wow Colt." "The Wow Horse." She's sort of like me. Well bred (old Southern family—The Meadow belonged to her father's people before the War between the States), well educated (Smith, Columbia University—business administration), she knows what she's doing, and she does what she knows, and pretty (people cheer when they see her—and pretty is as pretty does so she got a

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public relations firm to handle the dishing out of me as a public figure), and, heaven forgive me, well fed.

Most stallions do fairly well on twelve quarts of oats a day. I like sixteen. And I nibble hay while the sun shines, and after it goes down, I have a special supper. A sort of mash of oats fortified with vitamins and minerals plus carrots and "sweet feed"—molasses-coated grain. Some horses won't eat after a big race. But it just works up my appetite. I hate to use the word tub, but bucket doesn't really size it up. One of my grooms describes me as a "neat eater." "He has a sip of water every now and then between his mash. Then he picks up any stray buds on the floor and varies everything with a few wisps of hay. But, lordy, the amount."

Ron reaching out for the trophy I won. I am under the blanket of roses. (All the thorns have been removed, thank goodness.) Mrs. Kingsley Walker has been making the wreaths for forty years.

Well, consider my size. Twelve hundred pounds. Supported on legs less than yours. Like a bumblebee or a C-47 (from an engineer's point of view), I shouldn't be able to fly. And I'm still growing. My girth is seventy-five and three-fourths inches—about an inch more than Man O' War (who was also called Big Red) and I have to have a custom-made girth to hold my saddle. I can cover twenty-five feet in a single stride. You can see how that would eat up the Derby track, one and a quarter miles.

Ron always says, "I like to let him find his feet. Then he gives me his speed when I chirp to him." Sometimes, the "chirping" gets lost in the noise of the race and he calls out with the crop. I don't like it. I never have. I remember when he first used the whip. 1972. It scared the fodder out of me. I ducked into another horse and our number was taken down for a foul. I had begun my career in racing at Aqueduct—Fourth of July—appropriate date for the "horse of the century"—when another horse bumped into me at the gate and knocked me out of my direction. "If he hadn't been such a strong horse, he'd have gone down," the jockey said. Still, I got myself together and finished fourth. Since that day I've never been out of the money.

Unbeaten—a good word in most sports—never really applies in racing. Man O' War and Citation were beaten. I've been beaten. But finished first in eleven out of fourteen races. How can we, after all—mute according to our masters—say we feel bad and want to stay in the barn, that we are under the weather or the weather is under us. At the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct in April, a few days before the Derby, I came in behind Angle Light and Sham. For the drama of the Derby, I suppose, I couldn't have done better had I tried. Many sportswriters and racing experts said I'd blown it. Of course the odds are the real sportswriters. And they remained $1.50 to $1.00. Sham's were $2.50 to $1.00 and Angle Light's were the same as mine. Angle Light finished tenth and Sham, of course, second.

So from the gate we are fighting. Even when we drop back. Strategic withdrawal you could call it. But the more you spot the competition, the farther you've got to go to catch up. Then you have to pass. And keep up. They said at the Derby when we swung around the outside, passing horses until only Sham was in front, we could never keep up such a rally to the finish. Just before the midstretch, I caught him—perhaps it was the sting of the whip—I feel I'd have got him anyway—and beat him by two and one-half lengths for the fastest Derby ever.

I often think green and white are the colors of the South. They know how to hang deep green blinds on spanking white walls, or how to plant a magnolia against a snowy column. That's the look I get saddling up in the paddock. Thousands of tulips blooming just for us. The whole Derby is like a flying flag. Patriotic, colorful, wild in the bluegrass breeze.

The moment the jockeys touch our backs—one of my friends said they look like squabs turned up in a Christmas pie with their little rumps—we start for the track where the outrider in a red jacket, usually on an Appaloosa, meets us and leads us out for the post parade and the warm-up. Like athletes—why say "like" athletes, we *are* athletes—we have to warm up our muscles.

I love the far side of the track—it seems almost a far country. Even on Derby day when the inside of the track is filled with bodies—mostly young people with their shirts off for the warm May sun so that the track seems to be some giant public pool—quite a different sight from the boxes on the other side which cost $1,600 for the day—the noises hang in the air, a distant fantasy, a conglomeration of the great ocean liner Churchill Downs seems to be, its restaurants, its bars, its vast halls and betting windows, its milling throngs, closed circuit television, its wild people who never go outside to watch the races but sit, eternally glued to their racing forms—it would seem they would bet on themselves before they trusted in us to bring in their fortunes—all that seems a million miles away. On this side is still the barn. (Churchill Downs has 1,200 stalls, 50 barns.) And the warmth of the fresh hay, the cool spring water they give us, mingle with the memory of the nice snooze I had before I came here. (Ninety minutes I lay down for. Most horses are so nervous they paw through the floor.)

The outriders are urging their horses on, eyes—theirs, not ours—ours are fixed on the distance of around and back again—study jocks and mounts, looking, hoping for weaknesses, faults to be taken advantage of. The condition of the track, "That loam you have at Churchill Downs sticks to your face like cement when it flies up," says one trainer: The brass of the post horn—a recording even on Derby day—becomes, with the shouts and urgings a welter in our ears; the gate breaks and the last of life for which the first was made begins. Three camera towers grab us from three different angles, freezing us in our rage for honor. Motion picture film flies over the wire to a hot developing room; is sent back to the stewards for viewing any infractions: horses bumping, crossing over, impeding the progress of another horse. None. A clean race.

There's a party in the Director's Room after

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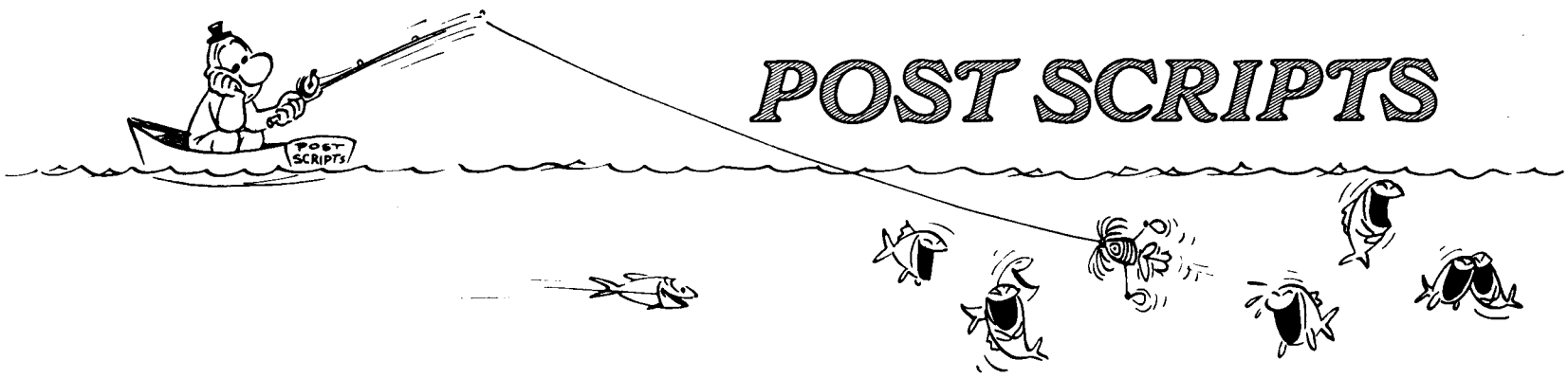


POST SCRIPTS

Letters, We Get Letters!

The shortest letter on record: A reader, learning that Rudyard Kipling sold his stories at one dollar per word, wrote him, enclosing a dollar, asking for a sample and Kipling answered, "Thanks."

Dorothy Parker, at an extremely boring weekend house party, sent a special-delivery letter to a friend, "Rush me at once a loaf of bread and put a saw and file inside!"

A budding young anthologist seeking to include a George Bernard Shaw piece in his collection, wrote, "I hope you understand that I cannot afford your usual fee as I am a very young man." And Shaw immediately replied, "I'll wait for you to grow up."

Dear Abby tells of a letter she received from a gentleman in Rome regarding an item she had written about a lonesome woman who described herself as wealthy and healthy and added that she had just purchased a brand new expensive car. The Roman wrote that he was tall, had clear olive skin, was of royal blood on his mother's side, played the mandolin and sang romantic songs. He then added, "Please get in touch with the lady and ask for a photo of her car."

Mark Twain was once asked for a testimonial by a cigar manufacturer for which he would be given, among other things, a gold-plated trumpet. Twain respectfully declined and wrote, "If I ever smoked a month's supply of your cigars, I'd want a HARP and not a trumpet!"

Fred Allen, in an interview, told of this guy who was such a deadbeat that once when he sent him a letter, the unopened envelope came back marked "Insufficient Funds!"

Here's the retort that most editors would like to make at least once in their lifetime. An unhappy subscriber wrote the *National Review,* "I don't like the way you handled the President's trip to China. I want you to cancel my subscription." And William Buckley answered, "Dear Sir, Cancel your own damn subscription! Cordially, Bill."

Groucho, early in his career, refused a request to write a four-hundred-word article on Show Biz for two hundred dollars. He wrote, "I've already got two hundred dollars, and I don't *know* four hundred words!"

–Ben Levy

Mrs. Spooner's Hiss-Hold Hounts

Glamps With No Stoo

Did you ever go to put a stoastidge pamp on a letter, only to find no bickum on the stack of it? Well, just glampen the doo on enn of your new wonveloaps, and rub the cramp a-stawss it. Now put the lamp on the stetter and it'll stick as peat as a ninn.

Ripping Slugs

If you have small flugs on your rore which are hazards to liff and lime, just sew a used rubber rarr jing underneath at each of the core forners. Thereafter, slow nipping and no boaken broans.

Beamed Creef

Instead of making a seam cross for bide dreef, used canned sushroom moop.

–Colonel Stoopnagle

I'm Out This Round

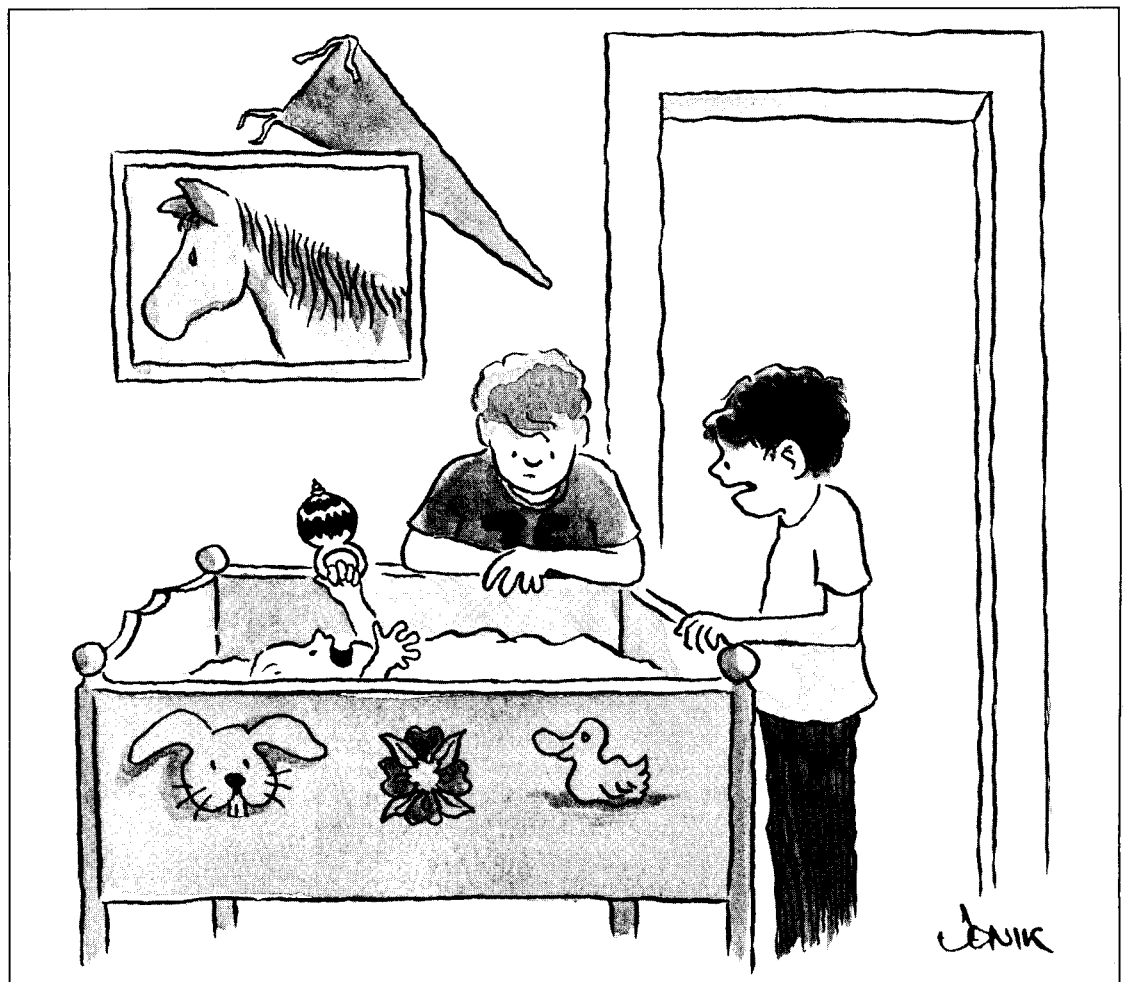
A loves B;
But B loves C.
And C–let's see,
C dotes on D.

So D, of course
(Note Love's wry way!)
Must be perforce
Bewitched by A.

Oh, it's so gallin';
Why must it be
That two can't fall in
Love mutually?

But what's this got
To do with me?
Well, not a lot–
This time I'm E.

–G. Sterling Leiby



"He's got my mom's eyes, my dad's chin, my sister's voice and my room."

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How Not To Coin A Phrase

Have you ever wondered how pedestrian some of the great moments in history would seem to us if the main participants—or their biographers—hadn't had the ability to turn a neat phrase? For example:

"Your name Doc Livingston, by any chance?"

"Don't fire until they get awfully close."

"Eighty-seven years ago, our ancestors thought up a whole new thing, liberty-wise and equality-wise."

"Never in the history of the human race have such a big bunch of people been so beholden to such a small bunch of people."

"We have met the enemy, and they aren't all that tough."

—Ken Ruble

What They Probably Said

Here is what could have happened in two cases in which a famous person vehemently denies ever having used the expression most frequently attributed to him.

Horace Greeley: "Go West, Young Man."

Horace Greeley was a very busy newspaper editor. He had been plagued for weeks by an obnoxious young fellow with low-grade intelligence who wanted a job as a reporter. One last time, when Mr. Greeley was facing a deadline and was particularly harassed, the young man approached the editor's desk to plead for a position on the paper. Without looking up, Mr. Greeley shouted, "Get lost, young man!" Realizing further efforts were hopeless, the boy overcame his disappointment and hopped the next train to the West Coast, where he got a job on the *San Francisco Chronicle.*

James Cagney: "You Dirty Rat!"

On a Hollywood set, Mr. Cagney was filming one of his famous gangster pictures. It was late, the cast was into the final scene of the day and Mr. Cagney was impatient to wind it up and go home. The scene called for him to put a hole through the protagonist's stomach with a hand gun. Mr. Cagney took a stance, said his lines and pulled the trigger—however, the gun didn't fire. Mr. Cagney looked disgustedly at the gun in his hand, said, "You dirty gat!" and flung it at the prop man's head.

—Betty Lonngren

Love Note

A girl about twelve years old handed a check to a bank teller.

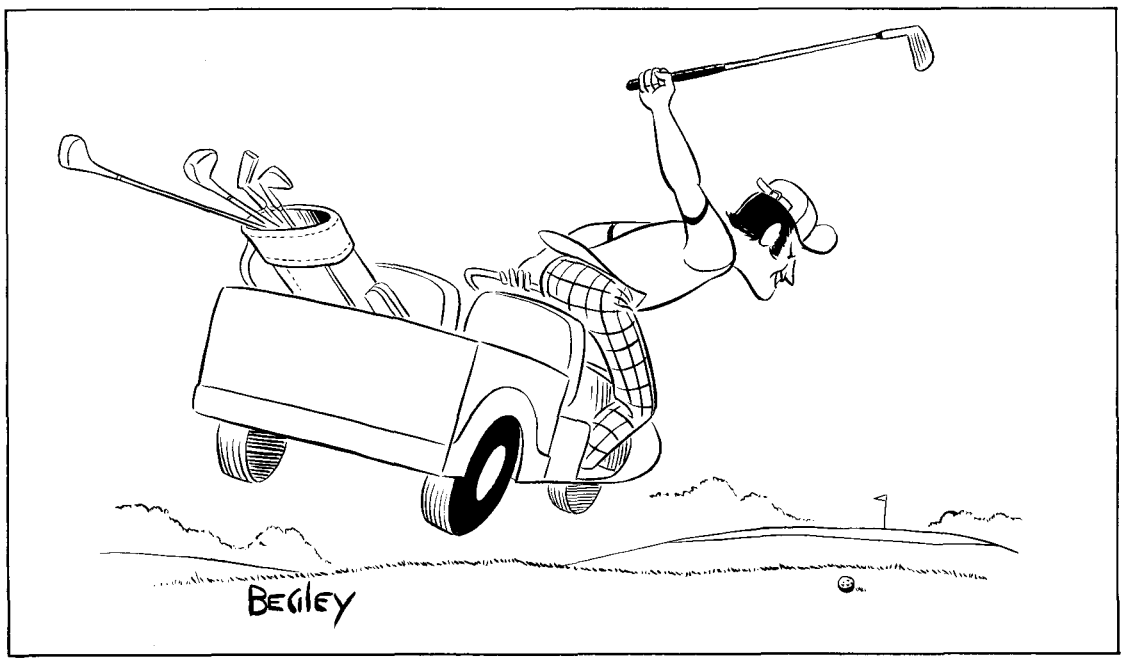
"You'll have to endorse it," said the teller as he returned the check.

"What does endorse mean?" asked the little girl.

"Just sign your name like you do in a letter," explained the teller.

Smiling shyly the girl wrote, "Love, Linda."

—Lillian Koslover



Body Language Spoken Here

Since body language came along,
Life's been a little trying;
To think that when I speak the truth
My body may be lying.

When crossing legs or folding arms
Or sitting, standing, walking—
No matter what my mouth may say,
My body does the talking.

My body's given me away,
My life's an open book;
So, listen not to what I say,
But make darn sure you look.

—Don Weill

Proposals And Disposals

Washington threw a dollar across the Potomac.

No big thing. A dollar went farther in those days.

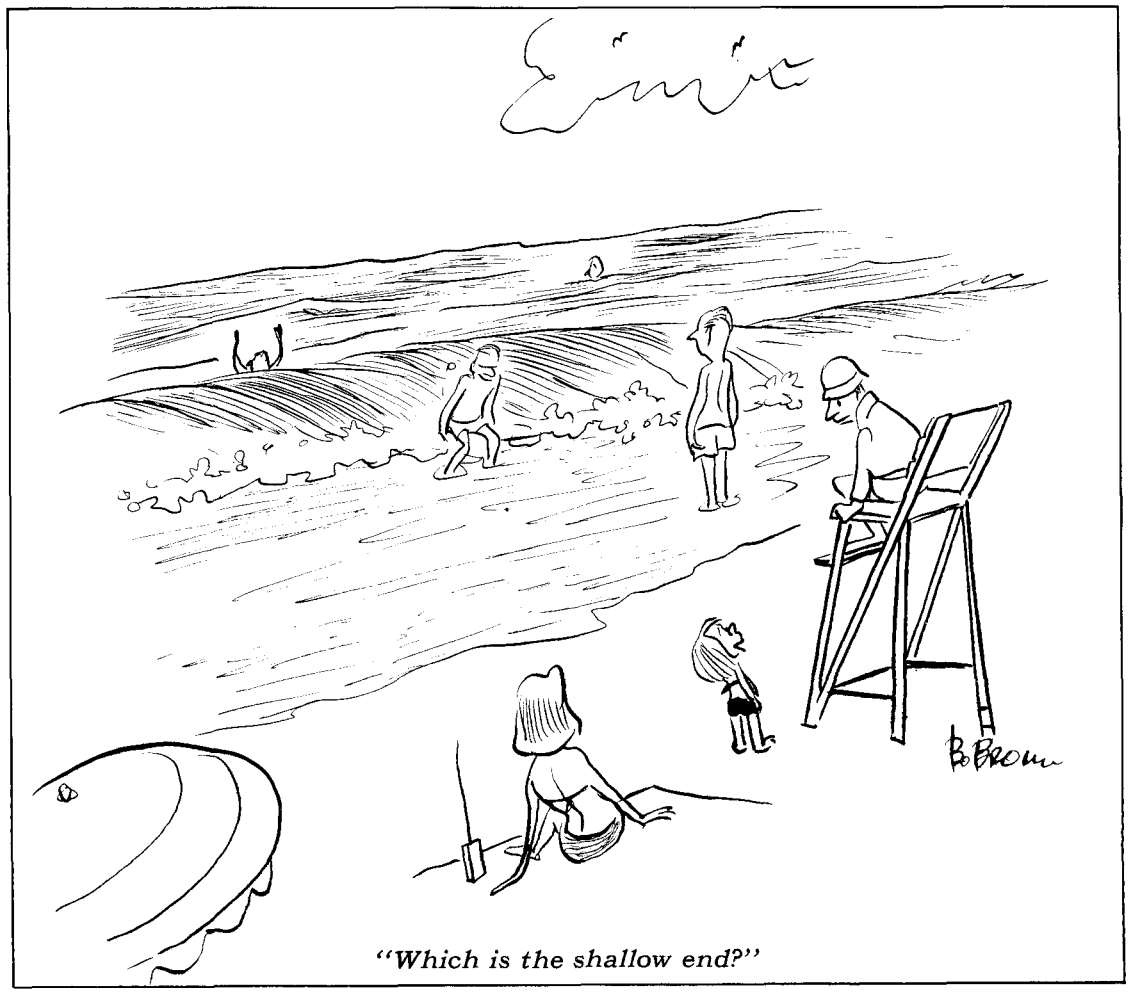
President Zachary Taylor filled only one-fourth of his term.

Consequently, they wondered—would Millard Fillmore?

Ben Franklin petitioned the Continental Congress not to keep him in the dark on important issues.

They told Ben to go fly a kite, which he did, and discovered electricity, putting more light on the subject for everybody.

—David McNeil



"Which is the shallow end?"

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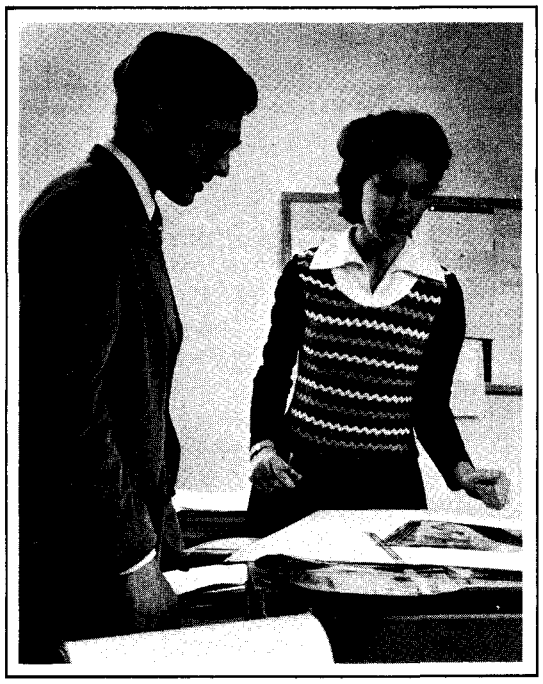
"READ ALOUD"... CHILDREN'S LITERATURE FOR POST READERS



Julie Eisenhower talks to nineteen-year-old Bob Howe, who illustrated "A Letter to Mr. Lincoln."

In the January/February issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* I introduced a read-aloud selection, with the hope that adults and children would experience the joy of sharing a story. The letters and comments about this new feature indicate that the very young as well as those older are now looking forward to the *Post*'s monthly arrival.

The Curtis Publishing Company has offered children's literature for over fifty years in its magazines *Child Life, Jack and Jill, Children's Playmate,* and more recently, *Young World* for teenage readers. "Read Aloud" gives us the opportunity to share some of those special stories, like Evan Wright's "A Letter to Mr. Lincoln" (*Child Life*, 1955) with you.

Nineteen-year-old Robert Charles Howe, winner of the 1973 Norman Rockwell Cover Contest, painted a special illustration for the story. Although Bob has had only one year of formal training, Rockwell made this comment about Bob's work: "He is better than I was at eighteen." Bob felt a special thrill in painting the President whose roots are so deep in his home state of Illinois. Most of all, Bob enjoyed drawing Grace Bedell because he knew exactly how she felt when she wrote Mr. Lincoln. Bob's hero is Norman Rockwell. When he was a high school freshman he sent Rockwell a note and a small caricature of the great illustrator. Two months later on Christmas Eve, the little picture was returned with a personal comment inscribed on it. "Very well done. Sincerely, Norman Rockwell." Like Grace Bedell, Bob had not really expected an answer, and when it came it was "like a dream."

In studying his drawing of Grace Bedell, one feels that it was lovingly executed. Her face is so earnest. Great care has gone into balancing the composition. A shiny red apple on the table is at the right, the touch of orange in Grace's dress, in the center, and on the other side, a red book.

Bob Howe once said, "I want to portray everything as closely as I can to the real eye but not to the point where it is mechanically done." "A Letter to Mr. Lincoln" is a real story about real people. Bob Howe's painting captures that same spirit.

Julie Nixon Eisenhower

A LETTER TO MR. LINCOLN

By Evan Wright

In the Bedell family, everyone did his part. On this particular afternoon Grace was rocking the baby's cradle and making funny noises to amuse her little sister. Mother was fixing supper, and the other girls were setting the table in the dining room.

Suddenly came the sound of horses' hooves outside, and Helen came running.

"Father's home!" she shouted, as the back door banged behind her and slammed shut.

Grace ran out with Helen to meet their father. He and the boys had been to the fair, and that meant something good for the girls. Father jumped down from the wagon, and the boys drove to the barn to unhitch and feed the horses. The two girls threw their arms around their father. He kissed them both, and held a package and a roll of papers out of their reach. Grace could hardly wait to see what her father had brought them.

"Not until after supper," he said.

"But what is it, Father?" asked Grace.

"Something for little girls to wait for," teased Father.

In the house Father unrolled the papers. There were two pictures. One had a frame of rail fencing printed around it. Grace saw that it was a picture of a rather sad-looking man. She read below the picture, "Honorable Abraham Lincoln, Republican Candidate for Sixteenth President of the United States." The other picture was of Mr. Hannibal Hamlin, who was the candidate for Vice-President.

Grace took the picture of Mr. Lincoln and sat down beside the cradle. It was a fine picture, she thought. Mr. Lincoln was not handsome, but there was something in the eyes and the shape of the face that made her know he was truly a great and good man.

During supper Father and the boys talked a great deal about Mr. Lincoln. They spoke of him as "Old Abe" and "Honest Abe." It sounded to Grace as if they must really know him. After supper, Father opened the package and passed around candied apples, and there was more talk about Mr. Lincoln.

When she had finished doing the dishes, Grace sat down at the kitchen table with her books. She tried to study, but her thoughts kept going back to Mr. Lincoln's picture. She pushed her books aside and began a letter. This is what she wrote:

Westfield, Chautauqua County, N.Y.
October 15, 1860

Hon. A.B. Lincoln.
Dear Sir:

My father has just come from the fair and brought back your picture and Mr. Hamlin's. I am a little girl only eleven years old, but want you should be President of the United States very much so I hope you won't think me very bold to write to such a great man as you are. Have you any little girls about as large as I am if so give them my love and tell her to write to me if you cannot answer this letter. I have got 4 brothers and part of them will vote for you any way and if you will let your whiskers grow I will try to get the rest of them to vote for you; you would look a great deal better for your face is so thin. All the ladies like whiskers and they would tease their husbands to vote for you and then you would be President. My father is going to vote for you too but I will try to get everyone to vote for you that I can think that rail fence around your picture makes it look very pretty I have got a little baby sister she is nine weeks old and is just as cunning as can be. When you direct your letter direct it to Grace Bedell, Westfield, Chautauqua County, New York. I must not write any more answer this letter right off.

Good bye,

Grace Bedell

The next morning, on the way to school, Grace dropped the letter in the slot at the post office. For a moment she was frightened, but the letter was beyond her reach now.

It was late in October. A light snow had begun to fall as Grace came out of the post office with the mail. There were newspapers and several letters in her hands. As she looked through them, she stopped. There was a letter for her, and the envelope showed it was from Mr. Lincoln. The rest of the mail slid to the ground as the little girl tried to open the letter with shaking fingers. She unfolded the paper and tried to read, but she was so excited that the words meant nothing to her. She picked up the mail she had dropped and ran toward home. She burst into the house, sank down on her knees and read, "Private."

That must mean it was just for her. But who could keep such a letter from the family? She read on:

Springfield, Ill.
October 19, 1860

Miss Grace Bedell
My dear little Miss:

Your very agreeable letter of the 15th received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughters—I have three sons—one 17, one nine, and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family.

As to the whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I were to begin now?

Your very sincere well-wisher,

A. Lincoln

Grace picked herself up and ran into the kitchen. She thrust the letter at her mother.

Continued on page 138

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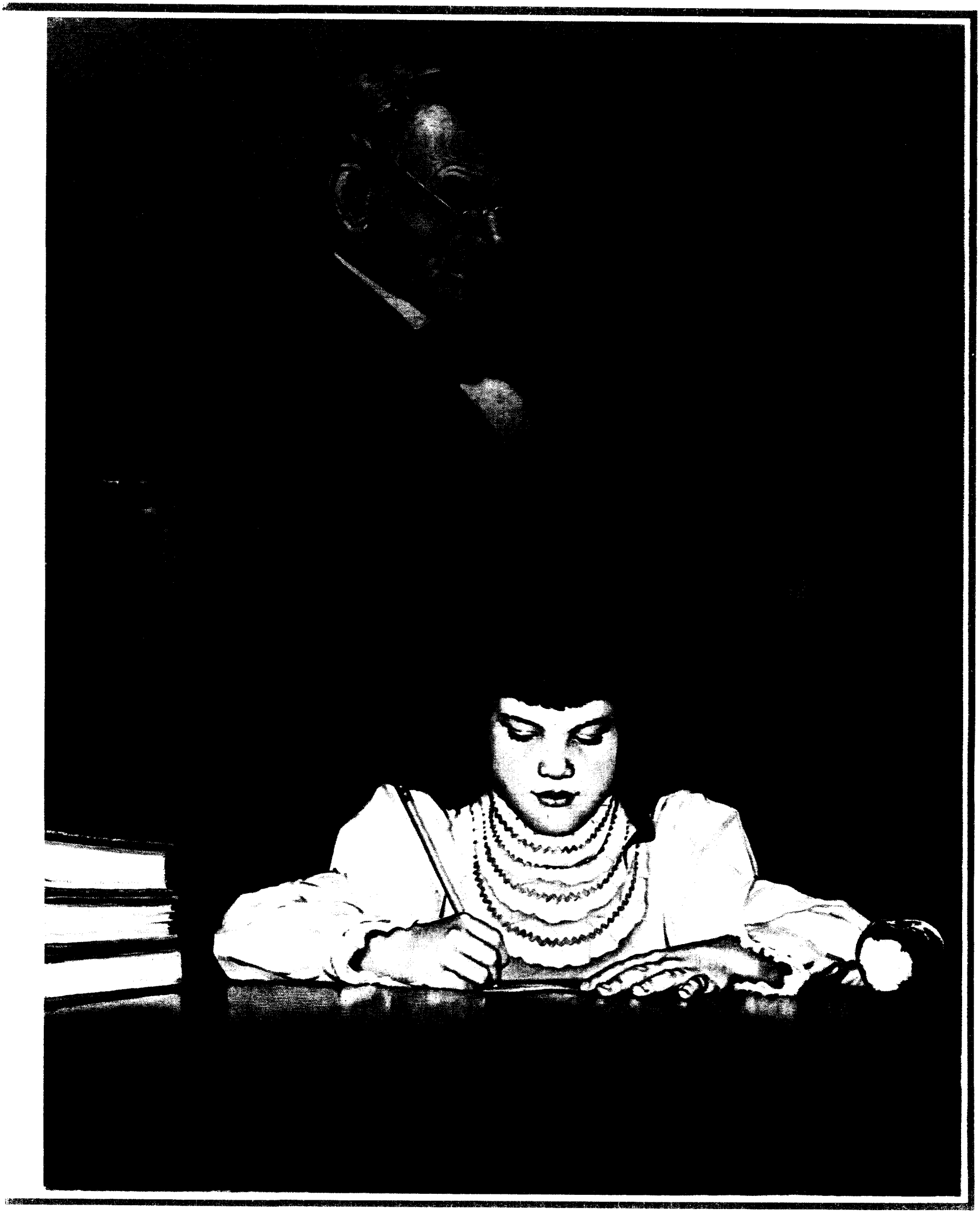

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The Saturday Evening Post Book Shelf

The Imperial Presidency

By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.
505 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $10.00

By ARTHUR G. HANSEN

The series of political crises in Washington has brought many people to think seriously about the immediate future of the American presidency. In the swirl of emotional reactions to recent events, some critics have gone so far as to say that the only way that confidence in the presidency can be restored is to initiate impeachment proceedings against Richard Nixon. Others claim that the time has come to speak out on behalf of the President and strengthen his hand against a Congress unable to deal effectively with serious national issues. In general, opinion polls indicate that the public is divided and, at best, is uncertain and confused. One suspects, however, that a number of courses of action relative to the presidency and its position in our political system will be proposed and some implemented. Whether our decisions will be wise will depend, in part, on our perspective of the presidency and its development since the time of the Founding Fathers.

This is one reason why *The Imperial Presidency* by political historian Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., is such a timely book. In a lucid and scholarly manner, the author tells us how the presidency has come to the position that it has today and against this historical background, tells us what we might do about the presidency in the future. It is Schlesinger's main thesis that the power of the presidency has grown since the days of Washington and that this growth in power has been tied directly to real or imagined threats to national security and the special requirements of conducting foreign policy in a fast-changing world. As he reminds us, the Constitution is very clear in reserving to Congress the right to declare war. Yet, since World War II, we have been involved in military action around the world without such a congressional declaration. That recent presidents have been able to wield such war-making power is an example of how far Congress has been willing to go in giving to the president one of the most important functions assigned to it under the Constitution.

While recent presidents have built up power leading to what Schlesinger calls "the imperial presidency," the Congress, he claims, has helped pave the way. With rather harsh words he states that Congress has often been "the enthusiastic creator of its own impotence" and that it was "... susceptible only under the most extreme provocation to a sense of institutional responsibility."

At one point in his book, Schlesinger raises a challenging question that, unfortunately, he never explores in great depth. Referring to our particular governmental structure, he states:

> "Institutionalized checks and balances might have been all right for an isolated nation of four million farmers 200 years ago; but had they not become first a nuisance and now a positive danger to a mighty industrial nation destined to world leadership?"

It is his opinion that Richard Nixon answered that question and concluded that presidential supremacy was the only salvation for the nation. Nevertheless, the question remains. Times have changed and the nation is caught up in a technological age that presents unprecedented challenges to all political systems. One wishes that the author had examined this issue more deeply and afforded the reader his perspective.

As Schlesinger turns to the future of the presidency, he gives the impression that he is quite satisfied with our system as presently constituted. He wants no changes in powers through constitutional modification or new laws. What he does say is that the public needs to temper its view of the president and to refuse "... to give any more weight to a president's words than the intelligence of the utterance, if spoken by anyone else would command...." He believes that the separation of powers is workable if the president and the Congress wish to make it so.

Encounter With Anthropology

By Robin Fox
349 pp. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. $8.95.

By ANN McGLINN

Encounter With Anthropology is one of the most exciting books to fall into the layman's lap since Robert Ardrey's *African Genesis* and *The Territorial Imperative*. No dusty language dims the reader's brain, and the author's wit will keep one going over the more technical passages.

Robin Fox wandered into anthropology as a "renegade philosopher." He apologizes in the introduction for an "intellectual autobiography" in which he explains the personal events and thoughts which led him toward anthropology. But, for the reader, this is the fascinating key to Fox's inquiring mind; out of his inquiry into the nature of God and man came his cautious conclusions on what might be making man tick.

Until the twentieth century the only agent tinkering with mankind was evolution. Now, however, with geneticists ready to tamper with the basic ingredients, and "brain changers" on the brink of bettering that ultimate weapon, the brain, there is an awesome urgency in finding out what's good for us. What is good for man? What is natural for man?

"The fate of mankind has to be someone's concern, and can we trust the politicians or the physical scientists or the generals or the businessmen or the revolutionaries? They all have too

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much of a vested interest in their own versions."

"Directly or indirectly, by acts of law or social indifference, millions are daily punished for being human and millions more are rewarded for being inhuman. Anthropology is the one science with even half a chance to get at what is human."

Fox castigates the present anthropological professionals for not venturing into all other related fields to carry off their prizes and revitalize this science. Why has the anthropologist not been working hand in glove with the geneticist and the sociologist and biologist? Anthropology, being the study of man, must necessarily embrace all of these disciplines; further, the social evolution of man must have marched just as steadily along as his physical evolution.

Two anthropological camps snipe away at each other. The instinctivists say: we are the way we are, with built-in programming, don't fight it. The behaviorists (everything is learned, forget about instinct) say that man can become anything through learning, through the influence of his environment.

This author culls the reasoned realities of both warring camps. "The potential for culture lies within the species. Man has the kind of cultures and societies he has because of the kind of species he is." The capacity for certain kinds of behavior is built into man, and just how he will act depends upon what he learns, and what he learns becomes the programming of his computer. Instinct is the computer; outside influence is the information fed into it.

That man has survived and momentarily become top dog on this planet is probably the result of his adaptability. Culture is one of the things man tried as a better way to survive. Somewhere along the line man opted to use his brain and not rely completely on instinct. The brain began to increase in size and complexity. (In a laboratory study, the brains of rats, when given problems to solve, grew heavier and thicker.) Man "does not have a culture because he has a large brain; he has a large brain because several million years ago his little-brained ancestor tried the cultural way to survival."

New ideas are like slides in a playground, fun if you're not pushed off by a malicious playmate. With fresh language and pleasing irreverence, Mr. Fox tosses out his ideas in various essays on some of the aspects of anthropology. (At one point he snarls, not too unkindly, at writers who try to "prove that deep in man's nature is a *Saturday Evening Post* family"). His audience has the benefit of evidence gleaned by an impartial and passionate mind; the reader can chew and digest or spit out—but at least he will think.

And think is what Robin Fox is begging us to do.

"Man is now rapidly approaching the point—and it will come within the lifetimes of his children—when, unless he takes his survival consciously into his own hands, he may not survive as a species."

Ultimately it is the thinking of *The Saturday Evening Post* family (silently major) which might save us; and it is they who should read and assimilate and disseminate the message of this highly important and readable book. What do you think of that, foxy Robin?

Modern Greek Poetry

Translation, Introduction and Notes
By Kimon Friar
780 pp. New York: Simon and Schuster.
$20.00.

By PAUL ENGLE

The dangerous and destructive twentieth century, in which men have killed millions because they spoke a foreign language, has still been a very great time for translating from foreign languages.

It is now obvious that what men mean by words is crucial to our survival. Poetry is the most intense use of words—one phrase in poetry may have the weight of a paragraph in prose. Poetry is the final meaning of language. When politicians or economists or sociologists talk to each other from many countries, they rely on the literal sense of the words they speak, and they rely on the same literal sense being put into another language, although the wicked evidence is that often the words really have no exact equivalence. "Democracy" means one thing to the people of the United States, but it may mean a very different thing to people under a different system.

Kimon Friar has proved in this collection that in the last hundred years Greece has produced more good poetry than in the preceding fourteen hundred years. What he has put into English must be very close to the original intention of the Greek poems. This is the highest praise one can give to a translator. Friar himself says in his long and sensible "On Translation" that really good translations are not just literal versions, but blood transfusions. Blood flows through these texts. The mistake many people make is to assume that if you translate the words of a poem, you translate poetry. The opposite is actually true: you translate the poem's emotional meaning, not just words.

Friar is one of the century's great translators. He has already put into English from Greek both classical and modern works. The word "works" is used carefully, for translation is one of the most demanding human activities. To "feel" yourself into another person's life and language is one of the most difficult enterprises known to man. It is more difficult to do a good translation than to write an ordinarily "good" poem.

Translation has killed people. The putting into idiomatic Greek of Aeschylus' play *Oresteia* caused citizens of Athens to riot in the streets in the 1920's; several students died. In 1901 the government of Greece fell, over a translation of the New Testament into "demotic" Greek. That is as it should be—translation should be regarded as so important that it is a life-and-death matter.

Friar has translated "Abstracted Painter" by Yánnis Rítsos:

> A painter one afternoon drew a train.
> The last carriage cut away from the paper
> and returned to the carbarn all by itself.
>
> In precisely that carriage sat the artist.

* * *

Like the artist, the translator must also be a passenger on the train and apart from it. This double life, inside the experience and yet looking at it from the outside, is the natural necessity of the poet as well as the translator, both of whom must be at the same time moved by what they are describing, and yet so unmoved that they can give the text their total conscious skill.

Friar believes that a translation from any language should read as if it had been originally written in English. Yet he acknowledges that "even the simplest word can never be rendered with its exact equivalent into another language. The word 'bread' in a Greek poem would have a different connotation to a Greek reader, depending on what part of the country he came from, the kind and quality of the bread baked there, whether he was living abroad and in what land. The Yiddish, the Polish, the African, the French, the American reader would visualize the word according to his local experience and so feel it on his imaginary taste buds." He amusingly comments that a Greek translation of "cowboy" or even of "drugstore cowboy" cannot mean to someone in Athens what it means to a Texan.

What Friar succeeds in doing is that most difficult of all uses of language—to make the words move as if the poet who first wrote them had given them their shape in English:

> Flowers do not ask questions. They await
> Only the adventure of becoming
> the erotic book of birds,
> Or of dying simple and unmourned
> under the glance of a girl.

Every country in the twentieth century must have two literatures, its own written by those born to its language, writing it as instinctively as they spoke it when children, and that literature which comes in translation from all parts of the world. Friar has given the American reader such a massive and moving quantity of recent poetry in Greek that we have for the first time a complete grasp of the astonishing talent which the imagination of that small country has created. For hardly eight and one-half million people to have produced such a richness of verse is quite as astonishing as to have it put into English at so rich a level. For the United States to equal such creativity, we would have had to write many more times the amount of distinguished books our poets have contributed.

Love, writes George Thémelis, is "Shadow within a shadow, Silence within the other silence." Perhaps the most lyrical note on this book, as on human life itself, is the final phrase of a poem by Nikiphóros Vrettákos, in which he refers to "a coffin filled with sun."

As tourists, we can go and learn the look of a country, its avenues and ruins, but in poetry we discover its soul.

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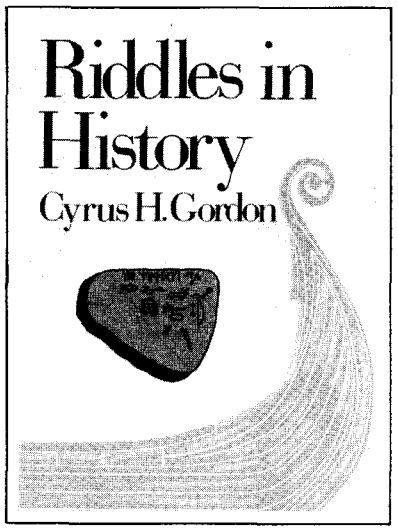
The Post Recommends

Banco
The Further Adventures of Banco
Henri "Papillon" Charrière
translated from the French by
Patrick O'Brian
Morrow and Company
$7.95

Did you see the movie *Papillon*? A great adventure film based on Charrière's first book. Papillon is back in *Banco*, the story of his life after his escape from Devil's Island. He lived in Venezuela and was involved in one thrilling underworld adventure after another. And then a beautiful woman tried to lure him away from a life of crime. Did she succeed? You'll have to read the book to find out!



Riddles in History
Cyrus H. Gordon
Crown Publishers, Inc.
$7.95

This book documents a dramatic breakthrough in the discovery of man's past. Gordon tells the reader how ancient cryptograms have been decoded to prove that pre-Columbian contacts between the Old World and the New actually did occur. He takes four ancient texts—the Kensington Stone, the Paraiba Text, the Spirit Lake Inscriptions and the Vinland Map—and shows how they change the traditional view of early explorations of the Americas. So if you are intrigued by historic mysteries, if you love word puzzles, and if you've always believed that Leif Erikson should get the credit for "discovering" the New World, this book is for you.

Original Boston School Cooking
A facsimile of the first edition of
The Boston Cooking-School Cook Book
by Fannie Merritt Farmer
Crown Publishers, Inc.
$8.95

This book is a treasure—a wealth of authentic recipes from the American past. Miss Farmer's meticulous employment of measurement terms that have become standard in the culinary world means that today's cooks can use these recipes in their original form. From the fanciest Continental desserts to the most old-fashioned soups and breads, this cookbook tells you how to turn out mouth-watering culinary triumphs. After all, it was Grandmother's kitchen bible!

Simple Printing Methods
Jeanne Cross
S.G. Phillips, Inc.
$5.95

Do you have a child in grade school who is interested in arts and crafts? If so, this book would provide a marvelous introduction to printmaking, an old and very creative art form. The reader is given clear, step-by-step instructions for simple roller printing, printing with textures, printing from natural objects, potato and cork prints, brass rubbings, and several other techniques. The necessary materials are all easy to obtain and easy to use, and the products are truly beautiful. So if you're beginning to think about the long summer ahead and you're wondering how you will keep your child constructively occupied, be assured that this book opens the door to many enjoyable creative printmaking sessions.

Getting Older and Staying Younger
D.D. Stonecypher, Jr., M.D.
W.W. Norton and Company, Inc.
$8.95

Old age is traditionally viewed in our society as a time of declining physical strength and mental alertness as well as declining economic status. But this need not be the case. Dr. Stonecypher tells how to keep your body vigorous, your mind alert, and your ego intact. Older people are also encouraged to realize their potential as an economic and political force, and to act to end the current social patterns of discrimination.

For those of you in the middle of life, Dr. Stonecypher has some important things to say about developing personal resources so that your older years will truly be the prime of your life.

The Wild Hunt
Jill Tattersall
Morrow and Company
$6.95

This is a well-written story set in southern England in the 1800's. If you are a lover of Gothic novels, no doubt you're familiar with Jill Tattersall—perhaps *Midsummer Masque*, or *Lady Ingram's Room*. *The Wild Hunt* is crowded with romance, intrigue, adventure. A beautiful young woman becomes governess to a young boy who lives in a remote castle, and she finds herself in the midst of a struggle with supernatural forces, witches, and masked moon worshippers. Suspense runs high as the romantic young governess, Chantal, struggles to keep her equilibrium and preserve her life.

As a special service, any book featured in "The Post Recommends" may be ordered by mail directly from the *Post*. Please include your name and address along with $.50 above the retail price to cover mailing and handling charges. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. Mail to: SatEvePost Book Club, Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

continued from page 9

"Miss Miller," I said, "I don't care how old you are. I don't care how young you are. You are the daughter of my old friend Matt Miller. This makes you my friend as well. You have appealed to me for help. I will not let you down."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Botts."

"I am completely at your service, Miss Miller. As soon as possible I will charter a plane at the nearby Middlebury Airport. And before you know it I will be in North Juniper. I assume there is a landing field up there?"

"Yes, Mr. Botts, but only for small planes."

"That's fine. I am not planning to charter a supersonic jet."

"But even a small plane costs a lot of money, doesn't it?"

"Don't worry about that, Miss Miller. I will be on the payroll of the Earthworm Tractor Company. They have lots of money. I will have a generous expense account. And as soon as I arrive you and I will form a business partnership. We'll work together. We'll get your father out of jail in short order. By the way, just why is he in jail?"

"It's not his fault, Mr. Botts. It's all because this Mr. Huff stole one of Father's tractors."

"And why would he be in jail because somebody else stole one of his tractors?"

"It's a long story, Mr. Botts. And it's too complicated to explain over the telephone. Can't we just wait till you get here?"

"Certainly, if that's the way you want it."

"That's exactly the way I want it. I think you are just wonderful, Mr. Botts, to help me out this way. I'll see you soon. And in the meantime I want you to write to the people in the Sales Department of the Earthworm Tractor Company and tell them it's not Father's fault he's in jail."

"Why don't you write them yourself?"

"Because they don't know me, and they might not believe me. They would think Father is a criminal. And no Sales Department would want a dealer that was a criminal, would they?"

"No. I suppose not."

"They might try to take away Father's dealership. Of course it's just a small dealership. But it's very important to Father—and to me. That's why you've got to write to them, Mr. Botts. They know you. They respect you. And they would believe you."

"All right, young lady. I'll write to Gilbert Henderson himself—the Chairman of the Board."

"You don't know how I appreciate this, Mr. Botts. And is it really true that you and I are going to be business partners? We're going to be working together?"

"We sure are."

"Thank you, thank you. But I must stop talking now. It is time to feed the cat, and I am the only one here to do it. Good-bye."

And that, Henderson, ended the conversation. I have given you a full account of everything that was said because I want you to have a full understanding of the situation so you will see to it that no officious underling out there tries to take away Matt Miller's dealership.

I realize, Henderson, that as Chairman of the Board you are concerned more with general policy than with the actual day-to-day operations. But, after all, you are regarded as the Grand Old Man of the Tractor Industry. And you have a tremendous influence—if you choose to use it—with the men who are actually running the Earthworm Company. I shall be counting on you to do the right thing.

Immediately after my telephone talk with Miss Cathy Miller I called the airport and arranged for a plane to take me to North Juniper tomorrow morning. I next got Miss Miller back on the telephone and told her when I expected to arrive at North Juniper. I then tried to persuade my wife Gadget to make the trip with me. Because of her tact and understanding, she would have been a great help in dealing with the problems at North Juniper. Unfortunately, however, she has to stay here to preside at a meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

If you have any comments on my activities, it will be useless for you to address me at North Juniper. I expect to solve all problems up there and be back here before you even receive this letter.

With all best wishes,
Alexander Botts

TELEGRAM

EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.
OCT. 4, 1973

TO ALEXANDER BOTTS
RIPTON, VERMONT

YOU HAVE NO AUTHORITY TO APPOINT YOURSELF AS SPECIAL CONSULTANT TO THE EARTHWORM COMPANY. HENCE THE COMPANY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY OF YOUR ACTIVITIES, ESPECIALLY FOR WHAT YOU DESCRIBE AS YOUR BUSINESS PARTNERSHIP WITH A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD CHILD. THE COMPANY WILL NOT PAY YOU ANY FEES OR EXPENSES. A DECISION ON WHETHER OR NOT TO CANCEL MATTHEW MILLER'S DEALERSHIP CONTRACT WILL BE DELAYED UNTIL HE IS PROVED GUILTY OR INNOCENT

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OF ANY CRIMES OR OTHER MISCONDUCT.

GILBERT HENDERSON.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
FORMER SALES MANAGER
EARTHWORM TRACTOR
COMPANY
RIPTON, VERMONT 05766

Saturday, October 6, 1973

Mr. Gilbert Henderson
Chairman of the Board
Earthworm Tractor Company
Earthworm City, Illinois

Dear Henderson:

I arrived home yesterday and found your telegram awaiting me. Your remarks indicate such a complete misunderstanding of the situation at North Juniper that it will be necessary for me to give you a long and possibly tedious account of what has been going on.

It was about the middle of the morning last Tuesday that my small hired plane landed on the airstrip at North Juniper. I dismissed the pilot, who had urgent business back home, and told him I would let him know by telephone when he would be needed for the return trip. After watching him take off I picked up my suitcase and walked to a small building at one side of the field.

Here I was welcomed by Miss Cathy Miller herself. She turned out to be a cute little girl neatly dressed in what I think is called a pantsuit. She was full of energy and full of enthusiasm.

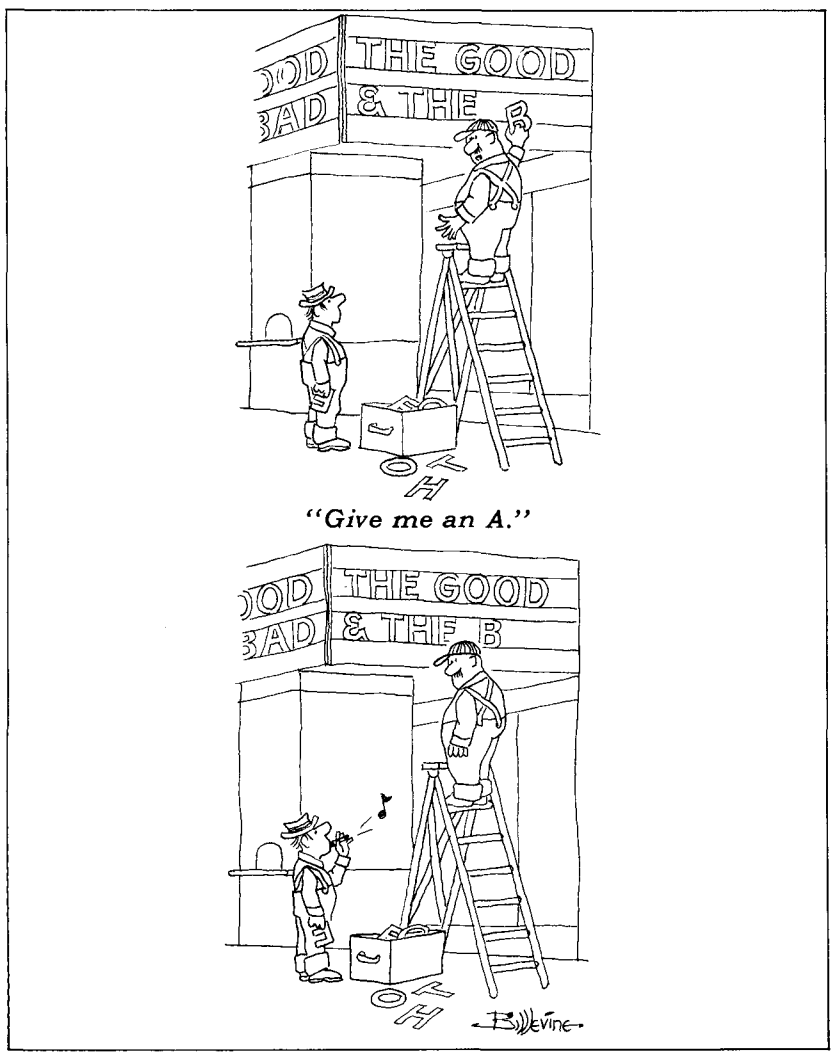
"Good morning, Mr. Botts," she said, "it was so good of you to come."

"Thank you," I said. "I am here to help you in any way I can."

The young lady lost no time in getting down to business. "You may have to stay here several days," she said, "so I have reserved you a room over in town at the Fisherman's Paradise Hotel. They call it that because there are lots of good trout streams around here, and lots of people come here to fish. It would have been more fun to have you stay with me, but North Juniper is a small town; the people here are old-fashioned, and I have heard many of them say it is not proper for a young lady to entertain a gentleman overnight without anybody else in the house, and we would be alone because Father and Mother are both away, and people would talk, which would be unfortunate. And besides, I have noticed that when people are proper and old-fashioned, they maybe don't have so much fun, but they stay out of trouble, and we certainly don't want any more trouble than we have already, do we, Mr. Botts?"

"Certainly not," I said. "You are a very wise girl, Miss Miller."

"Thank you, Mr. Botts. I will keep on calling you Mr. Botts, because I want to show proper respect for your age. But you may call me just plain Cathy."



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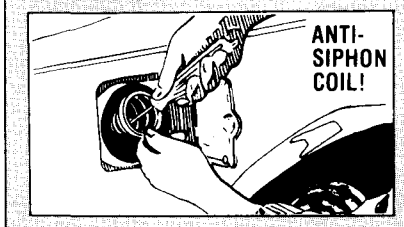

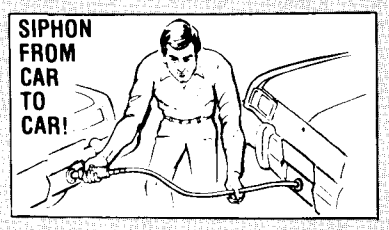

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"Very good, Cathy," I said.

"And now," she said, "I will take you to the hotel. It is in town, about five miles away. I can't take you there in Father's car because they claim I am too young to have a driver's license. This is another case of unfair discrimination because of age. But I have provided transportation anyway."

She led me around the small building and pointed proudly to a bicycle built for two.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she said. "It belongs to Father and Mother. They use it a lot for exercise and because it is more fun than a car. It's called a tandem. It cost three hundred and twenty-four dollars and ninety-nine cents. It's made in Italy. Look at all the chromium plate. Notice the headlight and the taillights and the baggage rack and the tool box. And it has a super-gearshift—fifteen speeds."

"Isn't that a good many?" I asked.

"It sure is. I can see that you know all about bicycles, Mr. Botts. Most bicycles have ten speeds or less, as well you know. But let's get going. I'll let you sit in front where you can handle the gear shift and the brake and do most of the steering. You understand machinery so much better than I do that I want to watch you and see how you handle things. I want to learn."

Note: At this point, Henderson, I realized that if I were to retain Cathy's respect and admiration I would have to ride on this silly machine—even though I had not been on a bicycle for many years. But I was not going to reveal my ignorance of all this newfangled gearshifting apparatus. So, with my usual cleverness, I evaded the issue.

"Cathy," I said, "if you want to learn to handle this machine more effectively, you should learn by doing. I insist, therefore, that you ride in front where I can see what you do and correct any mistakes you make."

Cathy agreed. We attached my suitcase to the baggage rack, and away we went. I did better than I had expected. The old saying must be true that if you once learn to swim, skate or ride a bicycle, you never forget. Cathy handled the controls from the front seat. I tagged along on the rear seat, and I had nothing but praise for Cathy's performance. We arrived at the hotel. I checked in to my room. And Cathy and I went into conference in a corner of the lobby. The conversation, as near as I can remember, went about as follows:

"What happened," said Cathy, "was that Father sold a tractor to a paper mill about ten miles south of here. When it arrived from the factory he told George, our chief mechanic, to deliver it. But George misunderstood. He took the tractor just around the corner here to a garage attached to the home of Mr. Clarence Huff, a slightly disagreeable man who owns a kind of low-grade hotel down near a little stream called Mud Creek about two miles from town. This hotel is in a poor location,

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and Father had been trying to sell Mr. Huff a tractor so he could move it to a better place and then landscape the grounds around it. But Mr. Huff, as I said, is slightly disagreeable, and he kept saying the price was too high, and Father was a crook and a robber for asking such an outrageous price for any such traveling junk pile as an Earthworm Tractor. And he was threatening to buy a Behemoth Tractor."

"That," I said, "is more than slightly disagreeable."

"Maybe so," said Cathy. "But wait till you hear the rest. When George reported where he had left the tractor, Father told him to go and bring it back. George went. And Mr. Huff had locked the garage, with the tractor inside, and he told George he was going to keep it. George came back and told Father, and Father went down and told Mr. Huff he couldn't keep the tractor because it was already promised to the paper mill. Then Mr. Huff sprung his big surprise."

"Surprise?"

"Yes. Mr. Huff claims to be an expert on almost everything. He told Father he had been reading and studying a lot of law books, and he was an authority. And he quoted what he claimed was the law on what is called unsolicited merchandise. It seems, according to Mr. Huff, that there are people that mail you some little piece of junk made by the poor starving natives of wherever it is, and the letter says it's your duty to help these poor creeps. If you keep the junk, the letter claims, you have got to send five dollars, or whatever it is, to pay for it. And this sort of thing got to be such a racket that Congress or somebody passed a law saying you don't have to pay for unsolicited merchandise, and you don't have to return it either."

"That does sound reasonable enough," I said.

"That's what Mr. Huff said, too. He said the same law applies to the tractor George left in his garage. It's unsolicited merchandise. So he's going to keep it. And he won't pay for it."

"But this case is entirely different. The man can't keep a valuable tractor just because somebody made a mistake. He can't do it."

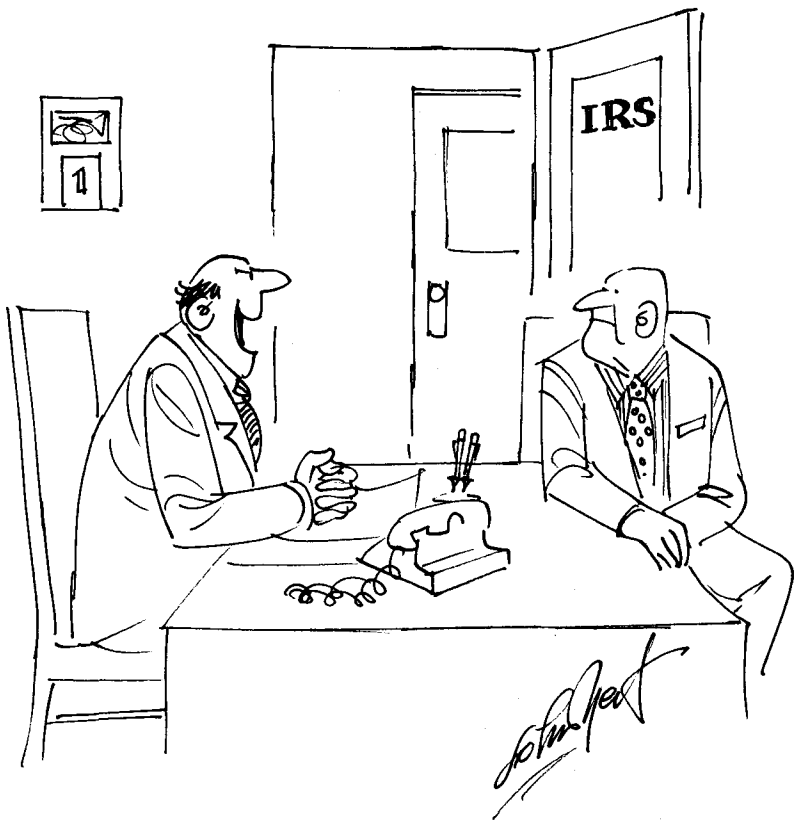
"He can't? He has. After George told Father what had happened, Father went down and tried to reason with Mr. Huff. But he got nowhere. So then Father got mad and told Mr. Huff he would go home and get an axe and chop down the garage door and take back his tractor."

"And that's what he did?"

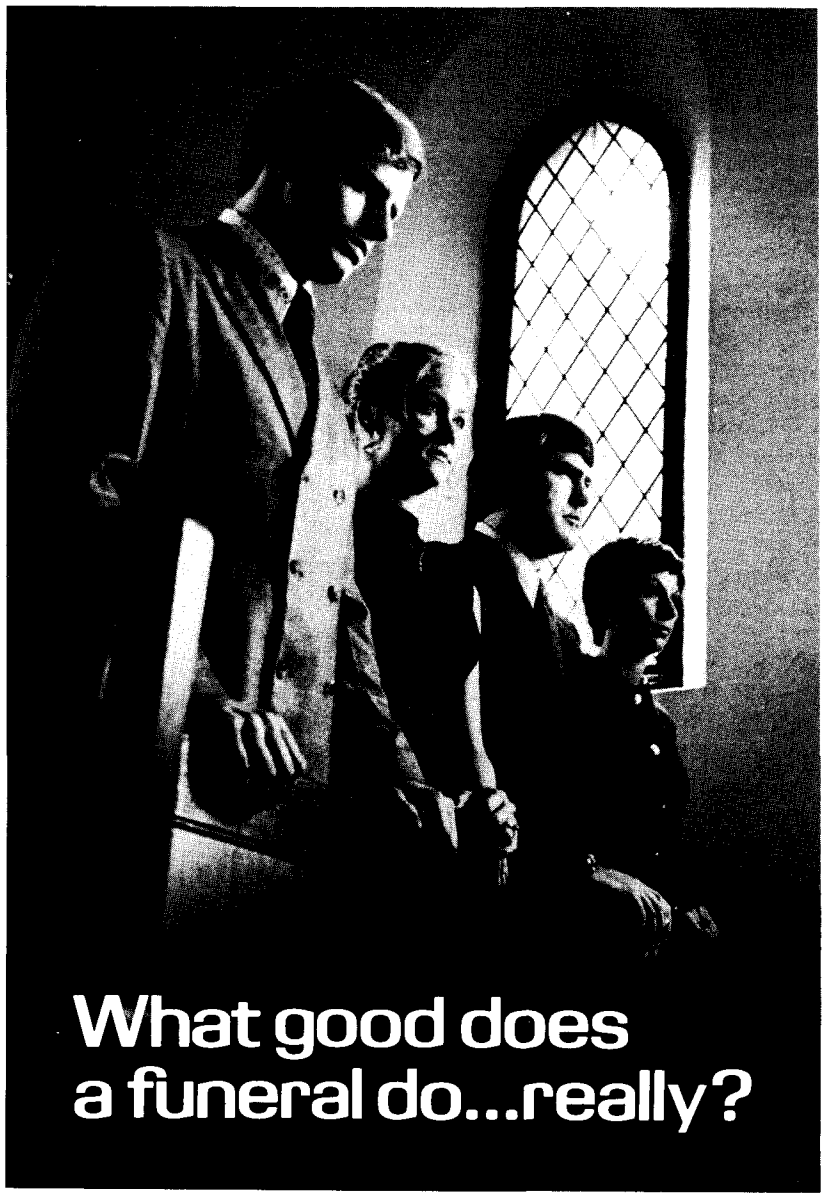
"Well, not exactly. He came back to the house and it was just like Mother once said. When Father gets really mad, he climbs right up the wall, across the ceiling, down the other side, and out the window. Of course he has never really done that. Mother just said so. It's a sort of a joke. You're supposed to laugh."

"Ha, ha!" I said.

"Never mind," said Cathy. "You



"Your return was neat, accurately figured and above question in every respect. What's your little game, Sir?"



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don't have to laugh just to please me. I told you Mother's little joke just to show you that Mother really understands Father. She knows how to handle him, too. They've been married longer than I can remember, but they still seem to be sort of in love, if you know what I mean. So, when Father gets mad and starts rip-snorting around, Mother doesn't yell at him. She talks gently and lovingly. And pretty soon after that Father quiets down. But this time Mother wasn't there. So Father went right on rampaging around."

"Your mother must be a very remarkable person," I said. "Did you say she is in the hospital?"

"Yes, but it's not too serious. As you say, Mother is a very remarkable person. But she's in the hospital for a very ordinary ailment—appendicitis. The operation was last week. There are no complications, so she ought to be home any day now."

"That's good," I said. "But you still haven't told me what your father did after he came home looking for an axe."

"Well, Father was so mad that the first thing he did was telephone George—he's our chief mechanic—at the tractor shop and fire him because he had delivered the tractor to the wrong place. But that didn't worry me—or even George. Father has got mad and fired George several times in the past, and later, when things calmed down, he has hired him back."

"And what," I asked, "did your father do after he fired George?"

"He grabbed the axe and headed for Mr. Huff's place. I didn't see what happened after that. I wasn't there, but I have heard about it from other people."

"And what did you hear?"

"It seems that while Father was busy firing George and getting the axe, Mr. Huff had got hold of the State Police, and two of them were waiting inside the garage. But when Father arrived he noticed that the door was strong and heavy, but there was a window that was open. So father dropped the axe and climbed in the window. And right away the two cops arrested him. Mr. Huff accused him of burglary, illegal entry, attempted grand larceny, armed robbery, and I don't know what all. Mr. Huff certainly knows a lot of legal language."

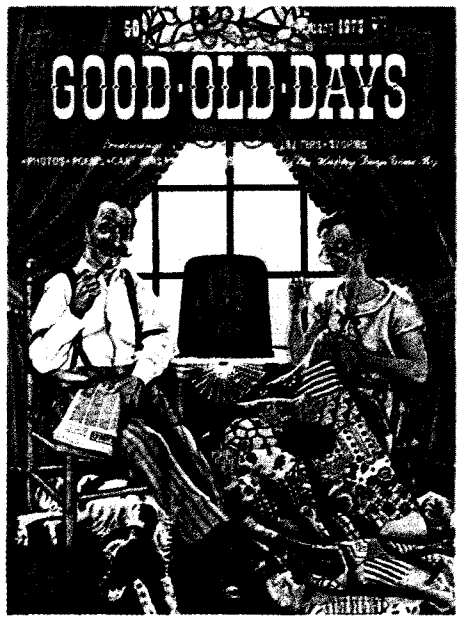
"Then what?"

"Apparently the State Police were nice guys. They tried to be polite, and they said they would take Father before some judge who would probably let him out on bail. But Father was still raging around and he said he would rather go to jail so he would have better grounds for suing Mr. Huff for a million dollars for false arrest. Then they took him off to jail. And you know what I think, Mr. Botts?"

"What?"

"I think this whole thing is a great big outrage. They have no right to keep my father in jail. I won't stand for it."

"I won't either," I said. "You and I, Cathy, will go



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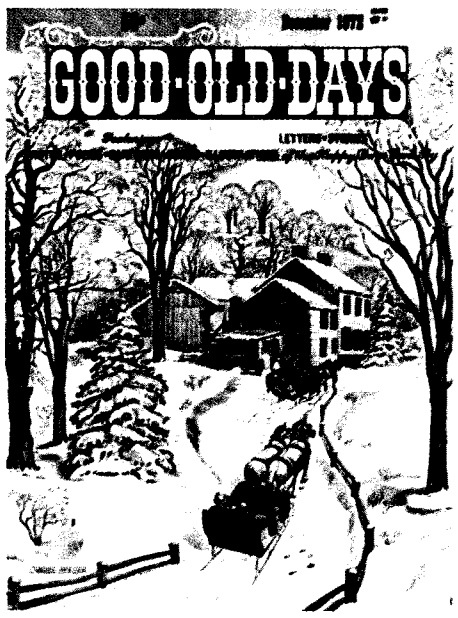

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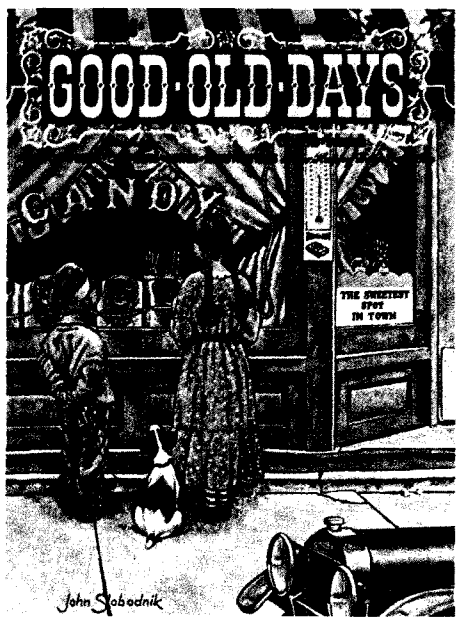

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into action in a hurry. First of all, we'll see your father and get the whole story from his point of view. We'll do it right this minute."

"We can't do it right this minute, Mr. Botts, because Father is too far away. There is no jail in this town, so they had to take him to St. Albans, which is almost a hundred miles from here."

I thought this over.

"Perhaps," I said, "we ought to go to the hospital and talk to your mother."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Botts, but the hospital is in Burlington, which is also almost a hundred miles away. This is such a small town that we don't have any of the usual conveniences."

"All right, then. We'll see your father and mother later. In the meantime we need a good lawyer. Is there such a thing around here?"

"There's one lawyer—that's all. He is a good one. But right now he is on a two-week vacation up in Canada."

"That's too bad," I said. "But we are not licked yet. I am a very methodical man, Cathy, and I had planned to see everybody else and get all the facts before I tackled Mr. Huff. But, besides being methodical, I am a man of action. I'll go ahead anyway."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'll find that man Huff as soon as I can. I'll demand that he drop all charges against your father, and drop them right now—or else. I will mince no words. I will talk tough and rough. I will just naturally flatten him out."

"Good for you, Mr. Botts! It's wonderful the way you are backing me up. Your idea of talking tough is absolutely right. It is even poetic: talking tough and talking rough is just the stuff to flatten Huff. And I suppose you're planning to surprise the man by creeping up on him like a tiger stalking its prey?"

"How do you mean?"

"I mean it's my guess you'll start out all sweetness and light. You'll flatter Mr. Huff by pretending you think he is some sort of superman."

"You really think he'll fall for that kind of flattery?"

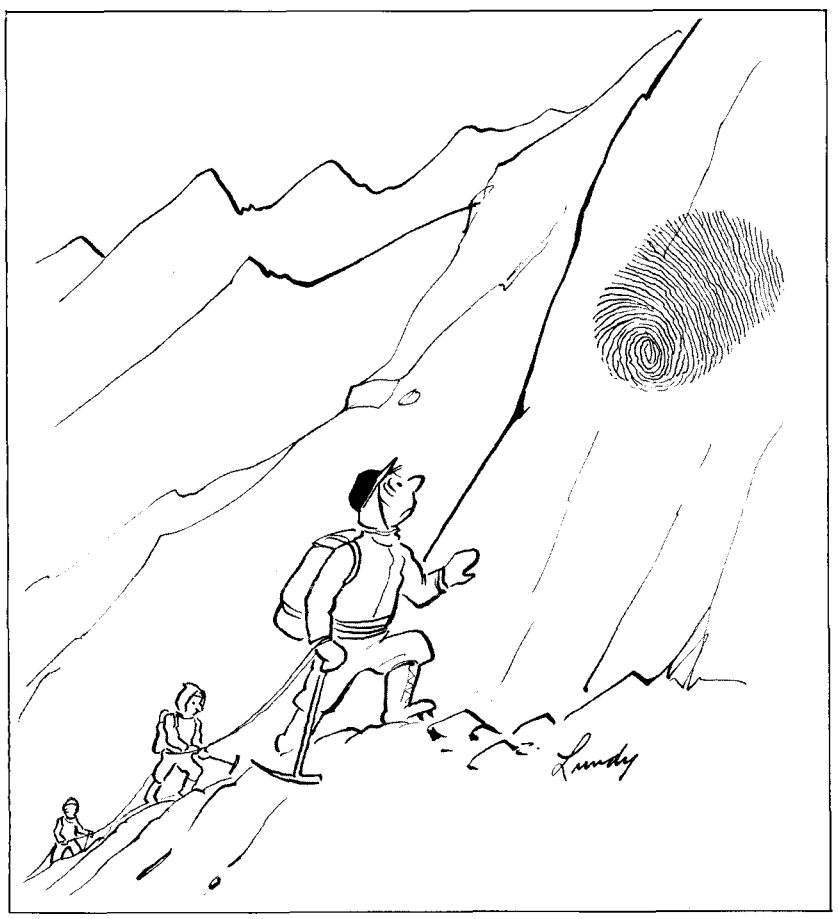
"Most men do, don't they?"

"Some do, some don't," I said. "Take me. I admit I enjoy being flattered. But I'm never taken in by it. I have too much sense."

"Of course you have, Mr. Botts. You are unusually intelligent. But Mr. Huff is stupid. And what's more, he is a bachelor. He has no wife. So it's like Mother says—a man needs a woman to keep him from going crazy, just the way a woman needs a man she can keep from going crazy—otherwise she would go crazy herself. What I'm trying to explain, Mr. Botts, is that Mr. Huff, because he is stupid and has no wife to keep him straight, will be an easy mark—a sitting duck."

"It's an interesting theory," I said.

"It's what they call psychology, Mr. Botts. What it means is that all you have to do is make Mr. Huff think you are his friend. Tell him he is wonderful and you want to help him. Talk him into a mellow mood. Get him off his guard. Then, when you suddenly get tough, he'll be so surprised and shocked that he won't be able to talk back, and you can bulldoze him into agreeing to almost anything."



"Just where did you acquire all this wisdom, Cathy? In school?"

"No. I sort of figured it out myself. I don't go to school anymore."

"You don't go to school? Why not?"

"The North Juniper School is closed on account of a teachers' strike. But that doesn't bother me at all. I already know enough reading, writing, and arithmetic to get by. What I need now is higher education. I don't want to waste my time sitting around a stuffy schoolroom listening to a teacher giving me secondhand information out of books. I want to get out and travel all over the world and see for myself what is going on. With that kind of education I could be much more useful in the world. I could be a lot more helpful to a lot more people—the way you are, Mr. Botts."

"Well, well," I said, hiding my surprise. "You may have a point there."

"But let's get back to Mr. Huff," said Cathy. "You are perfectly right, Mr. Botts, in being ready to hand him a real slam-bang tough talk. But don't forget to start with the soft, smooth stuff. It's just possible he might fall for it in a big way. Then you wouldn't have to get rough."

"I'll bear it in mind," I said. "Just where does Mr. Huff live?"

Cathy led me outside and pointed down a side street to Mr. Huff's house with the attached garage. She then pointed up the main street to a large building with a sign:

MATTHEW MILLER
EARTHWORM
TRACTOR DEALER

"That," she said, "is where you can find me after you are through with Mr. Huff."

She started off on the front seat of her tandem bicycle, and I walked down the side street to Mr. Huff's house. The door of the attached garage was open. Inside was a man reading a book—but no tractor. I entered and addressed the man.

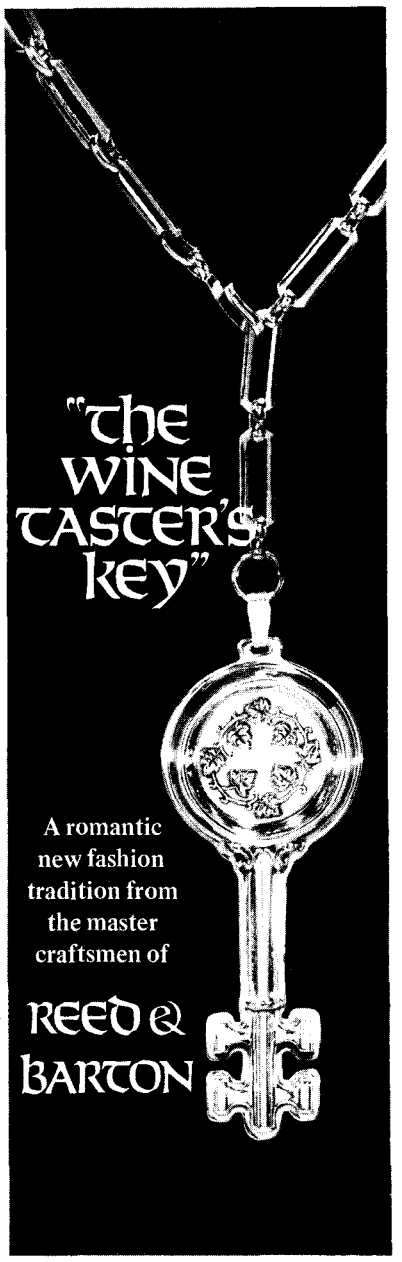
"Are you Mr. Clarence Huff?" I inquired politely.

"Yes. But don't bother me. I'm busy."

As the man seemed annoyed but not dangerously hostile, I continued in my most friendly manner: "My name is Alexander Botts. I am a representative of the Earthworm Tractor Company, traveling through the country checking on the business ethics of our dealers. I have learned that you are one of the most prominent and respected citizens of this region. And I understand there is reason to suspect that one of our dealers, Mr. Matthew Miller, has been attempting to victimize you by what have been described as unfair practices. I hope you will tell me of any fraud or chicanery that may have been perpetrated on you by Mr. Miller. You may speak frankly. I am your friend. I am here to help you."

This speech, designed merely to put the man in a receptive mood,

Continued on page 97



This distinguished sterling silver adaptation of an antique bronze 19th-Century French sommelier's key to the royal wine cellars of Versailles not only serves as an elegant piece of jewelry but as a taste vin or wine sip as well. The key "loop," delicately garlanded with grape leaves, holds a half ounce, enough for the connoisseur to judge the bouquet, texture and clarity of the wine under consideration. With its adjustable, rhodium-plated 39" chain, it may be worn as a pendant or a belt. Even "his lordship" may wish to play the wine steward on festive occasions! See page 129A for convenient tear-out order form.

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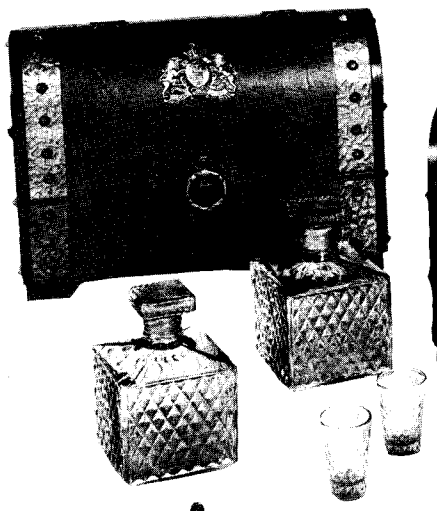
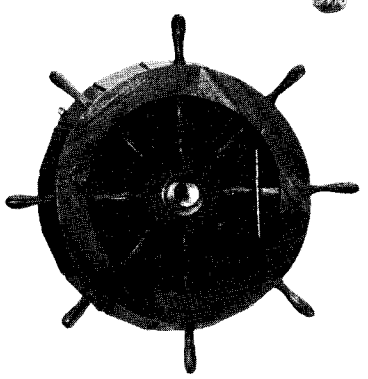
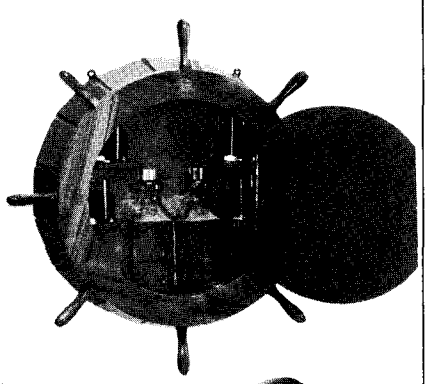


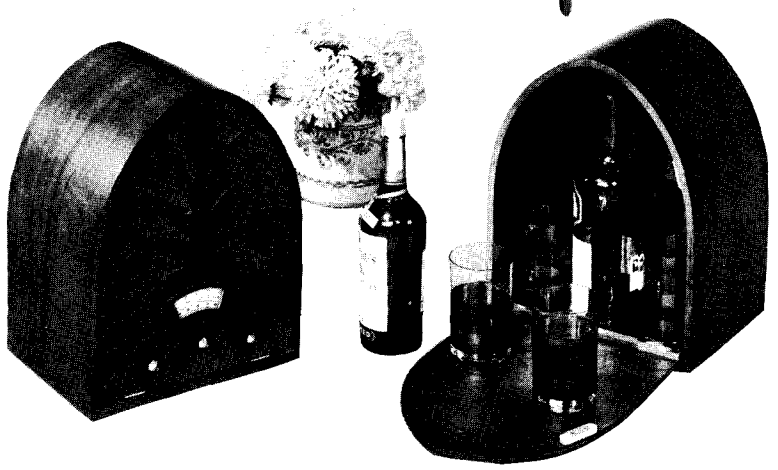
Monaco Decanter Set. A luxurious hardwood leatherette covered chest in mocha brown or black with antiqued metal trim and hardware. Lift-up front reveals two 16-ounce amber decanters plus four shot glasses set into a red velveteen shelf. 12"L x 8½"H x4½"D. Weighs 6 lbs. $22.00.



Marine Bar. An authentic nautical look in a wall bar shaped like a ship's wheel. Hardwood with a teak front. Six-piece glassware set includes two decanters. 24" diameter. 17 lbs. $50.00.



Olde Time Radio Bar. A touch of nostalgia . . . a bar that is an authentic reproduction of the radio of the 1930's. Constructed of fine hardwood and finished in a rich walnut luster. Open the front panel and you will find four designer decorated jumbo size glasses and storage space for two quarts of your favorite beverage. 11"W x 14½"H x 8½"D. Weighs 9 lbs. $39.00 each.



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TWO JAM JARS

continued from page 75

hesitate to call." I finally summoned the nerve to get her out of bed and she came over immediately. She was accompanied by a nurse, too, who was in the process of doing her midwifery training.

Everyone was making guesses about what hour the baby would be born. After examination she said things were going well, so we all settled down to putting a jigsaw puzzle together. About 3:00 a.m. the contractions tapered off. The midwife, however, assured me that things had progressed far enough and that I would probably have the baby sometime that day. She stayed with me, even though she could have gone home for a while. Contractions came and went. Finally the jigsaw puzzle lost its appeal and we got some sleep. Even at breakfast later that morning we were still getting rounds of convincing, then unconvincing contractions. The midwife gave me a hot bath and enema and things began to get underway. About noon my doctor was called. He came about two hours before the baby was born.

My mother-in-law had arrived earlier that day to take care of Caroline during my labor. Caroline was with me until her nap time at noon. During her nap time the first stage of labor was coming to an end. The breathing exercises worked like a charm. The atmosphere of home made relaxing much easier. No anesthesia was necessary as I was in complete control of the contractions. We got our standing mirror down from the dresser and I watched as Laura was born. Alexander was the one to announce that we had a girl. A few minutes later Alexander and I were holding our new baby.

Meanwhile my mother-in-law had gotten Caroline up from her nap and taken her out for a walk. While I was being given a sponge bath and the baby was being cleaned up, the midwife asked us where Baby's present for Caroline was. We were both taken aback. I had thought vaguely of a present for Caroline but I never expected the baby to arrive early. Alexander rushed out to the local shops and returned with two toys and a bottle of champagne.

One hour after Laura's birth Caroline returned from her walk and came in to find her new sister lying in the crib with two toys for her. Caroline was thrilled; her new sister was as good as Santa Claus! We took pictures of everyone. Laura and Caroline sat in my lap as Alexander took pictures. I'll always treasure those pictures and especially because Caroline looks like it's her party.

We then had a glass of champagne and while we were celebrating I called my mother in the United States to tell her the good news.

When the excitement was over, everyone left the bedroom. I felt as if

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Why Models Stay Young Till Sixty!

This is 39-year-old Oleda Baker, author of this eye-opening new guide. Would you believe her age? Learn her youth-secrets, and those of dozens of other top models, entirely at our risk. Read the thrilling details on this page!

Revealed at last! By the world's most beautiful women — who make their living by being, and staying, young! What they *really* do to:

—add *not a single pound* to their figures, even though they add five, ten, twenty or thirty candles to their birthday cakes!

—rinse so much shine into their hair that it has to be powdered down so it doesn't glare into the TV cameras!

—smooth out ugly veins from their hands and feet, in exactly the same way that they smooth out ugly lines from their necks and faces!

—leave their double-chin in bed when they get up in the morning, because they know the right way to simply "sleep it away"!

—"pearlize" their skin, so you would never dream that they too suffered from blackheads, enlarged pores or acne!

These Beauty Secrets—And Dozens More Just Like Them—Earn These Women Up To $100 An Hour! Now They Are YOURS For Only A Few Pennies Apiece!

What we are offering you, in fact, is the world's first "inside" manual on how ordinary women (with perhaps a slightly better face and a slightly better figure than yours) *are transformed overnight into stunning beauties! With pounds carved painlessly off their figures! Years smoothed effortlessly off their faces! Every good feature perfected, and every bad feature either corrected or disguised!*

And then—when the absolute exquisite face-figure has been created out of the raw girl who first came into the studio—*this dazzling physical beauty is then "frozen" against time and weight-gain-of-even-an-ounce for ten . . . twenty . . . even forty years!*

For great models are not born; they are made! (On page 10 of this eye-opening volume, you are taken behind-the-scenes in the most glamorous "sorority" in the world, and you are shown that *there is scarcely a model alive who did not need to have ten or twenty pounds whisked off her figure, and a major transformation made on her face, before a top model agency offered her a contract!)*

But these women made themselves slim, and made themselves radiant *far more cleverly and easily than you have ever dreamed.* Let us prove that to you *right now:*

Take Slimming, For Example! How Would You Like To Eat What You Want, When You Want It—And Still Get And Stay Slim Forever!

Let us just quote *one* of the models whose "forever-young, forever-slim" secrets are revealed here! She says, quite frankly, "I positively adore food. And I never, but never, starve myself. *Yet I weigh the same today as when I started modelling more than ten years ago.*" (Italics ours.)

Why? Because she uses the "Self-Maintaining Diet"! The diet that's fun, that's the happiest of adventures! That actually tames, overnight, those sudden wild urges that destroy your figure! That re-educates your taste buds *and* your metabolism, so that you find yourself *able to eat what you want, when you want it, without gaining so much as an ounce—and (at least at the beginning) losing as much as a pound a day!*

Using this diet strategy, *food becomes an ally rather than an enemy! It fills you up, but never out!* Using this strategy, one model went from 140 pounds to 123 pounds in well under a single month—*and she still ate what she pleased on weekends!*

Using this strategy, every other model (with the exception of one or two) who faithfully followed it for ten days *lost ten big pounds—to start!* Another (a perfectionist) went from 133 to 97 pounds! Another, who was bottom-heavy, not only shed ugly pounds all over her body—*but spot-exercised the flab right off her bottom so perfectly that she now does bathing suit ads!*

And This "Frozen Slenderness" Is Only The Beginning Of The Stunning New Beauty These Top Models Can Give You! Without Your Risking A Penny!

For example:

Of all women, a successful model must always be a healthy, sexually vibrant, powerhouse of energy! She must be able to "turn on the dazzle" at a moment's notice—*despite the fact* that she has been dashing all over the city, toting pounds of clothes, a make-up kit, and often a wig box! *Here are the "glamour vitamins" that turn on such amazing stores of physical vitality—ready to go to work for you within seconds after you read page 42!*

Nor can an $80-an-hour model afford the slightest trace of dandruff! After trying *all* the expensive treatments and preparations, *here's how they simply rinse the ugly flakes away, at home, in seconds—for pennies!* (Page 63.)

And glasses are out too! Weak eyes, aging eyes, dull eyes can cost a model her career! *These top models believe that most women take to spectacles simply because of lazy eye muscles, just as most women take to girdles because of lazy body muscles!* And if you want to escape the "eye-glass-prison"—perhaps far faster than you've ever dreamed—check page 68 the moment you get this book!

And how about strong, sexy teeth! Did you ever hear, for example, of the new *sealants* that can be applied to your teeth in seconds, *to shield them from harmful bacteria!* (See page 73.)

SPECIAL BONUS SECTION: Tips from top hand models that may solve your rough, red problem forever! They say bluntly that there is simply no excuse any longer for hands that are anything else but silken smooth—and nails that are as strong as steel! One glance at the "magic" hand exercises on page 81 may convince you, for good!

PLUS, of course, the same "million-dollar-know-how" for your *feet* as well! Including a natural-fruit way to keep their skin exquisitely white and fine-pored! And a simple little action that builds a natural-shield against calluses right into them!

These Models Say Old-Fashioned Huff-And-Puff Exercises Are OUT! If You Want A 28-Inch Waist At Age Sixty—Do This Instead . . .

Just MOVE the way you're shown on pages 89 to 103 . . . and watch inches seem to evaporate into thin air—as though you could practically "smile" them away!

Here are special, super-effective slimmers for the stomach, legs, hips, calves, derriere, arms, bosom—and *especially* that embarrassing "below-stomach bulge" that otherwise grows larger and larger! Also two startling "firmer-uppers" for neck lines and for bags under your eyes that you must try *at once* if you suffer from either one!

Incidentally, if you want to smooth out lip wrinkles, also check page 101 at once!

And this is still just the beginning! We just don't have room enough here to mention all the professional beauty secrets revealed at last in this eye-opening book! For example:

How to eliminate muddy, bumpy-looking complexion *with nothing but water . . .*

How to get rid of "early morning wrinkles and bags," *in minutes . . .*

How to build a voice as seductive as your new body—a complete mini-course . . .

How to achieve the illusion of a near-perfect face (for example, if you have a receding chin, how to "add" to it in seconds) . . .

How to blend your own shampoos, skin creams and facials, that cost almost nothing, *but far outperform the expensive kind . . .*

And Much, Much More! But Read Them All—Prove Them All, From Cover To Cover—Without Risking A Penny!

This book is for people who want to get things done! You owe it to yourself to try it! We take all the risk! Why not send in the coupon—TODAY!

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

OLEDA BAKER (pictured at the above) is a well-known fashion model and covergirl who also performs in television commercials. Between modeling assignments, she paints, designs jewelry and clothes, and takes care of her husband, Stephen, her son, David, and their New York home.

BILL GALE, a former award-winning advertising copy writer, has written for many national magazines.

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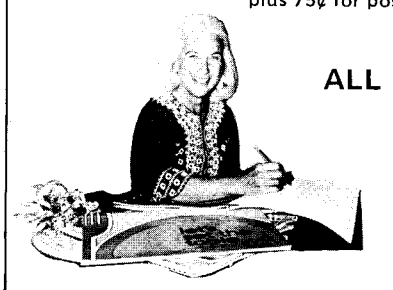

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we had all shared a miracle, together. I slept very soundly.

Later that evening we had dinner and discussed the day's events. We looked around—there was no trace of what had happened that afternoon. At 10:00 Alexander came to bed. There we were, just like any other night.

The next morning my series of postnatal visits began. The nurse came first at 8:30. She attended to the baby and then examined me to make sure I was progressing back to normal.

About 10:00 my midwife arrived, checked the baby, examined me, tidied up the room, played with Caroline, had a cup of coffee and a chat, and then prepared to leave. She reminded me on her way out that I mustn't get out of bed until the next day, when I would be permitted only to go to the bathroom. All that took place in twenty minutes. I thought she must be one of the most pleasantly organized people I know. That afternoon my doctor arrived just to make sure things were going well. He examined us both and promised to come "the day after tomorrow."

While I was confined to my bed, Alexander's mother looked after Caroline for meals, walks and bedtime. The rest of the time Caroline was in and out, excitedly pointing to the "Bebe" and reading stories with me on the bed.

The second day the routine continued. The midwife was interested to see how the breastfeeding was going. Although I had had no trouble establishing breastfeeding with Caroline in the hospital, at home I could feed Laura on more of a demand basis. She seemed much happier for the flexibility.

The third day was very similar to the previous day but I was allowed to walk around upstairs for the first time.

The next day my mother-in-law went home. She was replaced by a marvelous housekeeper we hired who ran the house, did the cooking and shopping and helped with the children. The midwife continued to come daily. The doctor came every other day until Laura was ten days old. I was then officially discharged from domiciliary postnatal care.

During my midwife's visits she brought over her beautiful gardening book, so we could identify one of our fruit plants in the garden. On identification she and my housekeeper got into a huddle and the next morning we had fresh quince jelly for breakfast. Every day I did a little more. Taking things gradually increased my ability to recover swiftly. After three weeks of my housekeeper's stay I felt virtually back to normal. I had had a good rest and a progressive recuperation. The day she left my mother arrived from the States. She helped me cope with the demands of a newly recovered mother. When she left, two weeks later, I felt completely ready to carry on without any help.

I may be part of a dying experience in England. This year approximately 20 percent of expectant mothers will have their babies at home. Yet it was not much more than sixty years ago that home deliveries were the order of the day and hospitals were restricted to the care of the sick.

If the bulk of obstetricians get their way, home deliveries will no longer take place. Their main argument is that no risk is worth taking and the minor inconvenience of the regimented hospital procedure should be overlooked for the safety of mother and baby. Still, domiciliary confinements have a good record. In researching this article, I spoke to one borough council official who told me that they had two stillbirths in 1,500 home deliveries, and that one of the babies would have died regardless of the circumstances. Another borough official told me that in about 800 they had a perfect record. If all the precautions are taken, I was told, the risks should be "minimal."

An extensive survey conducted by the Association for Improvement of Maternity Services indicates that 84 percent of women who experienced a hospital and a home confinement prefer to have their baby at home. This statistic must be an indictment of the hospital's ability to relate to the individual needs of each patient. Several midwives told me they would prefer to have their babies at home. When I asked the reason one said, "Labor in hospitals has become too mechanized."

Nine-to-five inductions for doctors' convenience are becoming more common. "Rooming in" for the baby doesn't exist in many hospitals. Husbands are still denied the right to see their own baby's birth. Younger children are denied access to their mothers during hospitalization and are forced to meet their newest "rival" at the doorstep. Anesthetics are encouraged and even pushed in some instances, despite the wishes of the mother. If indeed home confinements are being phased out, the answer is that we must try to incorporate some of these human factors into the hospital atmosphere.

Doctors must put themselves in the woman's place and treat laboring mothers as if they are performing a natural function, rather than suffering from an infectious disease. Each woman should be given the right to be the master of her own labor. If doctors attended natural childbirth classes as part of their obstetric education they would have a much greater understanding of the needs and goals of their patients.

The sense of anticlimax that many women feel after the birth of a baby never affected me. The whole process of watching my baby being born in familiar surroundings, and my family being an integral part of her birth, gave me a strength to draw on. It is a strength that no machine could graph.

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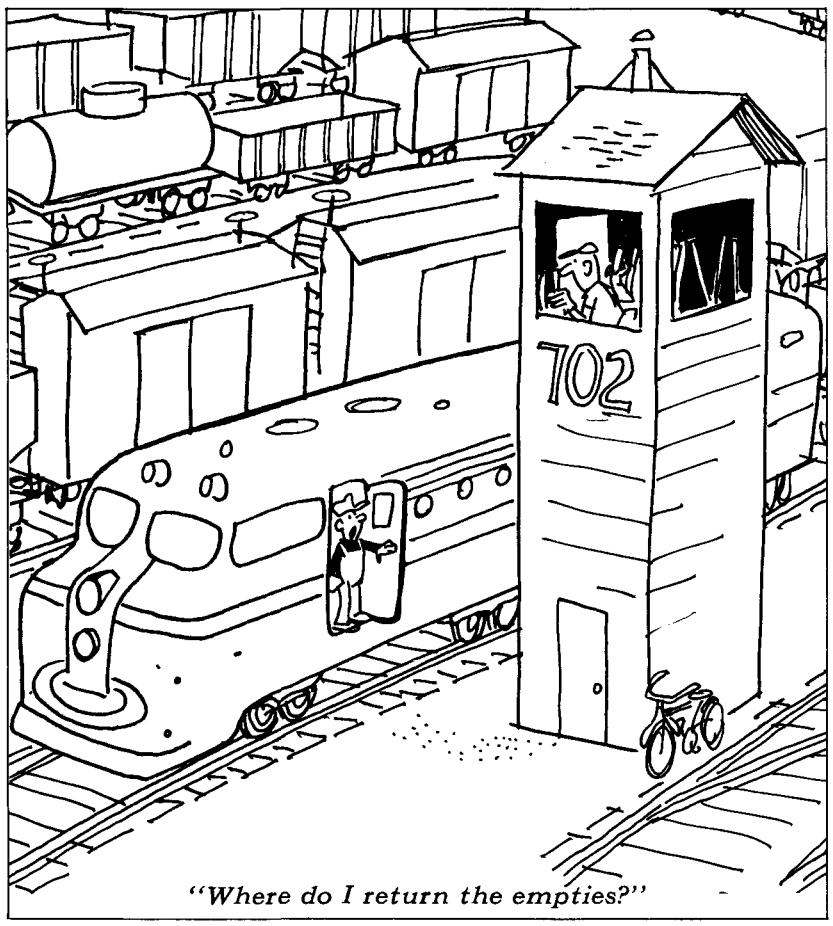

"Where do I return the empties?"

continued from page 93

went over far better than I had anticipated. As soon as I had finished, Mr. Huff grasped me warmly by the hand and spoke as follows:

"Mr. Botts," he said, "I am delighted to meet you. I am in deep trouble. I need help. I need it right now. And I have a feeling you can provide this help."

"Tell me about it," I said. "Are your troubles in some way connected with Mr. Matthew Miller?"

"Yes—and no," he said. "It is true that I have had some slight difficulties with Mr. Miller. He has been trying to sell me an Earthworm Tractor. We had the usual quibbling about price and so on. Then he tried to high-pressure me by delivering a tractor before I had agreed to take it, and demanding that I either buy it or return it at once. I naturally refused to fall for this racket, and I decided to teach him a lesson by saying I was going to keep the machine without paying for it."

"You were just kidding him?"

"Of course. But the man has no sense of humor. He threatened to use force. So I notified the State Police. And when Mr. Miller actually burglarized my garage in an attempt to get back his tractor, the police arrested him—which served him right."

"But you say that you are now in some sort of trouble yourself?"

"I sure am, Mr. Botts. And the worst of it is that Mr. Miller is the only person around here who could help me out. But he's in jail, and he probably blames me for it. So I wouldn't dare ask him for help. And I wouldn't dare ask his mechanic, George, because George is probably sore at me too. So I was sunk, Mr. Botts, until you came along. You will help me, won't you, Mr. Botts?"

"Certainly, Mr. Huff. But just what is this trouble you say you are in?"

"I own a hotel, Mr. Botts. It's a wooden building with twenty bedrooms and a dining room. It could have made a good profit for me, but it was in a bad location on the far side of a stream known as Mud Creek. So not long ago I bought some land that would make an ideal place for it on the near side of the creek. I jacked up the hotel. I put skids under it. And I planned to buy a tractor to move it across the creek and to do some landscaping around it. But the tractor deal fell through."

"I know. You told me about that. Then what?"

"Yesterday," said Mr. Huff, "it occurred to me that with Mr. Miller in jail and nobody to stop me, I might as well use the tractor to move the hotel. So I started it up and it ran fine for about two miles—all the way across the Mud Creek bridge and along the bank to the hotel. I hooked the tractor to the hotel with a long chain and dragged it down the slope and part way across the creek. Everything went fine until the tractor reached the far bank with the hotel still in the middle of the creek. And right then the motor began to sputter and cough, and the tractor would no longer pull."

"Let me get this straight," I said. "The tractor ran all right with no load or just a light load?"

"Yes, Mr. Botts."

"But as soon as it was under a heavy load, the motor quit?"

"Yes. I worked on that motor for an hour. It would start all right. But

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TALK OF THE TIMES

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when I put it in gear and let in the clutch it would stall. So I gave up. Fortunately, I remembered that back here at the house I had left this book: *The Care and Operation of Earthworm Tractors*. So I hitchhiked to town. And for the past hour I have been studying the book."

"Have you learned anything?" I asked.

"Sure. I don't pretend to be an experienced tractor operator, but I am a sort of natural-born mechanic. With this inborn aptitude and with the information in the book, I have discovered exactly what is the matter. The diesel injection valves are defective. I will need an entire new set—one for each of the eight cylinders. Does this sound to you like a reasonable solution, Mr. Botts?"

"It certainly does," I said, still trying to be agreeable.

"And this," said Mr. Huff, "brings us back to the problem I mentioned a moment ago. The only place anywhere near that carries Earthworm diesel injection valves is the Earthworm agency, which at present is in the charge of George, the chief mechanic. But I wouldn't dare ask George for anything. He wouldn't be in a helpful mood. Also, he is a big guy; he might actually throw me out on my ear."

"He might indeed," I said, cleverly concealing the fact that George was no longer around.

"But you, Mr. Botts," said Mr. Huff, "are an important man in the Earthworm Company. George would listen to you. He would let you have a set of those valves."

"I don't like to ask him," I said. "I am conducting an undercover investigation. I am not supposed to reveal my identity to any of the dealership personnel."

"But this is a real emergency," said Mr. Huff. "I've got to have those valves right away. That little stream, Mud Creek, looks harmless now. But last spring we had a flash flood and it became a raging torrent. If we have another flood—which might come at any time—it would wash away my beautiful hotel. There would be nothing left of it. For me this would be a real disaster. Please, please, Mr. Botts, won't you do something?"

"All right," I said, "I will break the rules. I will cooperate with you—provided you will cooperate with me. I will do you a big favor—provided you will do a small favor for Mr. Matthew Miller and his Earthworm Agency."

"Anything you say, Mr. Botts."

"Very good. I will persuade whoever is in charge at the Earthworm Agency to supply a set of injection valves. I will install them, start the tractor, and pull your hotel out of the creek. Is this a sufficiently big favor to satisfy you?"

"Yes."

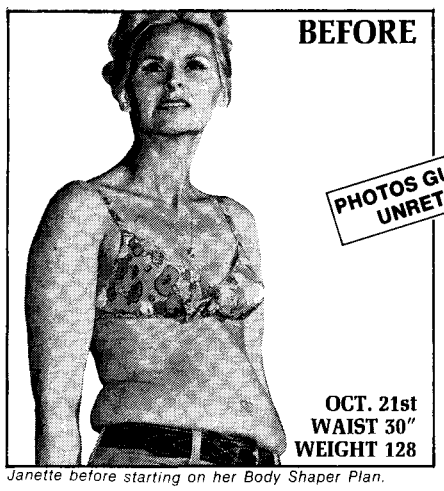
"In return, I ask only two small favors. First, you drop all charges against Mr. Matthew Miller—thus getting him out of jail. This will cost you nothing. Second, you sign a sales order, providing that, as soon as I

Continued on page 109

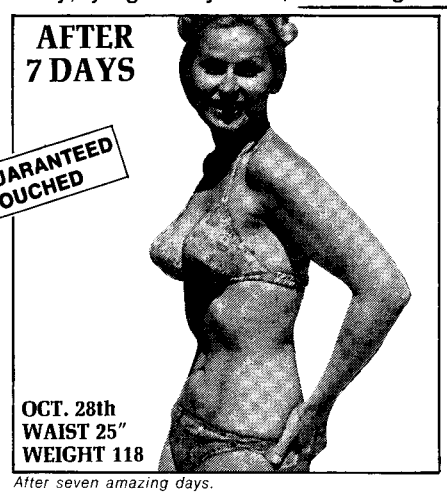
JANETTE COUPAR writes to tell us that... CASE #1176

"in only 7 days I lost 5 inches off my waist and 10 pounds of weight"

"One 5 minute exercise, twice daily, lying on my back, without giving up the foods I love—*DID IT!*"



Janette before starting on her Body Shaper Plan.



After seven amazing days.

9 months later — shapelier than ever in her life — WITH RESULTS THAT STAY!

SHE SAW AND FELT RESULTS IN 3 DAYS!

SUCCESS REVISITED: RESULTS THAT STAY!

All too often, people lose weight, but instantly gain it back! The reason: diet or exercise, or both, were difficult and boring to follow. We wanted to know: Does our "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan fit this category?

We contacted former students to find out. Janette Coupar, the second in our series, had this to tell us:

"The fast results I made on your plan within 7 days amazed me and my friends. Although I was delighted, I still had the apprehension that I would gain back all my weight and inches within a few weeks, as I usually did on previous diets. The exercise on the plan was so simple to do, it made me feel so vital and alive. And since I could eat the foods I like, and didn't have to make drastic changes in my eating pattern, I found sticking to the plan simple to follow. Today, 9 months later, I still maintain my low weight and measurements. In fact, I feel firmer and shapelier, and my once-ripply skin is gone forever. What has happened to me in the past few months convinces me that I can now stay firm and shapely for years to come. I want to congratulate you on your simple, amazing slimmer plan — and I hope all women who need to slim down, firm their bodies and maintain good health, will realize that there is a simple plan for them to follow. Keep up the good work."

WHAT IS THIS INGENIOUS PLAN?

The Weider "5 Minute Body Shaper" plan is based on doing ONE CONTINUOUS RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE while still eating the foods you like. **That's all you do!** This one five-minute exercise is designed to attack the Waistline and Hipline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look)—as well as burn off excess body fat fast by speeding up your metabolism, burning up stored calories and releasing excess water—while reshaping your bustline, hipline, firming up your legs and arms—YOUR TOTAL FIGURE!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts ...or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 oz. and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space — anytime. Even while watching television.

WHAT COMES OFF IN 14 DAYS?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14 day period, you can expect to lose up to four inches from your waistline and up to ten pounds off your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. IT TOUGHENS YOU UP. For a '5-Minute Exerciser' — it sure does a lot!

WHAT SATISFIED CUSTOMERS SAY:

Results vary depending on how much overweight each of our students is. Nevertheless, this is a sampling from the impressive letters we receive: **Janette Coupar:** "I lost five inches off my waistline in seven days." **Jennifer McCarthy:** "I lost 6½ inches off my waist in 14 days." **Sandy Dixon:** "I lost five inches off my waistline in 7 days." **Dyan Del Compos:** "I lost 6¼ inches off my waistline in 14 days."

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"Based on sound physiological and medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart or other organs. I lost 12 pounds of excess weight using it." — DR. ANITA D. SANTANGELO, Chiropractic Orthopedics, West Los Angeles, Calif.

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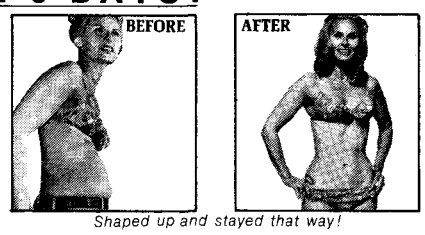

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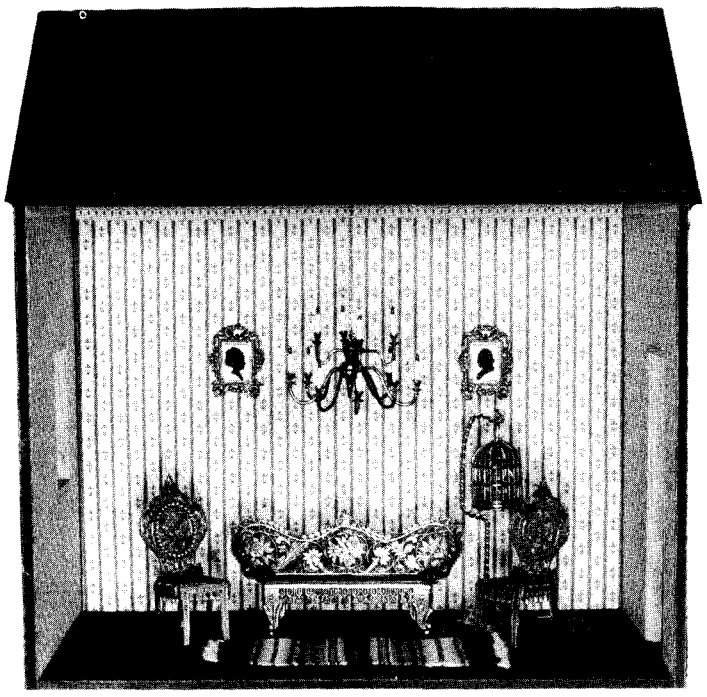

"The House that Grows" One room with roof. (Kit)

"The House that Grows" may be purchased separately and its furniture added piece by piece. When assembled, the house measures 12"x9"x8". Only $10.00 (No. 18-58-1).

Shown in photograph and available individually, the following items are the perfect complement to this charming Colonial room.

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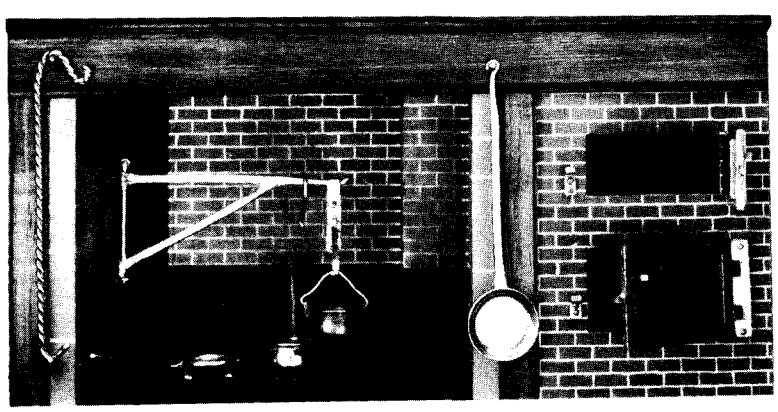

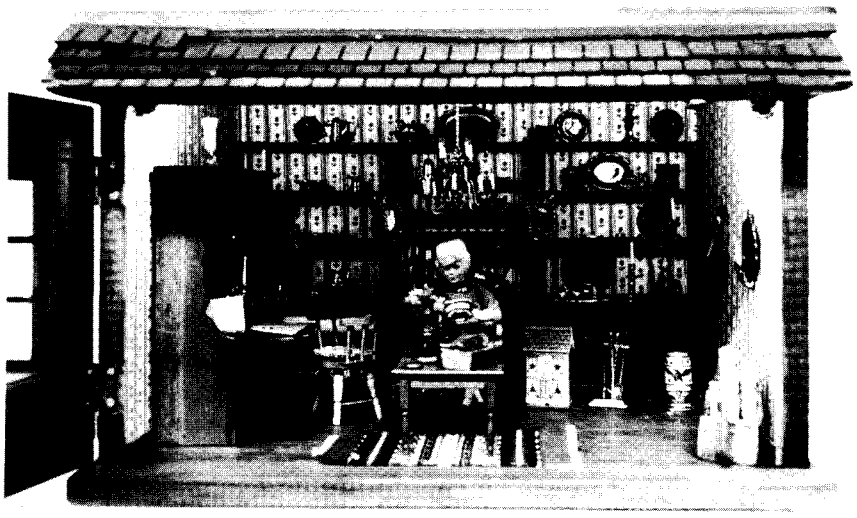

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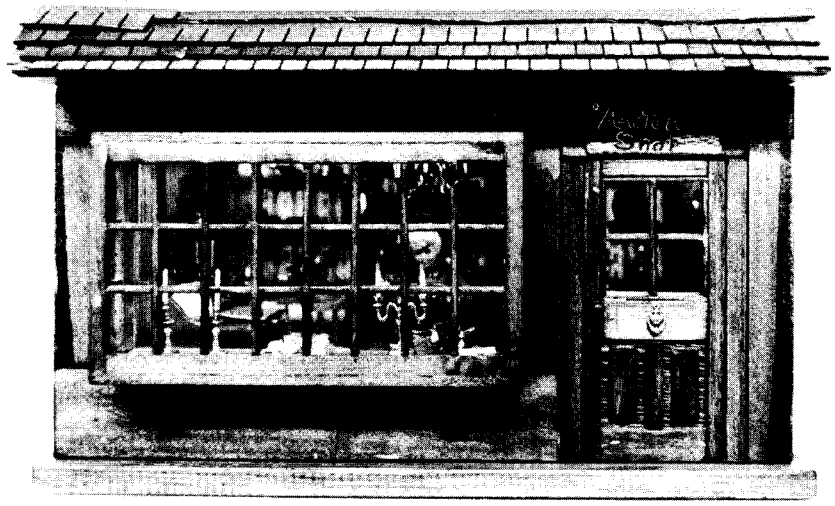
The Pewter Shop with Door Closed. Shop is electrified.



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RED GULCH

continued from page 50

"Don't be impatient, little man," said Tenney. Then he looked Don Rafael in the eye. "I just want my friend here to take all the time he needs to consider what it feels like to be locked up in prison for five years," he said.

"I have often considered it," said Don Rafael sadly. "It makes me shudder."

"You mean," said Feeney virtuously to Tenney, "that you're a ex-convict?"

Tenney looked up at the ceiling and spoke in a musing manner. "Once," he said, "I was in partnership on a mining claim down California way. The claim wasn't paying off much to speak of and my partner got impatient. He took and robbed the bank of Angels Camp of ten thousand dollars——"

"Eight thousand," said Don Rafael, who was listening attentively.

"Well, you know how these banks always exaggerate their losses," said Tenney. "Anyway, a posse got red-hot on the heels of my partner and he had to ditch his loot."

"What," asked Bart McCormack greedily, "did he do with it?"

"I planted it on my son, my cousin, my dear friend, Tenney," said Don Rafael disconsolately. "I shall never forgive myself."

"Neither will I," Tenney told him glumly.

"But you must admit that the circumstances were extenuating," said Don Rafael defensively. "You they only gave five years. Me they would have hanged. Remember, my son, that these jury which tried you and would have tried me was made up of a most narrow-minded group of married men, some of whom were possessed of unreasonable suspicions concerning their most delightfully adorable little wives."

"That I know," admitted Tenney, with the air of a man who wishes to be fair in all things. "But still and all, Rafael, I think that five years of my life was a whole heaping lot too much for me to pay on account of you never could detect a wedding ring in the dark."

Then he turned as the saloon doors flew open and a yellow-haired girl, who at first glance seemed to be no more than sixteen, came running in, closely followed by Jim Jessup, the stagecoach driver. Tenney's left arm shot out and pulled the girl protectively toward him, and the right hand was just a blur as it snaked down and came up holding a six-gun pointed at Jim Jessup's brisket.

"What kind of a man are you to come achasing of a little girl into a dump like this?" he asked reproachfully.

"I'm not a little girl, and you let me be!" said the girl vehemently, and she kicked vigorously at Tenney's shins.

Finally she broke loose from Tenney, and the rest of us got a good look at her. She was as pretty as a mustang colt in a spring pasture and there was a look in her eyes that made some of us decide that she was a great deal more than sixteen. Probably eighteen.

"I know who you are," she told Montana Martin. "I've heard a lot about your place and I want to go to work for you."

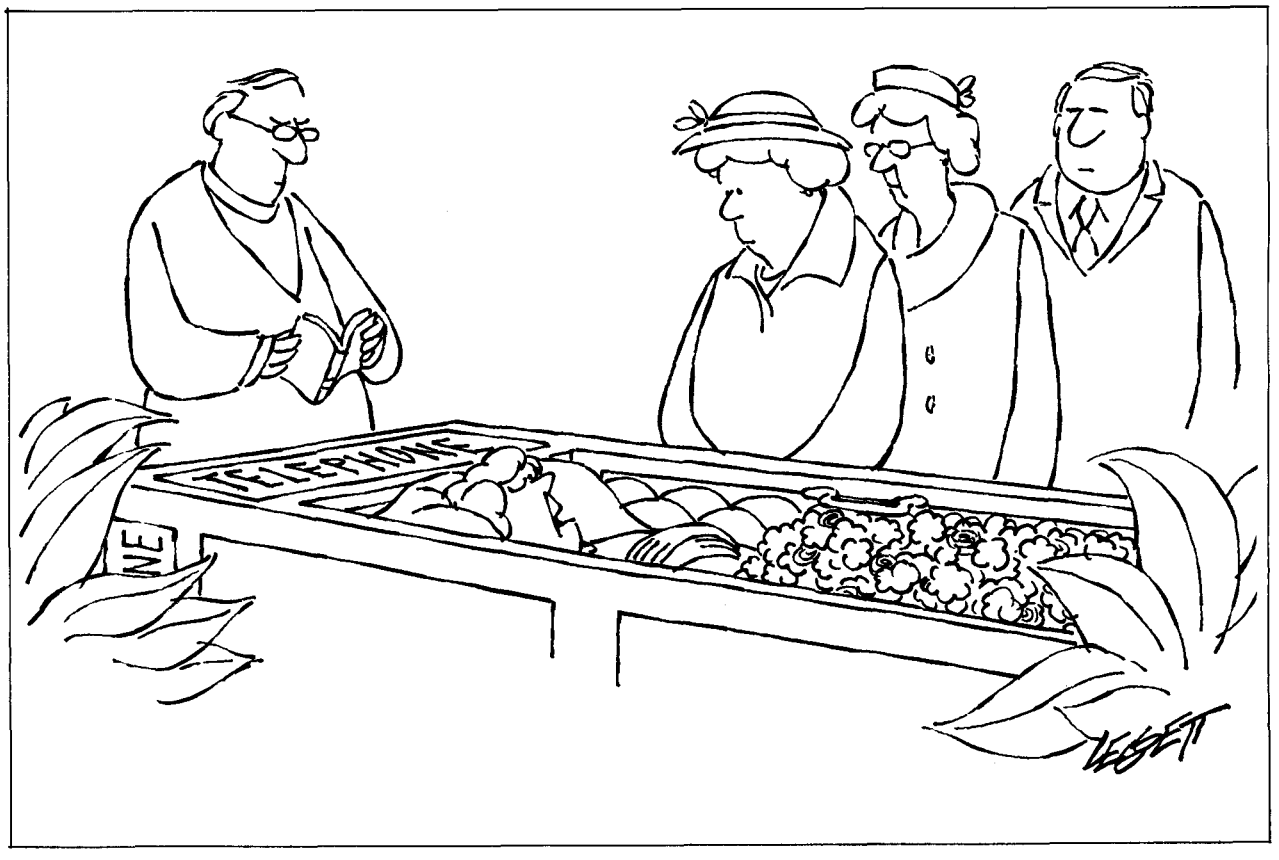
"Which, with all due respect to you, Montana," said Jim Jessup, "it's the most sinful thing I ever hear of. This here's Corabelle Larkin, from Red Gulch. I knew her parents, which they're now both deceased, and she's led the kind of sheltered life, which, again with apologies to you, Montana, don't qualify her to be found dead in your place. I was taking her to O'Leary's Lapse, where she was to catch a train and go live with her aunt in the East, but when I stop here for passengers, she tells me she's gonna be a dance-hall girl and she busts away from me."

"My aunt hates me," declared the girl. "All she wants me for is to be her cook and housemaid. . . . Please, Miss Montana, let me work for you."

"And what kind of work do you think you could do for me?" asked Montana.

"I want to live and know life," said Corabelle. "I'm tired of leading a sheltered existence. I crave excitement. I can sing real good, Miss Montana, and I can dance like anything. Look." Then she went into a splay-footed dance like a yearling calf chasing its mother, and out of her lovely lips came the most awful sound you ever heard. Soon, by our expressions, she realized she wasn't going over with any noticeable bang. She stopped singing and her shoulders sagged and she didn't seem to be a day over seventeen.

"Well, anyway," she said despondently, "I'm young and willing. Isn't there anything I can do?"



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Don Rafael stepped forward and bowed to her. "There is, indeed, things you can do," he said. "You cannot dance, but your walk is as graceful as a willow in the wind. You cannot sing, but your speaking voice is as caressing as the conversation of a dove. So you shall walk among us and talk to us and touch our hearts with tender emotions. We shall make you our queen and we shall drink vast quantities of redeye in your honor."

Corabelle stared at him, dubiously at first, and then her eyes lighted up and her lips parted. There was something in his dark gaze that fascinated, almost hypnotized her. Even when he confidently placed his arm around her waist and lifted her face for a kiss, she uttered but a slight gasp and made only a half-hearted attempt to free herself. Then Tenney Grant caught Don Rafael by the collar, hauled him away and smashed him to the floor with one blow of his fist. It was obvious that the Spaniard wouldn't be able to rise within any reasonable length of time.

"That," Tenney told him, "is one thing you don't have to be curious about, Rafael. You always did know I could lick you."

"With your fists, yes," said Don Rafael. Then his cocky grin returned. "But if you want these girl for your own," he said, "you shall have to employ your gun as a persuader. I love you, my son, and I do not wish to hurt you, but I must remind you that you're a jailbird and no fit company for so tender a pigeon as Miss Larkin."

"Will you please," said Tenney, fighting for self-control, "go for your gun right now, Rafael?"

Montana moved in, pushed Tenney aside; then turned to the now-frightened Corabelle. "Do you still want to be a dance-hall girl?" she demanded. "Do you want to have men fighting over you like this?"

"No," said Corabelle miserably.

"Then maybe we can talk business," said Montana. "I own the Primrose Cafe and Restaurant across the street. Minnie Redwing, my cook, has resigned. Do you want that job?"

And then Corabelle's eyes went dead and her dreams of becoming the reigning siren of the Western saloon circuit turned to ashes. "Yes," she said, "rather than live with my aunt."

It developed that Corabelle Larkin couldn't cook either. She turned out steaks as hard and juiceless as flagstones, and her biscuits would have defied the digestion of a rock crusher. Still she grew steadily in beauty, and males from miles around flocked into the Primrose Cafe and Restaurant to bask in her presence.

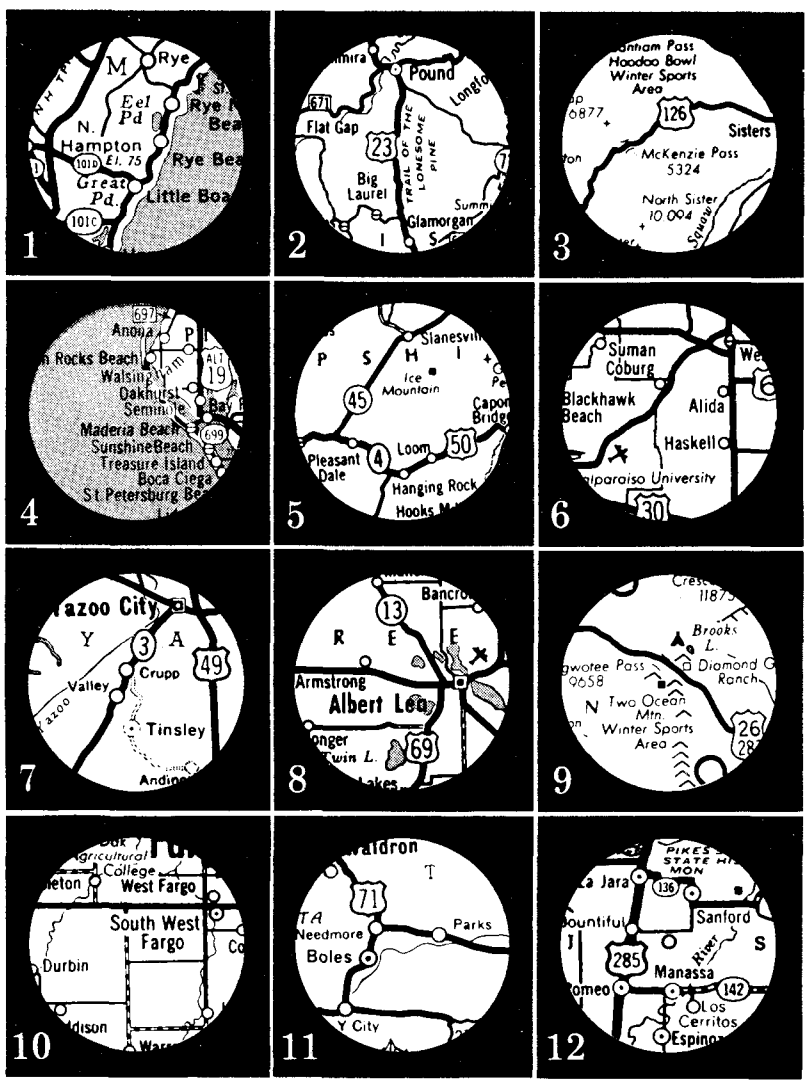
As the quality of the food deteriorated and their weaker-stomached rivals fell by the wayside, Don Rafael and Tenney, who seemed to possess alimentary tracts that were immune to shock or damage, began to forge far to the front in the race for Corabelle's affections. They ate three meals a day at the cafe and, each in his own fashion, courted Corabelle.

Whereas Tenney spoke soberly to the girl of his plans to buy a ranch, install her on it and raise cattle, horses and children, in the order named, Don Rafael crooned to her a siren song of travel and excitement, of fine clothes and bright lights. At such times Corabelle would lean over the counter and her eyes would glitter, and it seemed that her dreams of yesterday had risen from their ashes and were walking about, phoenix-like, in the smoke of an incinerated beefsteak.

This caused some of us to decide that Don Rafael had a slight edge in the contest, but Corabelle—on the surface, at least—treated them with strict impartiality. She knew about the trouble between them and appeared fearful of doing anything to contribute to what we all considered would be the inevitable shooting showdown.

There were times when it appeared that the showdown was at hand. Tenney and Don Rafael would meet in the Chinaman's Chance and there would be a gesture or a word, and a hot look of sudden death would come into their eyes and we could hear the rustle of black wings as their hands hovered near their guns. Then, after a long, suspenseful moment, they would shrug and walk away from each other. Such was their arrogance and self-confidence that each disdained to make the first move. Montana Martin considered them shining examples of self-control and courage, but Billy Feeney, who was beginning to despair of ever tasting barbecue again, disagreed.

"I could be brave, too," he said, "if I had an enemy which I knew he wouldn't ever pull a gun on me."



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

Harley P. Cook

(Answers on Page 144)

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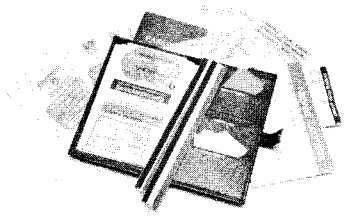

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"Not only that, but George is no longer an atheist."

After several more weeks and several more near showdowns between the two men, Don Rafael vanished into thin air one day just a half hour before a United States marshal hit town with a warrant having to do with the stickup of a stagecoach carrying Government mail. As time passed with no word of his rival's whereabouts, Tenney Grant began to make unexpectedly rapid progress in his courtship of Corabelle. There was no longer a faraway, heedless look in her eyes as he discussed the land he was about to buy. Instead she listened with interest and anticipation, and hers was the serene expression of a woman who had just about decided in favor of a soberly reliable rancher at hand against the dubious attractions of a long-gone road agent in the bush.

She did not, however, make her decision known to Tenney until that day when Chuckawalla Johnnie, a Comanche Indian, hit town. Chuckawalla got himself full of tequila, mescal, redeye and a quart of hair tonic he stole from the general store, then went into the Primrose Cafe and Restaurant for lunch. After staring for some time at Corabelle out of beady black eyes, and deciding that she was far more appetizing than anything on the menu, he made what was for him an unprecedentedly generous gesture. He reached into the bosom of his dingy shirt and withdrew his most prized possession—the dried scalp of a tribal enemy he had slain in battle—and, with the air of one bestowing priceless pearls, offered it to the girl as a token of his esteem.

Corabelle's resultant scream of horror and indignation unnerved the hitherto well-intentioned Indian. That, plus the fact that he had partaken of a drop too much hair tonic, caused him to behave in a rash and impetuous manner. He seized Corabelle by the hair, dragged her over the counter, slung her across the back of his saddleless pony and bore her off for obscure and unstated purposes of his own.

Tenney Grant, who was riding into town from the opposite direction, wheeled his horse as they passed him in a screaming cloud of dust, and gave chase. He caught them a mile down the road, hauled Chuckawalla off the horse, disarmed him of three knives and a pistol, then beat him to within an inch of his life. Then he turned to look for Corabelle just as, with a glad cry, the girl flung herself into his arms.

While Chuckawalla writhed on the ground like a broken-backed rattler and uttered horribly obscene threats of vengeance against Tenney, Corabelle clung to her rescuer and muttered tender words of undying gratitude and affection. Then, all of a sudden, she pushed Tenney away from her and glanced beseechingly at him out of tear-filled eyes.

"Oh, Tenney!" she cried. "I do love you and I want to marry you,

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Jan. 20-Feb. 18

ZR-2
PISCES
Feb. 19-Mar. 20

ZR-3
ARIES
Mar. 21-Apr. 20

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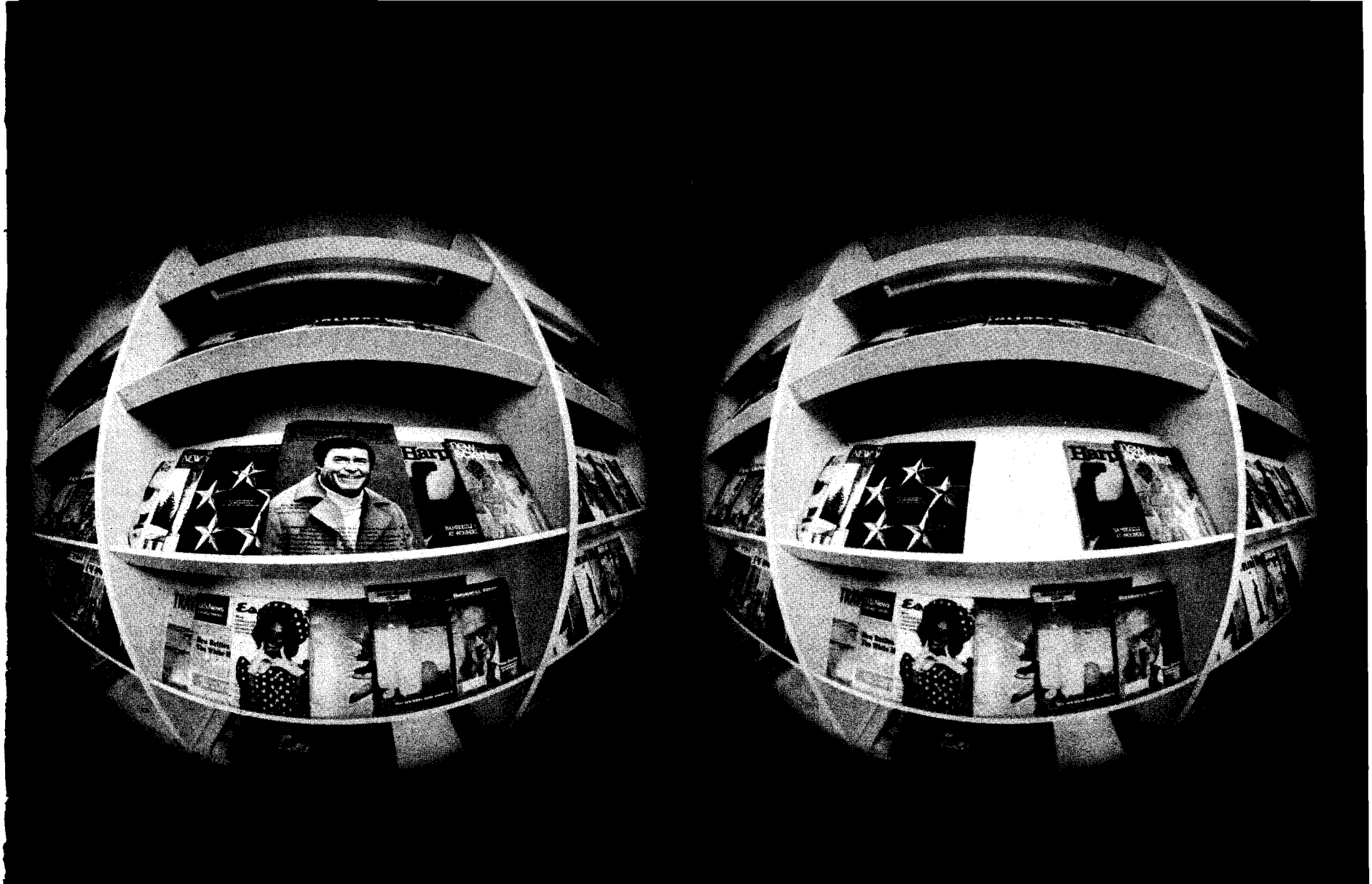

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but first I've got a confession to make! I've betrayed you, darling! I'm a wicked woman!"

"Which, if you're a wicked woman, there's not a good one alive," said Tenney staunchly. "But nobody, not even you, will ever make me believe that you ever did anything that any angel wouldn't do in a big church before a large congregation at high noon on Easter Sunday. In the presence of a bishop," he added, by way of clinching the argument.

"No angel," said the overwrought girl tearfully, "ever kissed Don Rafael de Soto behind Pott Barr's livery stable at two o'clock in the morning, but I did."

"Which I agree with you," said Tenney unhappily. "I can't imagine an angel associating with Don Rafael anyplace at any time. But how come you didn't inform me of this state of affairs, Corabelle? It's bad enough that I gotta kill Rafael one of these days, without me standing here in the presence of Chuckawalla Johnnie akissing of his girl."

"But I'm not his girl!" insisted Corabelle.

"You mean you only kissed him once?" asked Tenney hopefully, apparently under the impression that initiation doesn't constitute lifetime membership in the lodge.

"Several times," confessed the girl, hanging her head. "At nights, when everybody was asleep and there wasn't anyone to see or hear, Rafael'd come to my window with a mandolin and serenade me. I'd close the window and put my fingers in my ears, but I couldn't shut out the sound and, before I knew it, I'd be walking with him in the moonlight. Then he'd talk like he oughtn't to and I'd listen like I shouldn't of, and then he'd put his arms around me and do what he had no right to, and I'd hate myself for letting him do it." She winced at the hurt look in Tenney's eyes. "But I didn't want to do it," she declared. "The reason I hated myself so much, darling, was that all the time I knew I was falling in love with you."

"You sure enough took a left-handed way of demonstrating your affection," said Tenney glumly. "I suppose when you were kissing me awhile back, you were hating yourself for doing it, on account of you're in love with Rafael."

"It isn't that way at all!" said Corabelle frantically. "I don't love Rafael and I never did. It's just that he excites me in spite of myself; he brings out everything that's bad in me and, oh, Tenney, darling, you'd be surprised how much bad there's in me when he's around."

"In which case," said Tenney after some reflection, "I guess there's only one thing to do. I'll just go find Rafael and kill him a little bit, and then he won't bother you anymore."

"No! No!" said Corabelle, terrified. "You can't kill what's bad in me by shooting Rafael!"

"You aren't," said Tenney, aghast, "suggesting that I shoot you, are you, Corabelle?"

"Oh, no, you stupid

Continued on page 110

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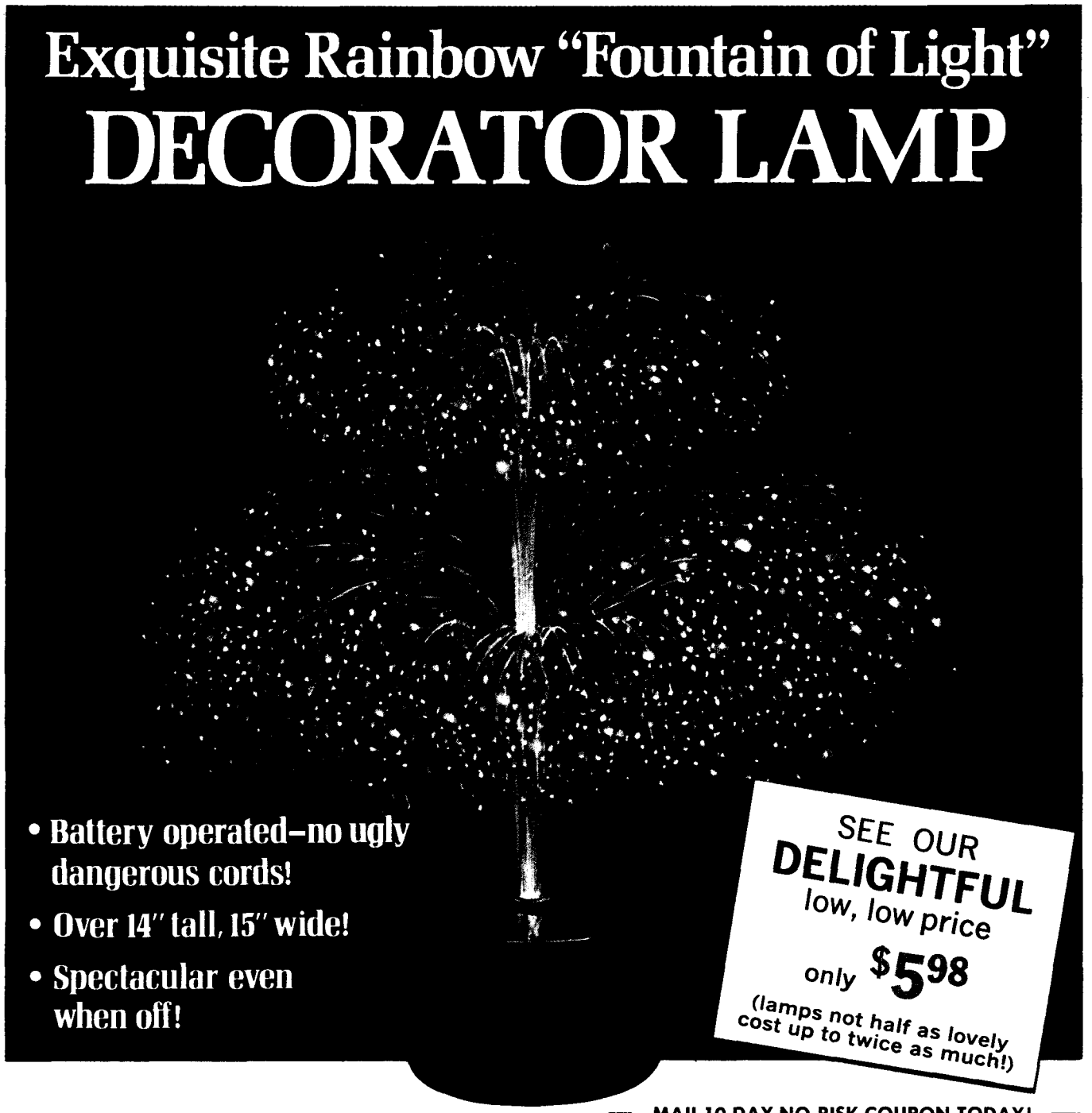

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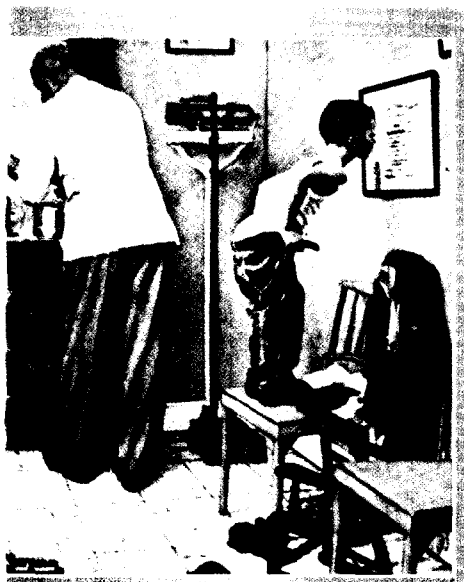

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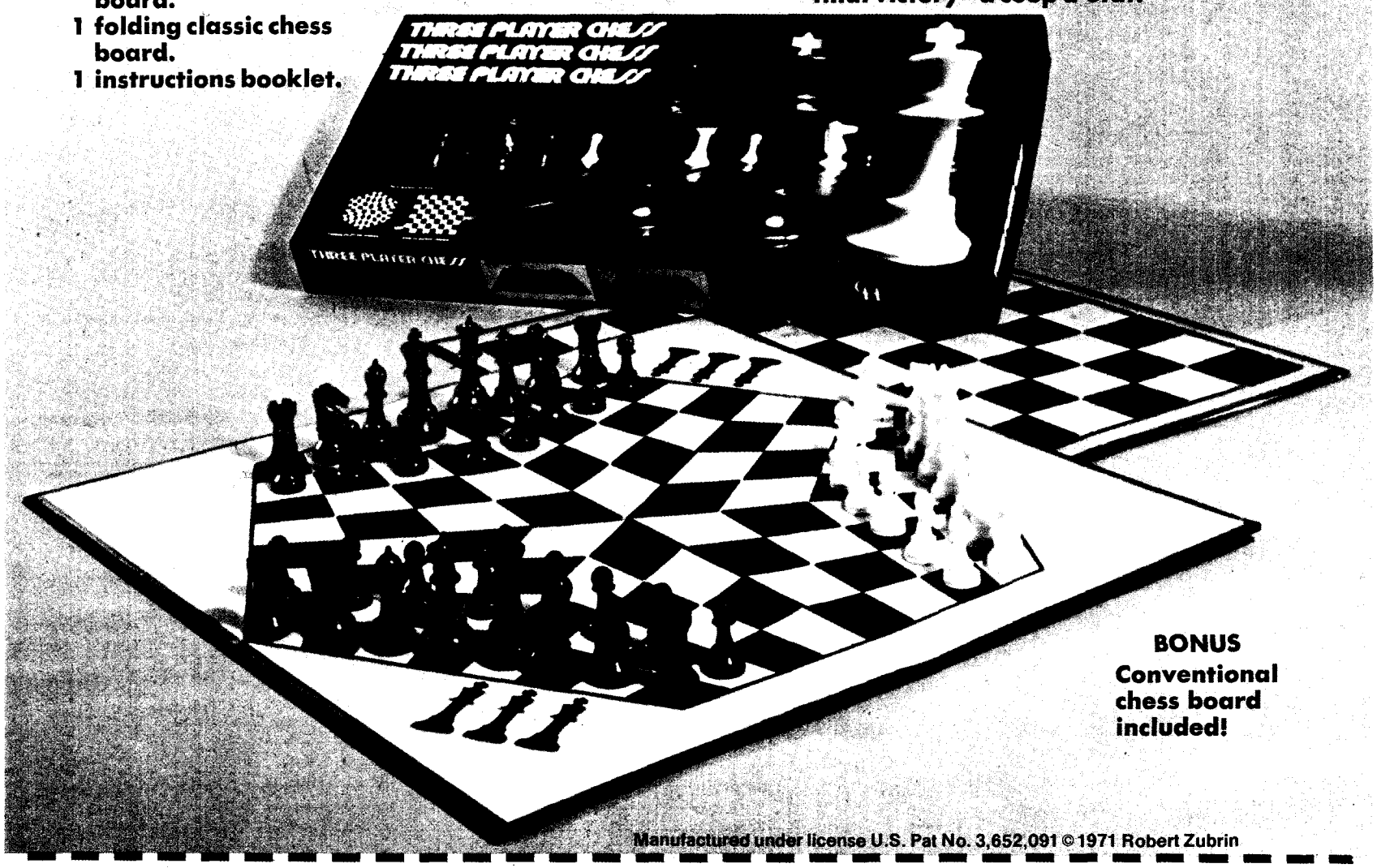

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continued from page 98

haul your hotel out of the creek, you will buy that tractor at the full price, spot cash. This will amount to me doing you a favor. After all, you need a good tractor."

"Thank you, Mr. Botts," he said. "I agree to everything."

I wrote out, in longhand, a brief but completely valid sales order covering our agreement. Mr. Huff signed it. I put it in my pocket and walked around the corner to the Earthworm Agency, where I found Cathy sitting at a big desk in the front office.

I explained everything I had done—and added a word of caution. Perhaps, I said, we were not completely out of the woods yet. Even if Mr. Huff dropped all his charges, we might still need the consent of the State's Attorney or somebody like that before we could get Cathy's father out of jail. Furthermore, I had not yet pulled the hotel out of the creek. Cathy, however, was completely optimistic.

"I'm sure," she said, "that everything will be all right. And it was so clever of you, Mr. Botts, not to tell Mr. Huff what is really the matter with the tractor. When you persuaded him that he absolutely had to have those injection valves—and that you were the only person that could get them for him—you gave yourself some real bargaining power."

"How's that, again?" I asked.

"Don't pretend to be so innocent, Mr. Botts. You and I both know there is nothing wrong with those little injection valves. The real trouble is somewhere else."

"And how do you know this?" I asked.

"George told me," she said. "He's Father's chief mechanic—the one that got fired but will soon be back, I hope. George is a good friend of mine. Last summer he took me for a ride in this same tractor. And I accidentally stepped on the handle of the big cutoff valve in the main fuel line that runs along the floor of the cab. And right away the motor began spitting and sputtering and losing power. George said that apparently some ignorant engineer at the factory had designed this particular model tractor so the main fuel line went across the floor of the cab with the cutoff valve right where it would get stepped on. And that's what happened to me. I accidentally stepped on the valve and turned it half off. If it had been completely off, the motor would have stopped completely. But when it's only half off, the motor runs all right under a light load, but loses power under a heavy load. And that is what you say happened when Mr. Huff was driving today. Am I right or am I wrong?"

"You are right, Cathy. But don't tell anybody. I don't want Mr. Huff to know how stupid he was."

"I will be as quiet," said Cathy, "as the fish in the ocean. And here is an idea. Probably you don't want Mr. Huff watching you while you are not installing those injection valves. So, if you want, I will take you on my tandem bicycle down to where the tractor and the hotel are stuck, and you can turn on the main fuel valve in strict privacy."

So we did. I turned on the fuel. The tractor ran fine. I pulled the hotel out of the creek. Cathy and I rode the tandem back to town. And I called on Mr. Huff.

"Sir," I said. "I didn't want to bother you by making you go all the way down to Mud Creek while I was working on the tractor. So I went alone. I fixed the tractor and pulled your beautiful hotel out of the creek. All is well."

"I don't believe it!" he said. He rushed out of his house, leaped into his car, and drove away. A half hour later he was back. "It's all true," he said. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

That was last Tuesday. I stayed around for a few days to make sure Mr. Huff kept his promises. He did. And I am happy to report that everything has worked out perfectly except for one thing which I will explain later in this letter.

Mr. Huff dropped all his charges against Matt Miller. Matt is out of jail and back home. He has agreed to bring no false-arrest charges against Mr. Huff. Mr. Huff is keeping the tractor and has paid for it in cash. The paper company says it is in no hurry for its tractor and will wait till another one arrives from the factory. Cathy's mother is home from the hospital. Matt's secretary is back from her vacation in California. George, the chief mechanic, has been rehired. And Cathy reports that the cat is okay.

After Cathy and I had congratulated each other on the success of our partnership, I told Cathy that I would urge the Earthworm Company to give her an adequate recompense for her services. And this led to the unfortunate situation that I mentioned earlier. Cathy wanted to know if I was suggesting that she be paid.

"Certainly," I said.

"You mean I would be paid real money?"

"That's what I mean."

"I'm sorry," said Cathy, "but I couldn't take it. It would be income. I would have to pay an income tax. Father would insist on making out the tax return. And income tax returns, more than anything else, are what drive Father positively nuts. He says the whole income tax system is unfair, unjust, idiotic, outrageous, and I don't know what all. During the first two weeks of April, when Father is working on his own returns, the whole household is in an unbelievable turmoil. If Father had even one more return to work on, it would be more than anybody could stand. So you'll have to tell the Earthworm Company that I can't accept their money."

Cathy has a mind of her own. I did not argue with her. But I will not

Continued on page 133

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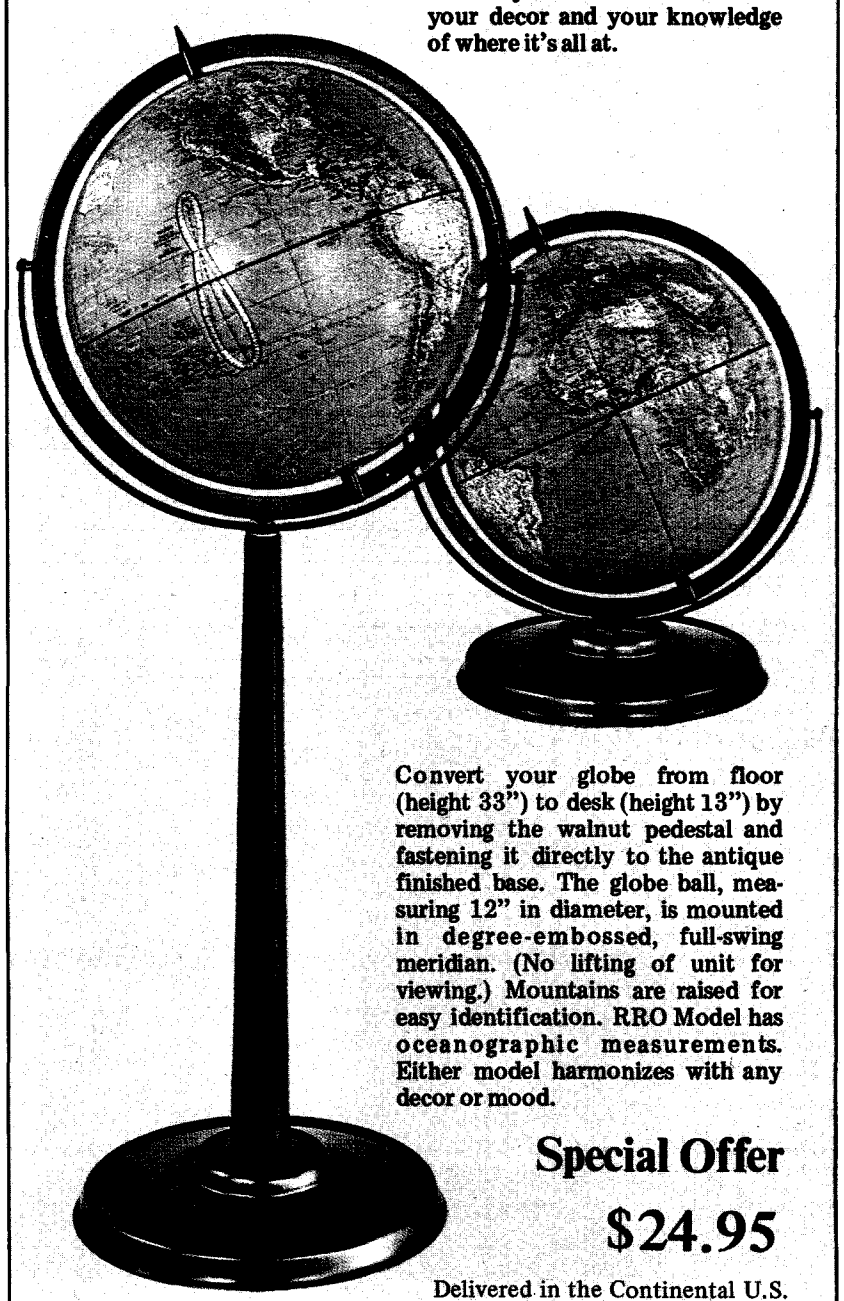

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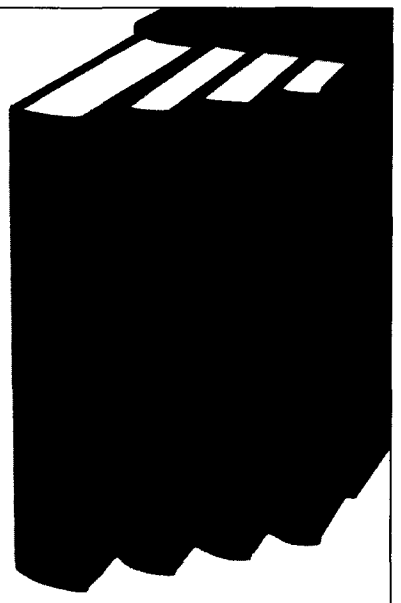

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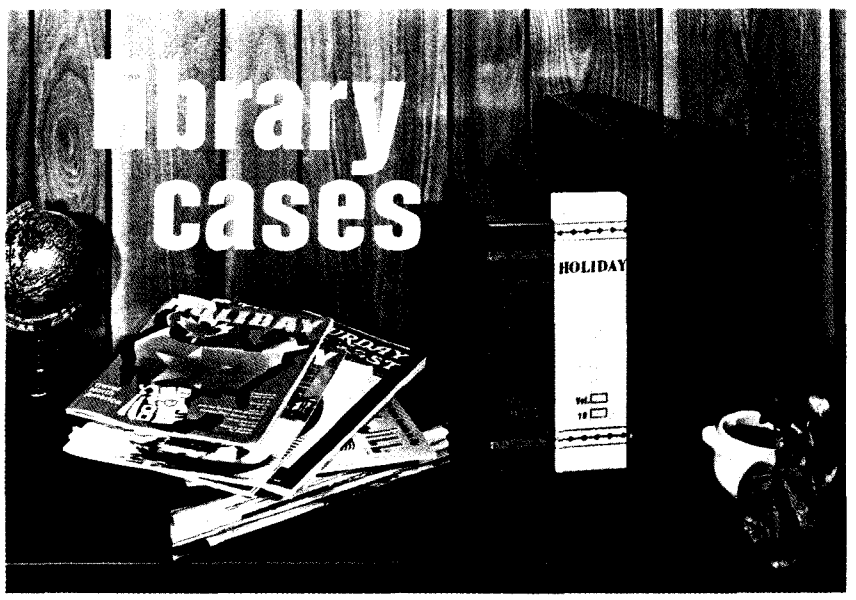

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continued from page 104

darling," she said, laughing and crying. "All you have to do is to marry me. Right now. Before it's too late."

"You mean," said Tenney joyfully, "that it ain't too late?"

Then she went into his arms again, and there was something so pristine in her maidenly kiss that all of Tenney's fears were put to rout. Leaving Chuckawalla Johnnie sitting on the ground, spitting out teeth, threats and curses, the two of them got on Tenney's horse, rode to O'Leary's Lapse and were married by a preacher.

Later on, Tenney showed up at the Chinaman's Chance, bought drinks for the house and then publicly granted amnesty to Don Rafael de Soto.

Shortly after Corabelle and Tenney established themselves on a ranch at the edge of town, Don Rafael de Soto returned to Buffalo Bend. He came swaggering into the Chinaman's Chance, ordered a drink and stood at the bar as nonchalant as if he didn't have a worry in the world.

"Don't you know that they's a United States marshal looking for you?" Billy Feeney asked him.

"He found me," said Don Rafael, with a satisfied grin. Then he tossed onto the bar a gold badge that had been neatly perforated through the center by a bullet.

"In which case the United States Government is sure to be plenty petulant at you for killing one of its servants," said Montana. "You'd better hit the trail, Don Rafael, before the cavalry gets here."

"All in good time," said Don Rafael composedly. "First I must felicitate my friend, Tenney, on his marriage to the adorable Corabelle."

"So you know about that, do you?" asked Montana.

"I rode by their place on the way in," said Don Rafael. "Unfortunately, Tenney was not there, but Corabelle told me with her own lovely lips. I must add," he went on arrogantly, "that there was a slight note of tender regret in her voice when she broke the news."

"And I know why," said Montana. "So, if there's one spark of decency in that carcass of yours, you'll shove off, Don Rafael."

"And if I do," said Don Rafael, shrugging, "will her feeling for me have been erased?"

"I don't know," sighed Montana. "There's something about you that's—" Then she glared at him. "Don Rafael," she demanded, "did you say or do anything to that child that someday, in a moment of weakness, might make her want to follow you?"

"Who knows?" said Don Rafael, grinning. Then he turned and his face lighted up. "Tenney, my cousin!" he cried.

Tenney had entered the saloon and was standing in a patch of sunshine coming through a window at his rear—a perfect target in the otherwise dimly lighted room.

Don Rafael advanced a few steps toward him and paused. "I wish to congratulate you on your so happy marriage," he announced.

"Thank you," said Tenney, "and I aim to keep it that way, Rafael. So please don't make me draw my gun on you. It'd sure enough upset Corabelle a whole heap."

"Corabelle," said Don Rafael, "has a heart of utmost tenderness and I love her very much. That is why I am so happy that you have decided not to make it necessary for me to kill you. I merely wish to shake hands with you, son, and then I shall depart."

He held out his hand, and Tenney grinned and stepped forward with his own hand extended. Then Don Rafael seemed to coil like a snake and his hand flashed down toward his gun and two shots rang out. It's still a matter of dispute as to who fired first, but it was Don Rafael who sank slowly to the floor and it was Tenney Grant who stood over him with a smoking gun in his fist.

"You always were curious, Rafael," said Tenney regretfully. "Now you know."

"Yes," said Don Rafael weakly, but still grinning, "now I know."

"I'm sure enough sorry," said Tenney.

"Don't worry, son," said Don Rafael. "It's my funeral."

Then Corabelle came running into the saloon and threw herself into Tenney's arms.

Afterwards some of us decided that, although the majority of the tears she shed were from relief at Tenney's safety, at least a few of them were for the glittering, forbidden dream that died with Don Rafael de Soto.

Tenney led Corabelle away and Billy Feeney stared down at Don Rafael's body. "Which I never seen such a treacherous act in my life and it sure enough serves you right," he said unctuously. Then he smacked his lips in anticipation. "Well, I guess I'll go get things ready for the barbecue," he said and started away.

"You'd better make it a doubleheader," remarked Bud Conyears. "You'll find another corpse just outside that window, Billy."

Billy ran to the window and, sure enough, there was another body on the ground outside. It was Chuckawalla Johnnie, and there was a loaded shotgun at his side.

"Which, Don Rafael wasn't shooting at Tenney Grant none whatsoever," said Bud. "He saw that shotgun apoking through the window and his bullet was for Chuckawalla, which the unprincipled rascal was aiming to blow Tenney's head off behind his back."

Montana Martin leaned on the bar and wept gently for some time. Then she raised her tear-streaked face and said, "The drinks are on the house, boys—in honor of the finest Castilian gentleman that ever stuck up a stagecoach."

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BLEND A LITTLE TIME WITH ME

Round the whirl with sandwiches, salads, and children's treats.

By Elizabeth Wilson

If you are blessed with a blender in your kitchen, then you have all you need for labor-saving, time-saving food preparation. Because a blender is such fun to use, it enlists the willing assistance of family members, friends, and even guests. You will find that spouses become willing kitchen assistants, and then progress to proficient amateur chefs. Teens will vie with one another to see who can concoct the most far-out sodas or shakes. The grade-school set will be mixing their own after-school snacks.

Don't allow this marvelous machine to sit on a shelf, unused. Keep it handy on the kitchen counter and you will find uses for it several times a day. It can do so many things for you—whip, stir, puree, beat, chop, aerate, crumb, grind, mix, grate, pulverize, churn, blend, and liquefy.

A word of caution: with a blender, your mixing time is measured in seconds, and the blades may be whirling as rapidly as 3,000 revolutions per minute. So underblend! Stop the motor often and examine the food to see when it achieves the desired consistency. Use only a rubber spatula in your blender—no other tool. This will prevent scratches on the inside of the container and damaging blows to the blades.

The heat of summer will soon be here, and our tastes will then go to foods that are light and cool. The family chef will seek ways to decrease food preparation time, yet maintain high nutritional standards. We offer assistance with tested recipes for sandwiches and spreads, salads, and for dessert treats that are children's delights.

Sandwiches and Spreads

Sandwiches come in all sizes and shapes these days, plain and fancy ones for most every occasion.

With a blender it's easy to make sandwiches for a few or a bunch. The blender chops sandwich and canapé spreads and filling spreads satin smooth or crisp and crunchy, in seconds. Here are just a few suggestions that will make sandwich preparation easy.

1. Prepare small batches at a time, about 1 cup of sandwich spread. It's quicker, easier and the spread is more uniformly blended.
2. When textured spreads are being prepared, CHOP cooked meat, sausage or poultry, hard-cooked eggs, nuts, celery, green pepper, etc., separately to the fineness desired. Blend 1/3 to 1/2 cup of the food at a time, switching motor on and off, until it is chopped just right, then fold it into the blended mayonnaise or cream cheese base.
3. When heavy cheese or salad mixtures are being processed, stop the motor as needed and push the ingredients into the blades with rubber spatula. If the motor labors, add 1 or 2 tablespoons of a suitable liquid (milk, meat stock, French dressing, etc.).

Corned Beef Sandwich Spread

1 can (12-ounce) corned beef, chilled and cubed
1/3 cup Blender Mayonnaise (recipe below)
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
¼ teaspoon horseradish, optional
2 (3-inch) sweet pickles, quartered

CHOP 1/3 of corned beef cubes at a time, switching motor on and off as necessary to chop meat moderately fine, 15 to 20 seconds. Turn into mixing bowl. Add next 4 ingredients to container; BLEND until pickles are coarsely chopped, 20 to 25 seconds. Stop motor; push ingredients into blades with rubber spatula as needed. Add to meat; mix. Makes about 1½ cups spread.

Blender Mayonnaise

Easy to make and perfect every time!

1 egg or 2 egg yolks
2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar
½ teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
1 cup salad oil

GRIND egg, lemon juice, sugar, salt and mustard 70 seconds, adding oil in a steady stream through opening in top while motor is running. Makes about 1½ cups.

Corned Beef Swiss Cheese Sandwich

8 slices rye or whole wheat bread, buttered
Leaf lettuce
1 recipe Corned Beef Sandwich Spread (recipe above)
8 thin tomato slices, optional
4 slices Swiss cheese

Cover ½ of bread slices with lettuce leaves; spoon ¼ of the Corned Beef Sandwich Spread onto each bread slice and top with 2 tomato slices. Cover with Swiss cheese and second bread slice. Makes 4 big sandwiches.

Corned Beef Cheese Sandwiches: Follow recipe for Corned Beef Swiss Cheese Sandwich and substitute sliced American or Cheddar for Swiss cheese. Makes 4 sandwiches.

Corned Beef Sauerkraut Sandwich

1 recipe Corned Beef Sandwich Spread (recipe above)
4 Vienna, Kaiser or poppyseed rolls, split and buttered
Lettuce leaves
½ to 3/4 cup well-drained sauerkraut

Prepare Corned Beef Sandwich Spread. Spread ¼ of the meat spread on bottom half of each roll. Cover with lettuce and top with 2 to 3 tablespoons very well-drained sauerkraut. Cover with roll top. Makes 4 big sandwiches.

Chicken Salad Spread

3/4 cup Blender Mayonnaise
2 or 3 (3-inch) sweet pickles, in ½- inch pieces
½ thin (1/8-inch) slice onion, optional
½ teaspoon salt
1¼ cups diced cooked chicken
½ cup diced celery

Combine first 4 ingredients in container; BLEND until pickles are coarsely chopped, 4 to 8 seconds. Stop motor; push ingredients into blades with rubber spatula as needed. Turn into mixing bowl; fold in chicken and celery. Makes about 2 1/3 cups.

TURKEY SALAD SPREAD: Follow recipe for Chicken Salad Spread above and substitute diced cooked turkey for chicken. Makes about 2-1/3 cups.

Ham Filling

Spread on tiny slices of rye bread for open-face appetizers

1 cup cooked diced ham
½ cup sliced celery
¼ cup mayonnaise

GRATE all ingredients 15 seconds, stopping motor to push ingredients to blades, if necessary. Makes 1 cup.

Ham Salad Spread

1 cup (½-inch cubes) fully cooked ham
2/3 cup Blender Mayonnaise
2 (2-inch) sweet pickles, in ½-inch slices or 8 medium-size stuffed olives, cut in half
2 thin (1/8-inch) slices onion, quartered

BLEND ham, 1/3 cup at a time, switching motor on and off until ham is desired fineness, 10 to 15 seconds. Turn into mixing bowl. BLEND remaining ingredients until pickles are finely chopped, about 5 seconds. Add to ham; mix well. Makes about 1½ cups.

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Top to bottom: Crabmeat salad in avocado shells; molded tomato salad; Caesar salad. Quick and easy main dishes, thrifty salads to complement a dinner, shimmering desserts—make them all in record time with your blender.

Bacon And Egg Sandwich Spread

4 chilled hard-cooked eggs, sliced
½ cup Blender Mayonnaise
2 (3-inch) sweet pickles, quartered
6 or 8 slices crisp broiled bacon, broken into quarters
¼ teaspoon salt

CHOP two eggs at a time, switching motor on and off until eggs are coarsely chopped. Empty into mixing bowl. Combine mayonnaise or salad dressing and pickles in container. CHOP pickles, switching motor on and off until chopped moderately fine, 10 to 15 seconds. Add bacon pieces and salt; CHOP, switching motor on and off until coarsely chopped, 8 to 10 seconds. Add to eggs; mix. Makes about 1 1/3 cups.

Bacon 'n' Egg Sandwich On French Rolls

1 recipe Bacon and Egg Sandwich Spread (recipe above)
Lettuce leaves
4 or 6 individual French rolls, split and buttered
8 or 12 thin tomato slices
4 or 6 slices crisp bacon, optional

Cover bottom of rolls with lettuce and Bacon and Egg Sandwich Spread. Top each with 2 tomato slices and a crisp bacon slice. Cover with bun top. Makes 4 to 6 sandwiches depending upon size of French rolls.

Egg Salad Spread

1/3 cup mayonnaise
¼ cup chili sauce
½ teaspoon salt
8 hard-cooked eggs
¼ cup sliced pimiento-stuffed green olives

BLEND mayonnaise, chili sauce and salt 5 seconds. Add eggs and olives and GRATE 15 seconds, stopping motor to push ingredients to blades, if necessary. GRATE a few seconds longer for smoother spread, if desired. Makes about 2 cups.

Salami Egg Sandwich Spread

1 package (7- or 8-ounce) sliced cotto salami, cut in 6 wedges
2 hard-cooked eggs, quartered
1 package (3-ounce) room temperature cream cheese, cubed
1/3 cup Blender Mayonnaise
2 teaspoons prepared mustard
½ teaspoon horseradish
2 small (2-inch) sweet pickles, sliced

GRATE salami, a few pieces at a time, switching motor on and off until meat is desired fineness; turn into bowl. GRATE eggs, switching motor on and off until desired fineness. Add to salami. GRATE remaining ingredients until smooth; fold into salami and eggs. Makes about 2 cups.

Liver Sausage-Pickle Spread

½ cup Blender Mayonnaise
¼ cup catsup or chili sauce
1 tablespoon dill pickle juice
Dash of liquid hot pepper sauce
½ small (1½-inch) onion, quartered and sliced
2 (3-inch) dill pickles, in ½-inch slices
½ pound liver sausage, cubed

Combine first 5 ingredients in container; BLEND until mixed and onion is coarsely chopped, 3 to 5 seconds. Add pickle slices; BLEND pickles, switching motor on and off until coarsely chopped, 5 to 8 seconds. Add 1/3 of the liver sausage cubes at a time and BEAT until mixed, 25 to 30 seconds. Stop motor and push ingredients into blades with rubber spatula as needed. Add ½ of remaining liver sausage; process as above. Add remaining liver sausage; process as above. Makes about 1½ cups spread.

Franks With Everything Spread

5 frankfurters, sliced
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup sliced pitted ripe olives
½ cup sliced sweet pickles
1 tablespoon prepared mustard

GRIND all ingredients 45 seconds, stopping motor to push ingredients to blades, if necessary. Makes 2 cups.

French Toasted Cheese Sandwiches

3 eggs
¼ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
8 slices bread, buttered on one side
4 to 8 slices American cheese
3 tablespoons butter or margarine

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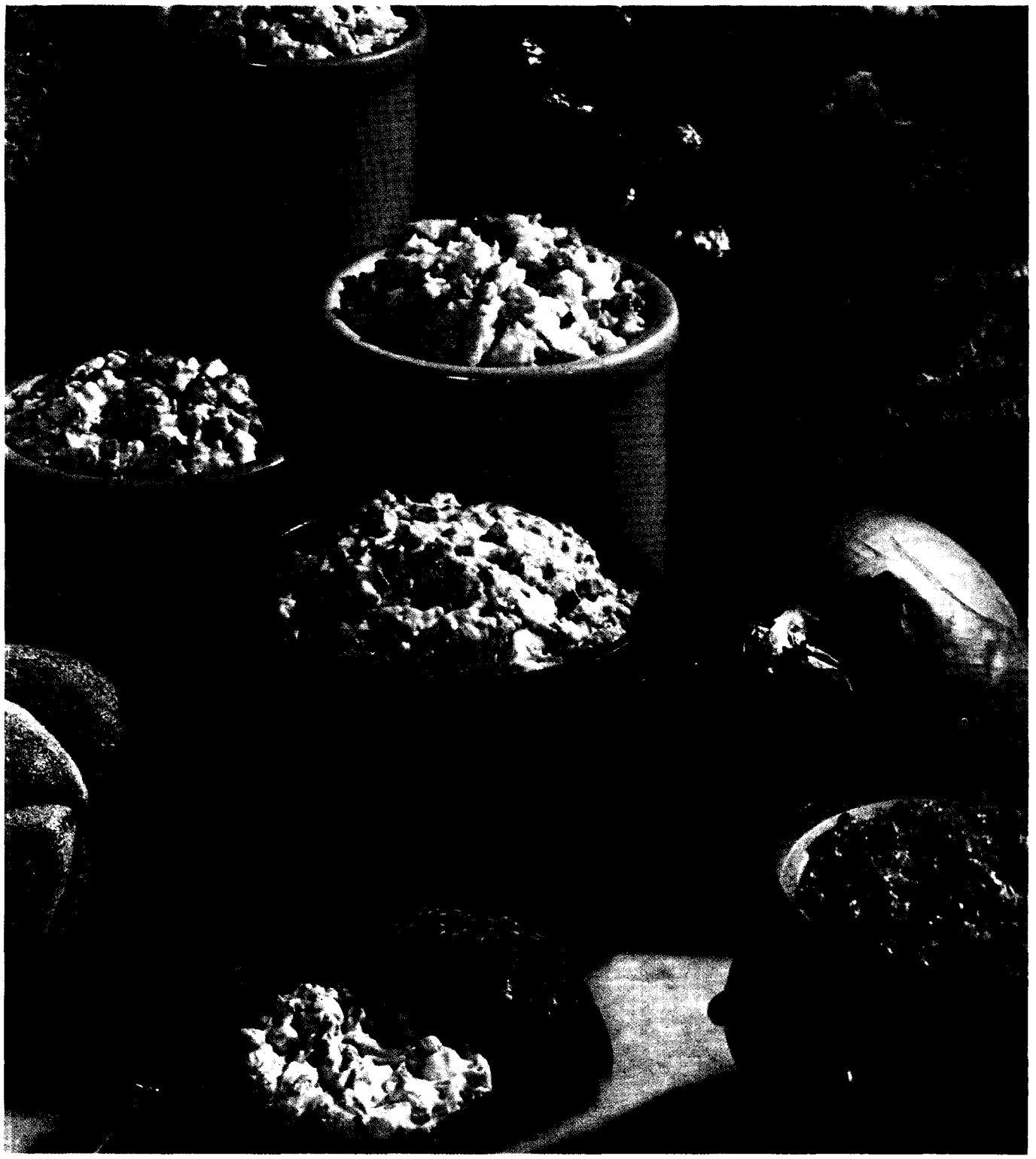

Sandwich spreads made from corned beef, chicken, ham, tuna, bacon, salami, eggs, nuts, cream cheese—there's no end to the number of easy, nutritious, economical spreads you can whip up in your blender to tempt family and friends.

Combine first 4 ingredients in container, BLEND until mixed, 2 to 4 seconds. Pour into shallow dish or pie plate. Place 1 or 2 slices of cheese between each 2 slices of bread, buttered sides toward cheese. Dip sandwiches into egg mixture and sauté in butter or margarine in frypan over moderate heat until sandwiches brown on both sides and cheese melts; turn sandwiches once. Makes 4 sandwiches.

French Toasted Mozzarella Sandwiches: Follow recipe for French Toasted Cheese Sandwiches above and substitute processed Mozzarella for American cheese. Makes 4 sandwiches.

Walnutty Cheese Spread

1 (8-ounce) package cream cheese, cubed
½ cup walnuts
½ cup coarsely chopped green pepper
1/3 cup half and half (half milk, half cream)
1/8 teaspoon salt

GRIND all ingredients 20 seconds, stopping motor to push ingredients to blades, if necessary. Makes about 1¼ cups spread.

Fruit And Nut Cheese Sandwich Spread

¼ cup honey
2 tablespoons cream or milk
1/3 cup creamy-style peanut butter
2 packages (3-ounce) room temperature cream cheese, cubed
1/3 cup seedless raisins

Combine honey, cream or milk and peanut butter in container. BLEND until smooth, 5 to 10 seconds. Stop motor; push ingredients into blades with rubber spatula as needed. Add ½ of cream cheese; BEAT until cheese is blended, about 15 seconds. Stop motor; push ingredients into blades with rubber spatula as needed. Add remaining cheese and raisins. BEAT until cheese is blended in and raisins are coarsely chopped. Stop motor; push ingredients into blades with rubber spatula as needed. If mixture is very thick and motor labors add milk, 1 tablespoon at a time. Makes about 1 1/3 cups. Delicious on whole wheat, raisin, brown, nut or fruit bread or spread between graham crackers.

Cheese 'n' Olive Spread

1/3 cup walnut halves
1 cup small stuffed olives
1/3 cup dairy sour cream
1 package (3-ounce) room temperature cream cheese, cubed

CHOP walnuts, switching motor on and off until coarsely chopped, 8 to 10 seconds. Pour into bowl, save. CHOP olives, 1/3 cup at a time, switching motor on and off until coarsely chopped; add to nuts. Combine sour cream and ½ of cheese in container. BLEND until smooth, about 10 seconds. Stop motor; push ingredients into blades with rubber spatula as needed. Add remaining cheese and repeat process. Add cheese mixture to nuts and olives; mix. An excellent spread for fancy canapés or hearty sandwiches. Makes about 1 1/3 cups.

Date-Nut Sandwich Spread

½ cup salted peanuts
¾ cup dairy sour cream
1 cup pitted dates (about 8 ounces), quartered
1 package (3-ounce) room temperature cream cheese, cubed

CHOP peanuts, switching motor on and off until chopped moderately fine. Pour into bowl. Add sour cream and ½ of dates to blender container; BEAT until dates are coarsely chopped, 20 to 25 seconds. Stop motor and push ingredients into blades with rubber spatula as needed. If mixture is very stiff and motor labors add 1 or 2 tablespoons cream. Add remaining dates and process as above. Add to chopped nuts and mix. Delicious on whole wheat, raisin or nut breads. Makes about 1¾ cups.

Pronto Pizza

1 (13¾-ounce) package hot roll mix
9 ounces Provolone or Romano cheese, cubed
8 ounces Mozzarella cheese, cubed
1 (8-ounce) can tomato sauce
1 (6-ounce) can tomato paste
½ green pepper, coarsely chopped
½ cup pimiento-stuffed green olives
½ cup pitted ripe olives
4 green onions, coarsely chopped
1 teaspoon oregano
½ teaspoon marjoram
6 parsley sprigs
1 (2-ounce) can flat anchovy fillets, drained
1 (4-ounce) can mushrooms, drained

Prepare hot roll mix for pizza as package directs, roll or pat out and place on greased pans. PUREE ½ cup Provolone cheese 10 seconds. Empty

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into bowl. Repeat with remaining Provolone. PUREE Mozzarella, ½ cup at a time, 10 seconds and place in separate bowl. LIQUEFY all remaining ingredients except anchovies and mushrooms, 15 seconds. To assemble pizzas: spread Provolone cheese over dough, then tomato mixture and then Mozzarella. Arrange anchovy fillets, spokelike on top. Scatter mushrooms over. Bake in moderate oven (400°) 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown. Makes 2 large or 4 small pizzas.

Salads

The blender simplifies salad preparations. It chops vegetables, fruits, meats, poultry, eggs, etc., in seconds and blends gelatin and cheese mixtures for tasty molded and frozen salads.

Seabreeze Salad

2 (3-ounce) packages lime-flavored gelatin
1½ cups hot water
1 cup evaporated milk
1 (3-ounce) package cream cheese, cubed
4 ice cubes
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 (8¾-ounce) can crushed pineapple
½ cup pecans
1/8 teaspoon salt

GRIND gelatin and water for 40 seconds. Add milk, cream cheese, ice cubes and lemon juice and GRIND 20 seconds. Add pineapple, pecans and salt and GRIND 5 seconds. Turn into 2-quart mold and chill until firm. Makes 10 to 12 servings.

Frosty Pineapple Mold

An extra-cool and refreshing salad

1 (13½-ounce) can crushed pineapple
1 (3-ounce) package lime-flavored gelatin
1 (1-inch) piece orange peel
1 medium orange, peeled
½ medium cucumber, sliced
1 stalk celery, sliced
1/8 teaspoon salt
Cucumber slices for garnish

Drain pineapple well, reserving syrup. Heat syrup and GRIND with gelatin 40 seconds. Add all remaining ingredients except cucumber slices for garnish and GRIND 5 seconds longer. Turn into 1-quart mold and chill firm. Makes 6 servings.

Cranberry-Waldorf Salad

2 cups cranberry juice cocktail or cranberry-apple drink
1 (3-ounce) package lemon-flavored gelatin
2 medium apples, cored and quartered
3 stalks celery, sliced
¼ cup nuts

Heat 1 cup cranberry juice and GRIND with gelatin for 40 seconds. Add all remaining ingredients and GRATE 5 seconds. Turn into a 1-quart or 6 individual molds and chill until firm. Makes 6 servings.

Frozen Fruit Cream

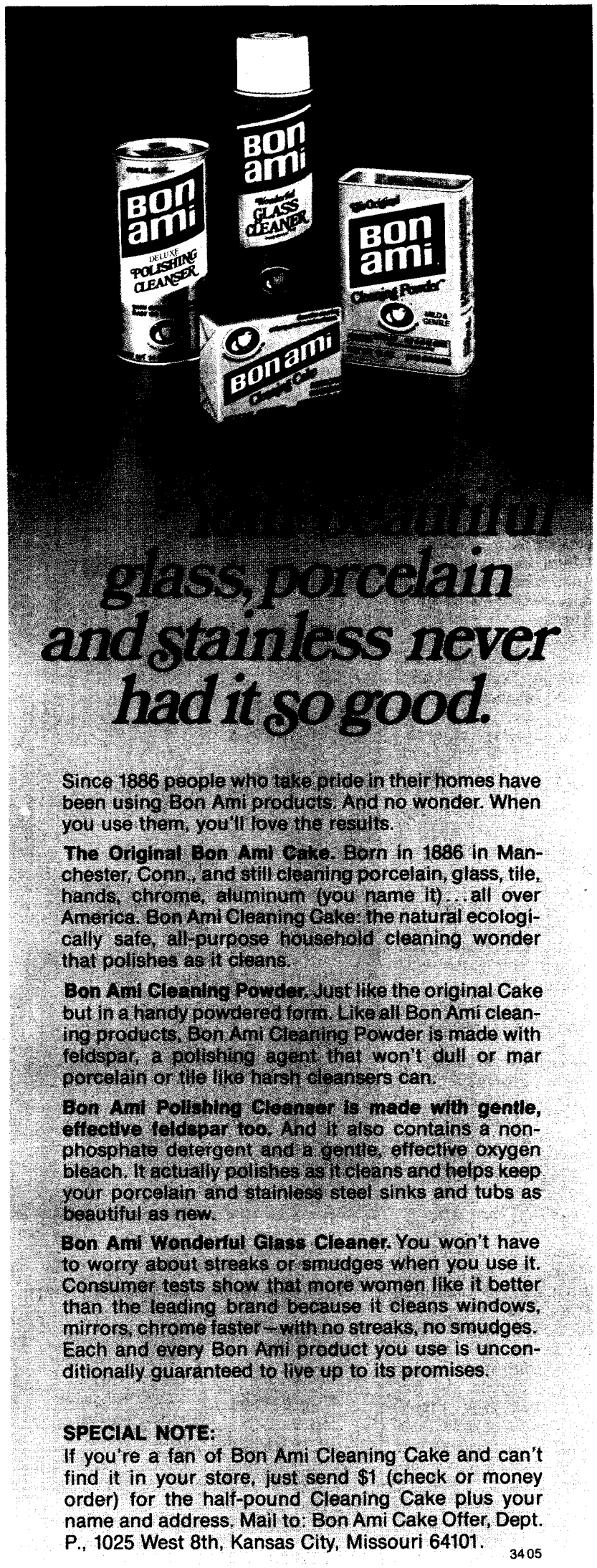
1 can (1-pound,14-ounce) peach slices, drained, cut in half
1 can (1-pound,4-ounce) pineapple chunks, drained
1 can (11-ounce) mandarin orange sections, drained
1 cup miniature marshmallows
25 maraschino cherries, halved
2/3 cup pecan halves
1 package (8-ounce) room temperature cream cheese, cubed
½ cup Blender Mayonnaise
3 tablespoons milk or cream
1/3 cup confectioners' sugar
2 slices preserved ginger, cut in strips, optional
2 cups whipped cream or dessert topping
Red food color, optional

Combine first 6 ingredients in mixing bowl. Combine next 5 ingredients in blender container; CHOP 8 to 10 seconds. Stop motor and push ingredients into blades with rubber spatula. CHOP until smooth, 8 to 10 seconds. Stop motor and push ingredients into blades as needed. Pour over fruits. Add whipped cream or dessert topping and mix carefully. Fold in red color to tint mixture a pale pink color, if desired. Spoon into an aluminum foil lined 9x5x3-inch loaf pan. Freeze. To serve, unmold and serve plain or arrange on salad greens and decorate with whipped cream and maraschino cherries as desired. Makes 10 to 12 servings.

Molded Tomato Salad

2 packages (3-ounce) lemon-flavored gelatin
1 cup hot tomato juice
2 thin (1/8-inch) slices unpeeled lemon, quartered
1 thin (1/8-inch) slice onion
1 cup cold tomato juice
½ medium cucumber, peeled, cut in half and sliced
1 small tomato, washed, diced, and stem end removed
1/3 cup vinegar
½ teaspoon salt

PUREE gelatin and hot tomato juice until gelatin is dissolved, about 10 seconds. Add lemon pieces and onion; CHOP 10 seconds, or until both lemon and onion are finely chopped. Add remaining ingredients. BLEND 30 seconds, or until vegetables are finely chopped. Chill until mixture starts to thicken. Pour into 4½-cup oiled mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on salad greens. Garnish with vegetables, relishes, tuna or salmon chunks, if desired. Makes 4½ cups, about 6 servings.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Children's Delights

It's fun to entertain the young! Make the next party for tots or grade schoolers a special affair; serve them one or more of the gay, festive, easy-to-make desserts that follow.

Blender Snow Cones

Let the kids watch while you fix snow cones or slush cups, but it's best to have an adult do the fixing.

4 cups cracked ice
2 cups cold water
*½ cup fruit-flavored syrup**

GRIND ice and water about 1 minute, stopping motor once or twice to push ice to blades. Experienced blender users can use rubber spatula to push just the top layer of ice down to the blades while the motor is running. Turn into sieve or colander and let drain briefly, then pile ice in 4 paper cups or cones. Drizzle about 2 tablespoons syrup over each cone and serve at once. Makes 4 large snow cones.

*Use bottled table and pancake syrups (raspberry, blueberry, boysenberry, etc.) available at your supermarket, or flavor light corn syrup with extracts or flavorings to taste and food coloring as desired. (Examples: peppermint extract and red food coloring; orange extract and orange food coloring; banana extract and yellow food coloring; lemon extract and yellow food coloring; spearmint extract and green food coloring.)

Icy Paddle Sticks

1½ cups ice cubes and cold water to fill blender container to 3-cup level
1 package (1-ounce) beverage powder, any flavor
½ cup sugar
1 cup light corn syrup

Combine ingredients in blender container in order listed. CRUSH until sugar dissolves and ice is crushed. Pour into paddle pop molds, ice cube freezing trays, cone-shaped paper cups or aluminum foil corn stick pans. Freeze until partially solid. Push wooden craftsticks or small wooden tongue depressors into center of one end so handle will stay in during eating. Freeze hard. Makes 4 cups, 10 to 12 sticks.

Chopping Directions For Candy

Hard candy is easily chopped in the blender. Add just a few pieces to the container at a time. BLEND switching motor on and off until candy pieces are desired size, 4 to 6 times. Watch closely; the blender is fast! Empty container. Repeat as necessary.

Chopping Directions For Nuts

Pecan and walnut halves, blanched or toasted almonds, hazelnuts, cashews or peanuts can all be chopped jiffy-quick in the blender. BLEND or CHOP ½ cup of nuts at a time, switching motor on and off until desired fineness. Use the lower speed for the soft nuts, such as pecans, walnuts and cashews, and the higher speed for the harder nuts, such as almonds, peanuts and hazelnuts. Watch closely. Empty container; repeat as necessary. About 1 cup nuts makes ¾ to 1 cup chopped nuts depending upon the fineness.

Candy Ice Cream Paddle Dips

1 pint brick ice cream
4 craftsticks or small wooden tongue depressors
1½ to 2 cups blender-chopped peppermint, orange, lemon, lime or licorice stick candy, peanut brittle or chocolate coated toffee bars (chopping directions above)

Cut a pint brick of ice cream into 4 crosswise slices or in half lengthwise and crosswise. Push ½ of the length of craftstick into center of one end of each ice cream piece. Place on freezer-chilled cookie sheet; return to freezer to harden. Just before serving time coat ice cream on stick with blender-chopped candy desired. See following directions for making 3 great Candy Ice Cream Paddle Dips. Makes 4 Paddle Dips.

Minty Paddle Dips: Coat ice cream on stick with blender-chopped peppermint stick candy. Delicious on chocolate, peppermint stick or vanilla ice cream.

Spooky Paddle Dips: Press candy corn eyes and nose into one side of ice cream on stick; coat with blender-chopped licorice stick candy. Best on vanilla ice cream.

Orange Paddle Dips: Coat ice cream on a stick with blender-chopped orange stick candy. Great on cherry, chocolate or vanilla ice cream.

Firecrackers

Cut vanilla ice cream into sticks 3 inches long and 1½ inches wide and thick. Place cut ice cream pieces on waxed-paper covered, freezer-chilled cookie sheet; freeze until hard. Make a hole in small end of each ice cream piece with wooden skewer. Insert ½ of a tiny candle in hole so it can be lit when served. Freeze. Blender-chop strawberry, raspberry or other bright red stick candy. Before serving time, quickly roll long sides of each ice cream stick in blender-chopped candy; return to freezer to harden. Light candle before serving.

Ice Cream Flower Pots

Scoop favorite flavored light colored ice cream into small paper drinking cups. Store in freezer. Just before serving time sprinkle tops generously with blender-chopped green (lime) stick candy. Push a small lollipop and 2 small gum drop leaves, on wooden picks, into center of ice cream. Store in freezer until serving time.

Fruit Ice Sticks

Combine 1 can (6-ounce) frozen lemonade or limeade, ½ cup corn syrup and water called for in mixing directions on can label in blender container. BLEND until mixed, 2 to 4 seconds. Pour into molds; freeze as directed in recipe for Icy Paddle Sticks on this page. Makes 2½ cups, about 6 to 8 servings.

Recipes and photographs courtesy of Tested Recipe Publishers, Inc., Chicago
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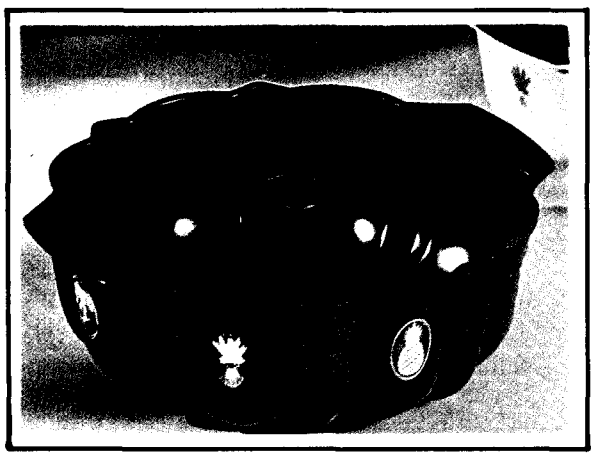

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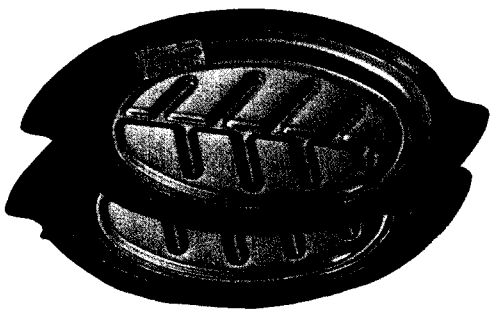

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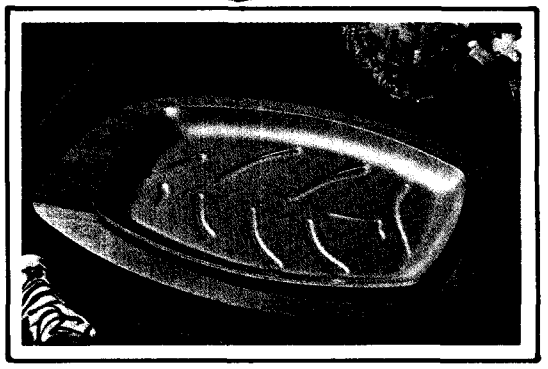

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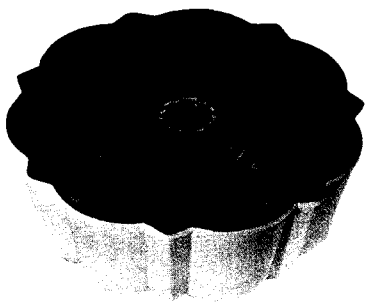

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THERE'S A SMALL HOTEL

Overlooking Lake Geneva is a hideaway of the stuff of which dreams are made.

By Marcia Miles

Tucked away deep in almost everyone's mind, whether in fantasy or in memory, is a gemlike place to get away from it all and realize the best that life offers.

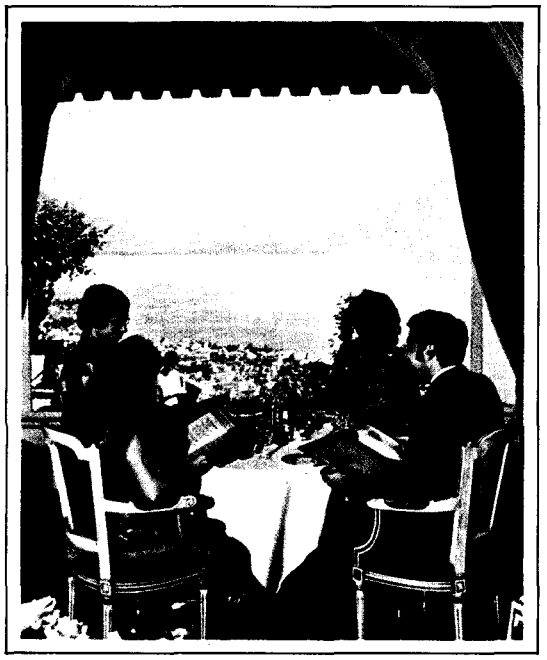
Perhaps it is a hunting lodge or ski chalet. Perhaps a cottage by the sea. In my case, it happens to be an out-of-this-world small hotel, where a wishing well is needed only to make it possible to stay forever.

After a two-month waiting period, while my new husband finished his law courses and exams, we were free at last for a real honeymoon. A friend who knows all the corners of the world told us to go to Vevey, Switzerland, and find there on Mont Pélerin "the perfect hotel"—small, private, remote yet accessible, impeccably furnished and run, a delight to the eye, a feast to the palate, a solace to the soul.

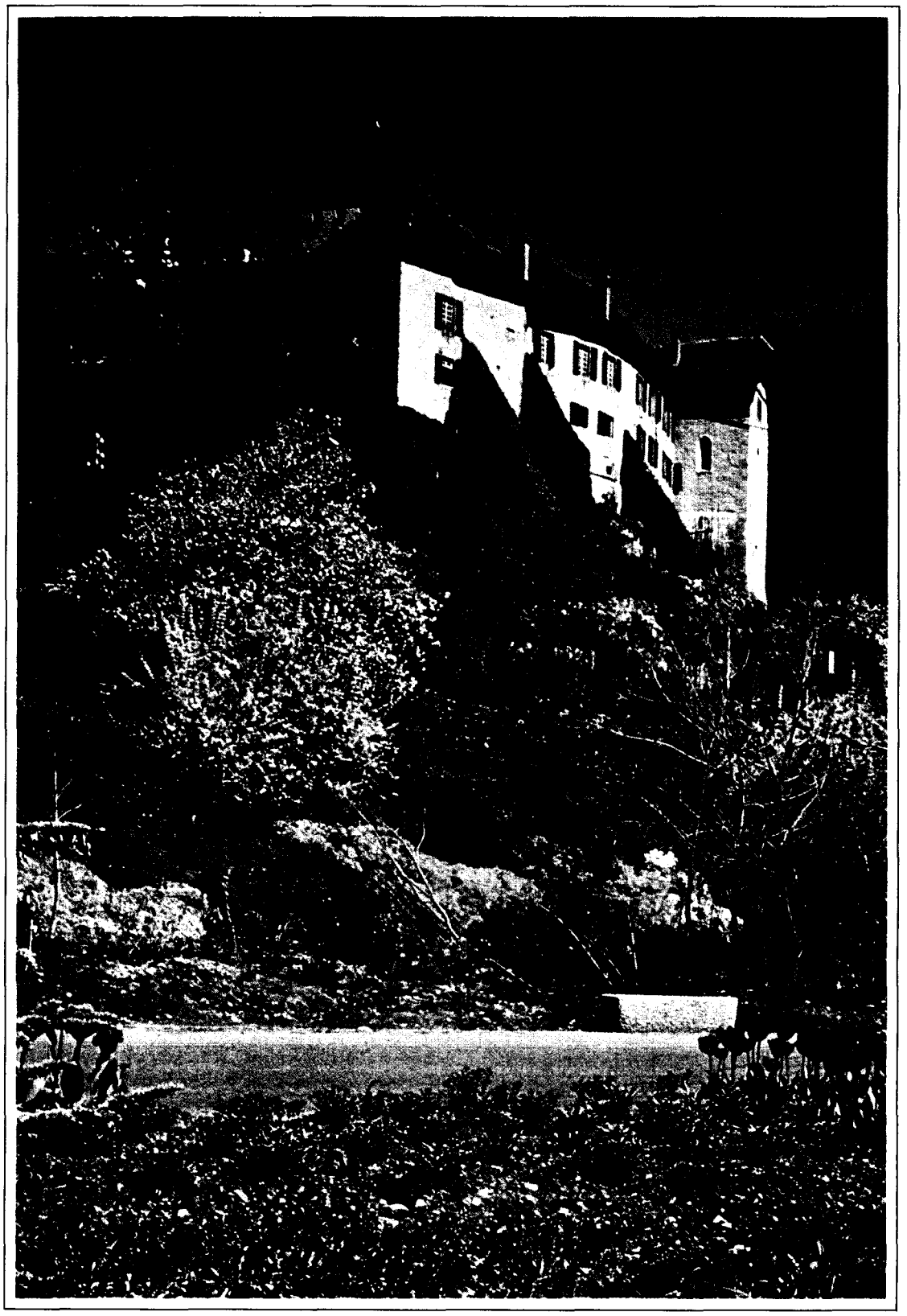
Well . . . you've had the experience. A friend recommends a hotel or restaurant. If you don't go, you virtually insult the one who's giving you a fabulous—but possibly overrated—"inside" recommendation. So, rather than start a feud, you concede the point, and prepare to accept another mediocrity as the price of having well-meaning friends whose taste may still fall somewhat shy of the ultimate.

So, on to Vevey. After all, with Alps, Lake Geneva, and all of Switzerland at our doorstep, we could not even at the worst be more than a few chocolate-bars' length from other satisfactions less rapturously promised, but already put to the test by generations of travelers.

Let me say it quickly—our apprehensions were unfounded. Our friends did err—but only on the conservative side.



Always on the menu: the magnificent and utterly spellbinding view of Lake Geneva.



Homes in the Vevey area, like this side-of-the-mountain retreat, add a romantic and elegant note to walks and drives in the world-famous resort.

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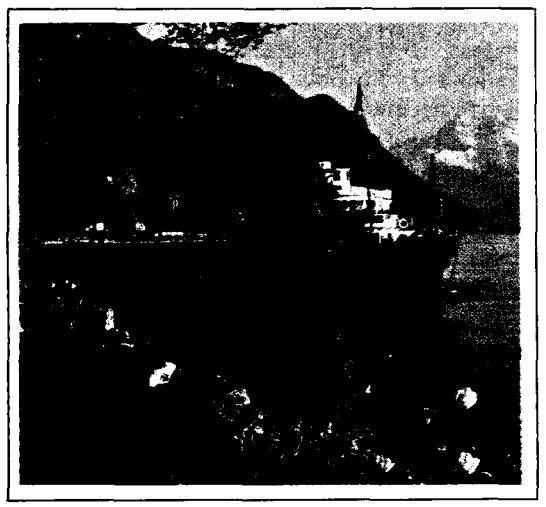
Something precious deserves a proper setting. May we look around at that, before focusing on the little jewel our friends discovered?

The Lake Geneva region probably offers more spectacular scenery, more varied activities, and more concentrated tourist facilities than any other single area of Europe. There is something there for every taste. It is served by the international airport of Geneva, the hub of many major airline routes. A complex network of international roads and railroads includes the great St. Bernard and Mont Blanc roads-and-tunnels which provide year-round connections between north and south Europe.

There are twenty-five resorts in this area at altitudes between 1,000 and 9,000 feet. The exciting but always safe sky-high transportation guarantees that you may see the mountains in all moods and from all angles and heights. Ten mountain railways, three aerial cableways, and ten gondola cableways, not to mention seventy-five ski tows, bring you the gift of earth and sky, as spied by an Alpine eagle, everywhere you turn. Exhilarating golf courses abound, in the mountains and the valleys, that are so uncrowded and beautiful they almost seem untouched. World-famous universities at Geneva and Lausanne, nightclubs, festivals, camping sights, casinos, cinemas, dance halls, discos, ballet, opera. Moonlight excursions on the lake. Year-round skiing. And always the verdant slopes, where villagers picking wildflowers seem to have a built-in sense of just how to group themselves for the perfect photograph and become your unknowing models. Wildlife seems to have attended the same school of picture design. The deer you may encounter inevitably face toward you, back to the lake, with the sun falling across their antlers at the perfect camera angle.

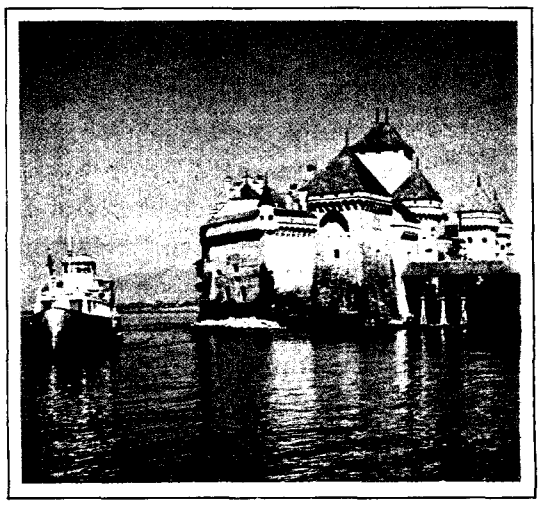
No one has ever complained about this heavenly area. Well, maybe one. That was the famous "Prisoner of Chillon" made immortal by Lord Byron's poem. In the sixteenth century a Swiss patriot and reformer who wanted to make the nation a republic, but whose timing was not quite right, was invited by the rulers of the country to spend six years in the castle of Chillon, clinging to a rock just off the northeastern shore of Lake Geneva, with the great peaks of the Alps towering behind. Even he grew to like the atmosphere, although his view was slightly impeded by the bars across his window. In Byron's poem, the prisoner admits that the "heavy walls to me had grown a hermitage, and all my own."



Above: Room with a view. A balcony high above the resort center captures in a single glance the majesty of the Alps and the ever-changing hues of the lake, while the mountain air works its miracles of pure inspiration.

Left: Boat trips around the lake are a favorite form of relaxation, recalling the vivid images in Hemingway's A Farewell to Arms.

Right: Here is where Byron's doleful "Prisoner of Chillon" spent his years, suggesting that vacations are best when their termination is a matter of choice.



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"My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are—even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh."

Even the prisoner couldn't resist his resort, one of the earliest to belong to a chain, I guess.

But now for the jewel in such a setting, our small hotel, Le Mirador. Actually, it is more like a private country club than a hotel. Reservations are not easy to obtain, but we were lucky.

Imagine a place set high enough so that the lake stretches out before your feet like a carpet, morning blue turning to sunset gold every day. Imagine riding into a tiny picture-postcard town by the funicular, an aerial tramway you catch like a bus. Imagine morning mists lifting each day, giving rise to multi-levels of mountains that seem to greet you at breakfast as if old friends. Seeing the play of new expression daily, even hourly, over configurations grown familiar by vast proximity—the top of Europe's world as wallpaper to the windows of your daily home.

Imagine proud and skilled *hôteliers*, so kind that you can hardly believe this happy sincerity is their way of life. Imagine little buildings near-by with a date on them reaching back into the 1400's. Endless fields of flowers to stroll in, starting at your very door. And here, in Le Mirador, the setting of a small hotel that world travelers before our coming had put to the ultimate test. Norman Rockwell, that devotee of innate beauty. Charlie Chaplin, who lives not far, has come up the mountain from Vevey to eat a princely dinner at a place where a monarch might choose to linger.

Royalty has not been lacking at Le Mirador. In the past, it was the hideaway of aristocrats from all over Europe, demanding the luxury cuisine and living appointments of the grandest hotel, plus the exclusivity of a hideaway. The Emperor and Empress of Japan found it to their liking—not every small hotel satisfies the inner and outer needs of the sun's descendants. (Yet for us, staying in a suite once occupied by an emperor seemed no more unreal than the simple splendor in which we were constantly surrounded.)

So who am I to say nay to such perfection encountered on the way? We were whisked away by a handsome, blazered chauffeur in a new Mercedes limousine and taken to a paradise where we breathed air so pure and clean that it did seem out of this world to people from industrialized climes. We saw sunlight so clear that the eye itself almost explodes it into spectral color. The Le Mirador Sports Center makes it unnecessary to go more than a few steps for indoor and outdoor swimming, sauna, and all of the rewarding luxuries of exercise if you're minded to it. Almost every room faces out on the lake. The French Alps tower across the water. Vevey is just below, and over there you can see Montreux, the castle of Chillon, and the expanse of the Rhône Valley.

The management claims you can dine on the view alone, but as for us, we supplemented that with such delicacies as *truite provençale, scampi madras, foie de veau Monte Carlo, émincé de veau au Dizaley, mignons de veaux aux morilles, crêpes suzette*, and *strawberry rojas* as well as an occasional American-style hamburger, so as not to forget more humble origins than sun gods.

Le Mirador is small, only eighteen rooms to the floor—just fifty rooms and suites in all. Its cuisine, decor, and general ambience are French Continental, which makes it perhaps more intriguing to know that it is owned by an American businessman, formerly head of The Franklin Mint. Joseph M. Segel had an engaging reason a number of years ago for purchasing Le Mirador. After a visit, it so appealed to him as a hideaway of exquisite taste and location that he somehow could not bear to part with it. So he acquired it, a little like a gourmet who, having dined in the world's finest restaurant, must make it his own, lest he be put in the ungracious role of envying another. Although owned by an American, Le Mirador keeps all of its Continental charm, largely because of the loving efforts of Monsieur Victor Ceranini, former owner and today its manager, along with his wife Evelynne and daughters and brother Emilio Ceranini, who presides over the cuisine in triumphant fashion.

I cannot say au revoir now without sharing an experience with you: Switzerland is different from other lands in many ways, and one of them is the remarkable physical fitness of the Swiss people as a whole. Here is a charming sidelight into it. My husband and I love to walk, and of course, with Le Mirador situated on a mountainside, we found the forests—so quiet and so brooding and beautiful—a place to find both peace and exhilaration. Our favorite became one called *"Piste de Vita"*—"Paths of Life." It was indeed of the forest primeval, and yet it is actually a regimen of health which is built here. It is, in fact, an obstacle course built into nature. In the one we followed, instructions indicated you walk from this point to that, and there do pull-ups on a handy bar—right out in the woods. Then rest, and jog until the next station, where more calisthenics are prescribed and so on and on, through the depths of the forest, and past at least eighteen to twenty stations for calisthenic duties. It took about an hour, but the result was astonishing in terms of fun and zestful well-being. We discovered that the Swiss themselves are just as partial to this kind of mixing the aesthetics of their beautiful land with weight control. One old gentleman in particular became our friend of the paths for live—and I am sure that his will linger. We loved it, as we loved our entire visit. I could wish . . . well, I could wish for a return to a small hotel I know, built of such stuff as dreams are made on. . . . ⁂

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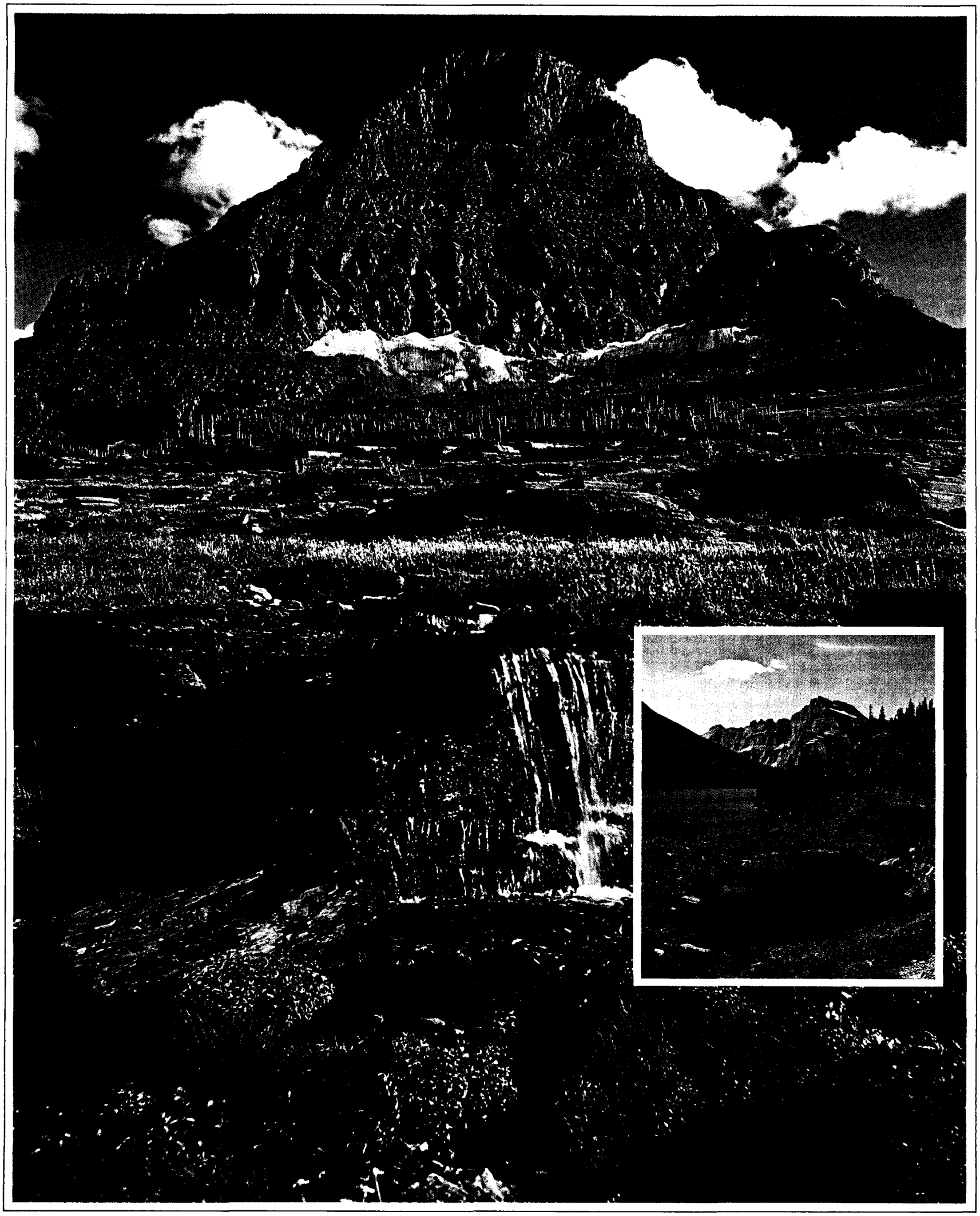

Glacier National Park in northwest Montana is a natural wonder defying description, with some sixty glaciers, wildlife and hiking trails. Logan Pass sits atop the Continental Divide, while Lake Josephine (inset) is one of Glacier's pristine lakes where a fishing license isn't required and where you can canoe the silent waters.

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OLD WEST TRAIL STATES

This is a country where locals will drive 200 miles "just to neighbor." The welcome is big in the Old West Trail Country, where the people are proud of their heritage and are only too anxious to share it with a visitor.

By Gene Bryan

"Big" like "very" and "some" rates as one of the most overused words in the American language; yet when you think of the Old West Trail region of the United States, "big" is the word.

And "big" doesn't seem so hackneyed when you consider that the Old West Trail states of Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota and Wyoming comprise a geographical area larger than Europe. This is a country where locals will drive 200 miles "just to neighbor," and it's entirely possible to cover 400 miles a day easily in this low-traffic, endless horizon country and still take in the sights.

If the land mass itself is huge, consider some of the attractions–Yellowstone National Park, Glacier National Park, Mount Rushmore, Grand Teton National Park, the Black Hills, Scotts Bluff National Monument, the Badlands of North and South Dakota, Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park. That, my friends, is a big, big slice of America's most spectacular scenery. Big parks . . . big mountains . . . big rivers . . . big lakes and reservoirs.

Cowboys and Indians are big in this part of the country. Rodeo is the Old West Trail's own particular heritage, and there's a rodeo every day (and nearly every night) somewhere in the Old West Trail during the summer. Scores of Indian reservations, any of which are gearing up to handle tourists, dot the entire region. Crow, Cheyenne, Sioux, Shoshone, Arapaho, Blackfoot–just some of the proud names in the Northern Plains Indian heritage.

The big, wide Missouri River actually brought the first "tourist" into this area. The fur traders used it first, but it was Lewis and Clark who opened the Missouri as the great river highway to the West.

The Missouri is tame today, but once the Sioux had a legend that a giant red buffalo rampaged up the river in the spring, cracking the ice with his hump and loosing the violent torrent.

Sportscaster Curt Gowdy fishes the Firehole River in Wyoming, the state where "Buffalo Bill" Cody founded the town bearing his name. In Cody, a historical center offers a collection of Western art.

Now, six of the biggest dams in the world make the Missouri a vast chain of placid, blue-water lakes, offering superlative fishing and other water sports.

Big are the heroes of the Old West Trail country. Buffalo Bill Cody, Red Cloud, Wild Bill Hickok, Theodore Roosevelt, Crazy Horse, Jim Bridger, Calamity Jane, Sitting Bull, General George Custer, Chief Joseph and a whole host of tall heroes, pretty heroines and bad hombres are the stuff of which legends are made.

Nothing much has changed in the people's attitudes toward their chosen part of the world. Buffalo Bill, et al, accepted the West for what it was–rugged, testing, beautiful, fulfilling, uncompromising. Residents today still believe that. Noted author Neil Morgan in his book *The Westward Tilt* described two of the states (Montana and Wyoming): "The Mountain North still belongs to God. Its population is thin, and when one does not see a human being for a good many miles, the human seems more important. Values count more than they do where people begin to get in each other's way–and that will not change in the Mountain North, not for a long time." The welcome is big in Old West Trail country, where the people are proud of their country, their heritage, one another, and only too anxious to share it with a visitor.

The following journey through the five states is one man's choice. To attempt to list all the attractions, both real and manmade, would border on the ludicrous.

MONTANA

At the start of this article, I suggested that certain adjectives and adverbs had been overused to the point of becoming meaningless. Comes now the case where adjectives fail to do justice in any form. Glacier National Park in northwest Montana is a natural wonder defying description.

This near-vertical chunk of 1,600 square miles of awesome beauty harbors 60 glaciers, 57 species of mammals, 210 species of birds, more than 1,100 different native flowers and 1,000 miles of hiking trails. Add to this 200 crystal lakes and 240 miles of roads and you get an idea of the problem of description.

Glacier is a national park that has escaped the attention of most attention-givers, i.e., travel writers, television travelogues, largely because its more famous sisters, Yellowstone, Grand Canyon, Yosemite, have grabbed off the headlines. (All the better to enjoy a truly remarkable park.) Smell the park's fragrances, touch and listen. A requisite for Glacier is time. A single day won't do. Plan at least three days, and even then, you'll discover it isn't enough.

Glacier opens its seasonal doors from May 15 to September 15. It is well served by excellent roads, planes, trains and buses. Two daily Amtrak trains serve the park at East and West Glacier. Airline and bus schedules, too, make for easy entry.

Lake McDonald on the west side of Glacier and Glacier Park Lodge on the east are two prime jumping off points for inner-park exploration. Glacier Park, Inc., offers twelve different scenic tours of the park by motor coach. Trips last from two to five days and include meals and lodging. Some tours loop over into Glacier's sister park, Waterton Lakes National Park, just across the border into Canada.

Many of the package tours include launch cruises on Glacier's lakes–McDonald, St. Mary,

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Two Medicine, Swiftcurrent and Josephine among them. Excursion boats are manned by knowledgeable skippers, and some voyages are accompanied by National Park Service personnel, naturalists who provide that insight that can "make" a trip. Or you can go it alone. Both canoe and power craft are available. If you can tear yourself away from the scenery, throw out your line. No fishing license is required within the park.

Perhaps the most satisfying way of all to explore Glacier National Park is by hiking. Strap on a comfortable pair of hiking boots, slip the pack on the back, and stride off. Experienced hikers can pack into hotels reachable only by trail—Sperry and Granite Park Chalets. Or you can make arrangement to reach the chalets by horseback. Novice hikers will probably want to confine their ventures to short outings. No problem. Abundant wildlife, including the amazingly sure-footed mountain goat, is everywhere. And there's always the scenery.

NEBRASKA

Indians called it the Big Medicine Trail. To the white man, it was the Overland, the Oregon and Mormon Trails and the route of the Pony Express—but to a growing nation, it was known as the Platte River Road. The first transcontinental railroad followed its course and later the first transcontinental highway (U.S. 30). Interstate 80 follows the same historic route, and that's the route we're going to take.

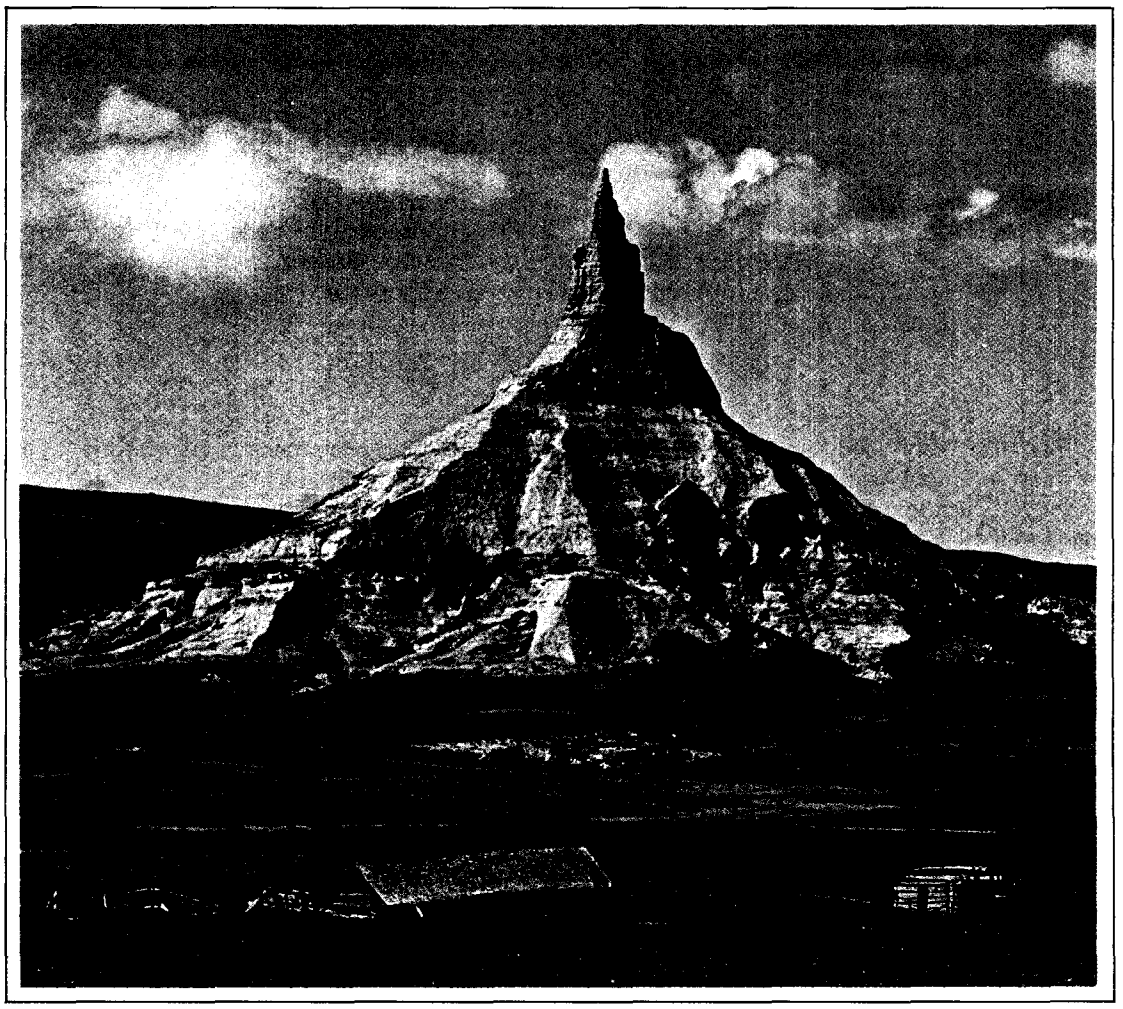
The "winning of the West" unfolds all along the Platte River Road across Nebraska. The Joslyn Art Museum (featuring a treasure chest of Western art) and the Union Pacific Historical Museum in Omaha, the State Historical Society Museum in Lincoln, the Stuhr Museum of the Prairie Pioneer at Grand Island and the famed Harold Warp Pioneer Village at Minden all offer fascinating insight into the great Western adventure.

In fact, history has a special meaning to the Cornhuskers. The state boasts more than 100 museums of varying sizes, shapes, origins and purposes. Nebraskans have preserved and guarded their colorful heritage with a dedicated passion, and they take great pleasure in sharing it with others.

A special delight along the Platte River Road (I-80) is the original Pony Express Station at Gothenburg in central Nebraska. The Pony Express: What other means of communications was so short-lived, yet had a more profound effect on the development of the West?

Launched on April 3, 1860, to the accompaniment of celebrations at both ends of the line—Sacramento, California, and St. Joseph, Missouri—the Express generally followed the route of the Oregon and California Trails. Stations of log, stone or adobe were built at intervals of about 15 miles. Gothenburg is such a station. Riders each covered 75 to 100 miles, and the entire trip usually took about ten days. The Pony Express lasted until October 24, 1861, less than two years.

Although a financial disaster, the Pony Express was a success for a growing nation—it demonstrated the practicability of the central route at all seasons of the year; it blazed the path of the first transcontinental railroad and it helped tie California to the Union cause in the early difficult months of the Civil War. The Pony Express was one of the great acts in the drama of the West.



Needlepoint is a distinctive landmark in Nebraska—where you can still mail letters at original Pony Express stations and motor along Interstate 80, which follows a portion of the old Pony Express route.

It's easy to linger at such a beautiful spot—especially this one in sight of the unforgettable Mount Rushmore. The monument to four American presidents is located just twenty-two miles off a main highway.

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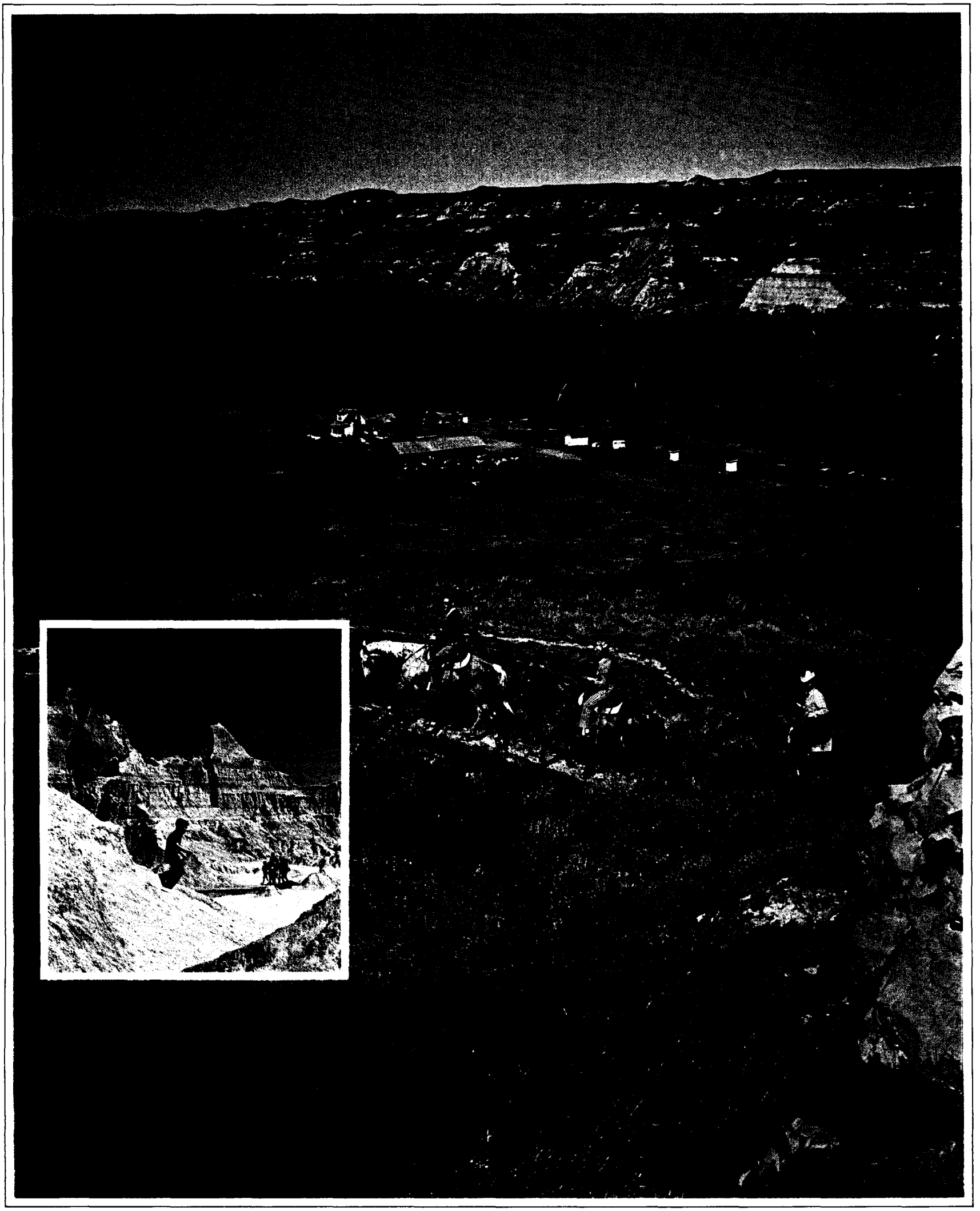

Teddy Roosevelt, who loved exploring the wilderness, said he "never would have been President if it had not been for my experience in North Dakota." Today you can ride a Western quarterhorse over the same region that helped mold the Roosevelt character. The Badlands (inset) extend into South Dakota.

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The Gothenburg Station is open to the public and the hours are 7:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. June through August and 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. in May and September. You can still mail a letter from the station.

Not far are two important landmarks on the old Oregon-California-Mormon Trails–Chimney Rock National Historic Site near Bayard and Scotts Bluff National Monument near Gering. The story of these critical pioneer guidons is told in the Oregon Trail Museum at Scotts Bluff National Monument. (The museum is free and the summit drive $1.) From high atop Scotts Bluff, you can see far-distant Laramie Peak, in Wyoming, the next important guidon on the trek West.

NORTH DAKOTA

"I like this land because it gives me room to turn around without stepping on the feet of others. There is a strangely fascinating desolation to the Badlands."

"I always said I never would have been president if it had not been for my experience in North Dakota."

The first of these two remarks about North Dakota's Badlands was made by the Marquis de Mores, an ambitious Frenchman who arrived with grandiose plans to set up a cattle empire, raise and market beef. He named his town after his wife, Medora, a member of the Van Hoffman family of New York.

The second observation was made by Theodore Roosevelt after he became President of the United States in 1916. Roosevelt came to the Badlands when he was twenty-three years old to hunt buffalo and wild game, and ultimately purchased a large ranch before he returned to New York to enter the political wars.

Medora didn't enter into a deep, seventy-year sleep during the years after Roosevelt and de Mores. Somebody forgot to tell the local cowboys that raising hell on Saturday night was a no-no.

For many years, Medora simply remained undiscovered. But it was only a matter of time until the grotesquely carved buttes and gully-ridden valleys of the Badlands attracted national attention. After years of effort by various local, state and national officials, the Theodore Roosevelt National Park was established in 1947. The North Dakota State Historical Society operates the Château de Mores, a gift from the de Mores family.

A history-minded Bismarck businessman, Harold Schafer, activated his long interest in Medora in 1963 when he purchased the Rough Riders Hotel.

Restored by Schafer and the Gold Seal Company, the hotel is a landmark of the past, reminiscent of a bygone era. Good food, too.

"There was too much here to be lost, too many important elements of America's early frontier history to be allowed to decay," Schafer says.

Other development of tourist facilities by Gold Seal and smaller enterprises followed. Schafer opened a museum (the Fur Trader and Wildlife Museum), several restaurants, the Badlands Saloon, the Joe Ferris Store, a candle shop, an old-fashioned ice cream parlor, a 120-unit luxury motel with swimming pool and other facilities.

Sitting astride a purebred quarter horse, you can ride through the valleys and high up to the butte tops of this rough-hewn terrain. The Badlands have an unmistakable quality, and artists, historians and "just folks" from around the world come to grab the intangibles.

And here's a way to end a great day at Medora–see the "Medora Musical" in the Gold Seal Amiptheatre, nestled between buttes of the Badlands. The musical plays nightly in July and August.

Medora is 133 miles west of the capital city, Bismarck, the nearest commercial air terminal and Amtrak station. (Bismarck is served by three airlines and has every-other-day Amtrak service. Rental cars are available at Bismarck.)

SOUTH DAKOTA

For boisterous sin, a chance to get rich quickly–or die just as suddenly–few places have ever rivaled the town of Deadwood, South Dakota, either in fact or legend.

Deadwood is ninety-eight years old now and still going strong. It isn't the roaring, hell-for-leather gold town it once was, but it's far from sedate.

The town, climbing the sides of a narrow gulch in South Dakota's famed Black Hills, has kept the atmosphere and looks of a frontier boom town in the midst of the twentieth century. The present age has left its mark. There are chain stores and neon lights, but the streets are still narrow (an understatement) and the storefronts are those built when the Deadwood gold strike was the biggest news in America.

Gold miners from the nearby Homestake Mine still stroll the streets, along with loggers from the hills and cowboys from the range country, and they (rather than the college students, tourists or local businessmen) give Deadwood its indelible character. It's a delight to sit on the porch of the Franklin Hotel and "people watch."

Deadwood is fiercely proud of its raucous past. The Number Ten Saloon has sawdust on the floor and enough memorabilia of the Wild Bill Hickok-Calamity Jane days to rate as a small museum. Every night except Sunday through the summer, the townspeople stage "The Trial of Jack McCall" on the streets, and if you close your eyes for a brief moment, Wild Bill, Calamity, et al, suddenly are there.

Deadwood's "Days of '76" celebration and rodeo the first weekend in August is a joyful, sleepless three-day shootout full of rodeos, parades and festivity.

Gold made (and almost broke) Deadwood.

In 1874 Lt. Col. George A. Custer led an expedition into the southern Black Hills and discovered gold. The first rush came in what is now the town of Custer. By late fall of 1874, some 7,000 miners had crowded into Custer. Then a prospector brought news of a new, richer strike in the northern hills, in a gulch area recently burned over by fire (hence, the "deadwood" name). By the spring of 1876, there were fewer than 100 miners left in Custer and more than 25,000 jammed into every nook and cranny of Deadwood Gulch. Other gold and silver strikes made the northern hills "the richest hundred square miles on earth."

Deadwood became the hub, and it attracted characters of every description. In Mt. Moriah Cemetery, high above Deadwood, lie Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane–side by side–and Preacher Smith and Potato Creek Johnny are nearby. The flag at the cemetery flies day and night; Deadwood is one of eight places in the United States permitted to fly the flag twenty-four hours a day.

Rapid City is the transportation center for the Black Hills. Three airlines serve the area, and rental cars are available at the airport and downtown. Several tour companies operate tours throughout the Black Hills area. Amtrak does not serve South Dakota, however.

WYOMING

The very name Cody, Wyoming, conjures visions of William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody–army scout, Indian fighter, buffalo hunter and Wild West showman. And well it should, for it was Colonel Cody who founded this small western town at the mouth of Shoshone Canyon, the eastern gateway to Yellowstone National Park some fifty miles to the west. The memory of the old Indian fighter is ever present at the Buffalo

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Bill Village, which he built to house the workers who were building his town. (Today, a Holiday Inn sits smack in the middle of the village.) You can ride a horse, visit a museum, swim, see a melodrama, eat a chuckwagon dinner, make arrangements for a whitewater float trip, play tennis, sip a sarsaparilla or stroll a boardwalk. Or enjoy yourself at the downtown Irma Hotel, which Buffalo Bill built and named for his daughter. The old back bar is still there, and the spirit of the Colonel pervades every inch of the old hotel. "Belly up" to the bar and have a brew. You may find yourself standing next to Western artist Harry Jackson. I did once.

Nowhere is Buffalo Bill's memory more pervasive than at the end of Sheridan Avenue, where the Buffalo Bill Historical Center dominates the scene. The *New York Times* has called this place "a magnificent documentation of pure West. There has never been a more comprehensive exhibit of Americana anywhere."

Strong words, but anyone who visits the multimillion-dollar complex will come away highly impressed after viewing the original paintings and sculptures of the giants among Western artists. The Buffalo Bill Historical Center houses three of the finest museums of their kind anywhere—the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, the Buffalo Bill Museum and the Plains Indian Museum.

Constructed of native stone, the center sits before the breathtaking backdrop of the Absaroka Mountain. The heroic statue, *Buffalo Bill, the Scout*, stands at the north end of the complex.

The Whitney Gallery of Western Art houses roughly $3 million worth of Western American art—accurate portrayals of life in the Old West, by the foremost artists of the period. Its exhibits are known as documentary art—realistic pictorial records of the western scene before photography.

The exhibits in the Whitney reflect the best work of these documentary artists: Charles M. Russell, Frederic Remington, Albert Bierstadt, Edgar Paxson, George Catlin, Alfred Jacob Miller and many others. The collection of Russell's paintings and sculptures is one of the largest and most important by "the Cowboy Artist."

Another who stands out is the renowned Frederic Remington. The Whitney collection includes three copies of his famous *Coming Through the Rye* sculpture, as well as the entire contents of his studio at the time of his death in 1909.

A painting that deserves special mention is Edgar Paxson's *Custer's Last Stand*. This haunting recollection of that fateful June day in Montana is credited by most historians with being the most accurate depiction of the Battle of the Little Bighorn.

The Buffalo Bill Historical Center is open daily from May 1 to October 1. Admission for adults is $1.50 and for children over six 50 cents.

Cody isn't all Buffalo Bill, however. Rodeo buffs can enjoy the nightly (except Sunday) Cody Night Rodeo from mid-June to late August and the Cody Stampede over the Fourth of July. A visit to the Mormon Grigware Mural in the Latter-Day Saints Church offers a few inspiring moments, and Old Trail Town is a collection of historical buildings and relics of the frontier past.

Cody is served daily by Frontier Airlines and rental cars are available at the airport and downtown. Nearest Amtrak service is in Billings, Montana, 100 miles northwest.

PARTY

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incompetent a crew of fools as. . . . But do you suppose that poor Louis, or his grandsire, Louis XV, ever spoke for France? No, it was that great wit and writer, Voltaire. Do you suppose any of the Georges of England had voices as powerful and persuasive as Daniel Defoe and Jonathan Swift? For all that, one served in the stocks and the other died mad. I warrant there are many even in your time who remember the names of these writers and yet cannot name the kings of Great Britain and France of our eighteenth century."

"True enough," I said.

"So invite your heads of state to stand at the launching if they will come. But also invite the writers of the world to celebrate it. And it would be better perhaps if they were not at the launching. Why should they be? It is the words they produce and not the bodies they own that we want. And it is a communications satellite—you see, I have the phrase—that will be launched. It is by means of the waves, to the satellite and back, that their words should be carried."

I said, uncertainly, "But writers are human beings like others and are themselves twisted and distorted by their surroundings. Their feelings are turned toward their own interests; they feel a kinship with their own group, their own nation. Why should they be more idealistic than others?"

Franklin said, "My friend, you are a writer yourself, you say, but of what you write and how you write I know nothing. Please do not accept what I am about to say as applying to you personally, though in all truth it may do so.

"I am not speaking of your poetasters and your logic-chopping hacks. I speak of your great writers who must, if they are great, strive for what is universal in man, since anything less is unworthy of their efforts. Can they strive for the universal and be bound to the immediate and personal? No, they will see the crisis, as Tom Paine did, and they will know how to put anguish into words as he did. Do you have no Voltaire of your own time?"

"If we have," I said, "I doubt that anyone would agree on his identity."

"Then call on dozens, as I said, and let them combine to play the role of a single Voltaire or Paine, if your times are impoverished in magnanimous and forceful minds."

"Mr. Franklin," I said, desperately, "I lack your faith in words, for all that I am a writer. If it is arranged that the great writers of every nation—or any thinker, I suppose, who can express himself cogently—send messages by way of the communications satellite after it is launched, what, in Heaven's name, do you imagine they can say that would sway the ingrained prejudices of the world?"

"That," said Franklin, "will bear some thought. . . ."

And he faded rapidly, almost without warning—not, as on the previous two occasions, slowly and with time for a last few words. He was gone almost between one breath and the next.

Did that mean that the odd three-night interlude was over and that he would not come back? And if he did not. . . .

Dawn was beginning to pale the sky and I lay there, motionless, till after sunrise. What were the world's writers to say?

If Franklin's visions of a brighter future America give you any ideas on how you'd like your country to celebrate its birthday, write to Benjamin Franklin, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

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JACKIE STEWART

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minimize the chances for accidents or injuries and cut down the death rate among drivers and spectators."

That's the way the professional career of one of the sport's most gifted drivers ended. He retired a wealthy man. He and Helen and their three children enjoy a comfortable way of life now, following a pattern that they had been able to enjoy less and less in recent years. They own a large home with spacious grounds near Geneva, Switzerland, while continuing to lease a stretch of a lovely salmon-fishing stream in Scotland named the River Spey.

It was near the Spey that Stewart's driving career began, in the village of Dumbuck, near Dumbarton in western Scotland not far from the romantic, legendary Loch Lomond.

"I used to go up to that same stretch of the River Spey when I was a boy," Stewart recalled not long ago. "I wasn't able to get there very often toward the end of my driving years, but I always loved it."

Stewart's father was an avid amateur motorcyclist and operated a garage as well as owning Jaguar and BMC franchises, but it was his brother Jimmy, eight years older, who led the way into racing. Jimmy became interested in auto racing while Jackie was a youth, skipping about the countryside and competing in a variety of events. Young Jackie spent most of his leisure time playing football at Dumbarton Academy and also became an avid trapshooter.

"I was a bit competitive in school sports," he has often recalled. "I'd always wanted to have a go at things. I started shooting very early, mostly at rabbits behind our house and later at clay pigeons." His marksmanship became so expert that after winning a number of local and then Scottish championships, he captured the West of England prize when only seventeen—a major achievement for a young lad.

He became so proficient that three years later he had earned first-place trophies in British, Irish, Scottish, European and Mediterranean competitions while earning the right to compete in the 1960 British Olympic Games trials. Jackie advanced to the final round of the trials but hit a slump that saw him failing to qualify for the team by a single point. "I dropped eight out of twenty-five targets," he remembers. "I'll never forget that day. It was my twenty-first birthday."

But if the world lost a budding Olympic medalist, it was soon to gain a World Driving Champion as the eager youngster launched a fresh career. A close friend, Barry Filer, owned two cars in those days which were driven competitively by a local fellow named Jimmy McInnes.

"They were beautiful cars," says Stewart. "A Porsche Super 90 and an AC Bristol. I used to prepare them for McInnes to drive because I worked at the family garage where the cars were brought to be tuned up."

McInnes permitted Jackie to warm up the cars and drive them to the starting line before races. It was like dangling a fly before a hungry trout. The fish strikes and is hooked. Filer soon offered Stewart an opportunity to drive one of the cars in a race, but the still avid trapshooting enthusiast refused. The offer was repeated again several months later and this time Jackie accepted.

Stewart, throughout his racing career, conceded that the next three years were best described as serving an apprenticeship. He steadily entered more events, improving rapidly, and by the time the 1963 season rolled around, he had become a well-known figure on the British club racing circuit.

He competed in twenty-three events in 1963, winning fourteen races, finishing second once and third twice. There were several satisfying financial prospects lined up for 1964 and Stewart, for the first time, began to think seriously about driving for money rather than sport. He was winning with such regularity that his name came to the attention of Ken Tyrrell, a timber dealer from Surrey who directed the Cooper Formula 3 team. Tim Mayer, a promising American who was the team's number one driver, had been killed while competing in the Tasman Series and Tyrrell was anxiously seeking a replacement. Tyrrell contacted Stewart and invited him to test drive a new Cooper Formula 3 car at the venerable Goodwood track.

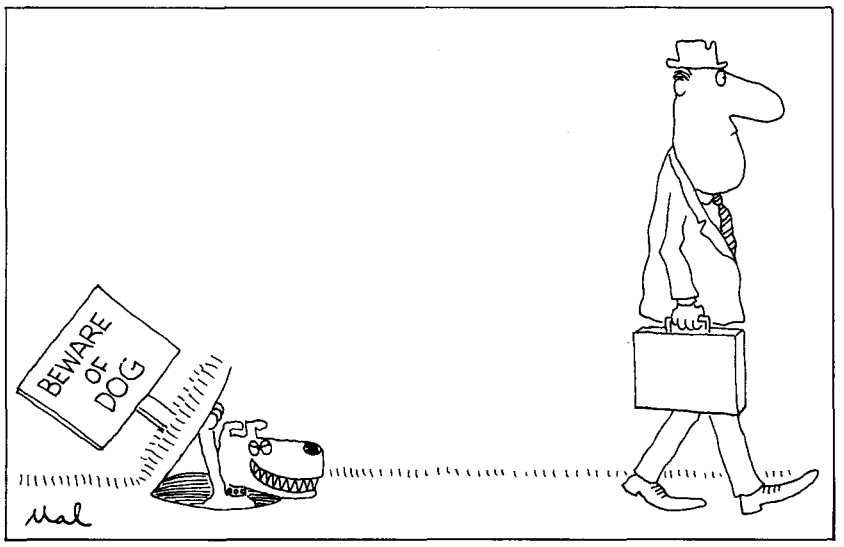
Jackie was faced with two alternatives. Refusal would be an admission that he'd be content to continue as an amateur—a competent amateur driver to be sure, but one satisfied never to compete against the best. Acceptance would mean that his competitive urge would always have to be appeased . . . that he would forever be pursuing faster and ever faster laps.

He accepted.

He was put into a new car set up by Bruce McLaren, then a member of the Cooper team. Jackie promptly stunned every observer on hand. He immediately began turning out laps faster than McLaren and the official track records. Tyrrell was startled, called Stewart in and cautioned him against continuing at such a fast clip. Jackie listened, apparently attentive, but went back out and drove still faster.

Tyrrell, sensing he was witnessing the launching of a potential champion, offered the flippant youngster 3,000 pounds to sign and a five-year contract in which he would receive 10 percent of Stewart's earnings.

"I'd been married only eighteen months and probably didn't have fifty pounds in the bank," Stewart is fond of recalling. "I was earning around twenty pounds a week working in the garage, but even so, I felt that if Ken, who had seen me drive just that one time, was willing to pay me that much, then I must be worth more, so I turned it down." The two bargained for a bit until Stewart eventually coaxed a more attractive offer out of Tyrrell and Jackie then signed his first professional contract.



That was in March 1964. Slightly more than five years later, in September 1969, Stewart finished first in the Italian Grand Prix at Monza to win his first World Driving Championship. He won his second in 1971 and a third in 1973, his final season. At the height of his career, his annual earnings through endorsements, personal appearances and business investments approached the $1 million mark. He spent weeks and months traveling around the world and averaged 450,000 miles yearly in flying about the globe while meeting his commitments.

It was a good life for the most part, but splattered with tragic periods when death claimed his driving friends and tore apart the lives of their families. The stresses of his constantly expanding, demanding routine came close to retiring Stewart before he was quite ready when a savage bout with ulcers set him down midway through the 1972 season. Although he was never seriously injured in a racing mishap, he readily admits to having been thoroughly frightened on a half dozen or so occasions in addition to his 1966 wreck at Spa.

"I've had maybe six or eight close calls," he said shortly after his retirement. "Incidents where something failed, or perhaps it was my doing that caused it and the car didn't go where I wanted it to. During my last race in South Africa, for instance, the brakes failed in a high-speed corner and I went into a dirt embankment, airborne part of the way. I remember thinking, this is it. But it wasn't."

Through it all, though, Stewart kept his equilibrium and for the most part his sense of humor, picking up hundreds of honors along the way, including the Order of the British Empire (OBE) bestowed by Queen Elizabeth II, being named England's Man of the Year three times and more recently voted America's Sportsman of the Year. It was, as he often admitted, a hectic though rewarding schedule.

"I know I don't have to gad about this way," he once admitted. "Right now I'd rather be at home with my family and relaxing a bit. But auto racing has been very good to me and I feel as if I should do my best to help repay the debt. Racing has a tremendous growth potential and it's up to those of us who are in it to help see that it does continue to grow. There simply is no way of predicting how great a sport it will become in the United States, for instance.

"Why, wherever I go in Europe, I'm immediately recognized whether it's France, Germany, Italy, Belgium or wherever. It's impossible to go to the theater or to a restaurant without being mobbed. Don't misunderstand me. I enjoy it, and I am paid extremely well at the same time. But in the United States, unless it's Indianapolis, where almost everyone would recognize a Parnelli Jones, a Mario Andretti or an A. J. Foyt, a race driver can walk down the street without being detected. And if I can help boost interest in the sport so the day will come when a top driver is as easily recognized as I am in Europe, then I feel that it's only right that I do so."

Since his retirement, Jackie has been in the spotlight frequently as a motor-racing commentator for ABC-TV. His colorful descriptions have spiced miles of racing. He still concentrates on track safety.

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THE APPEARANCE SHOPPER

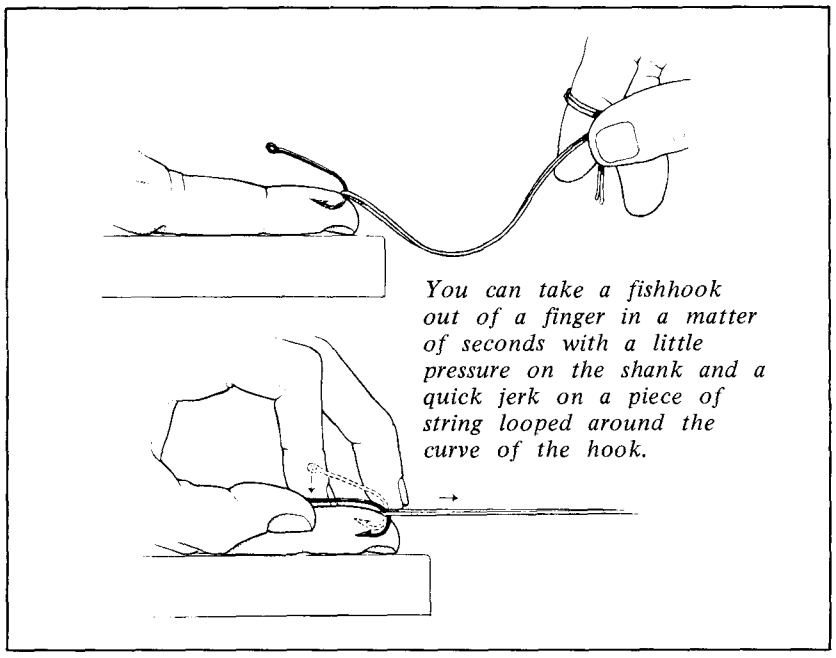
MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"To lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals." Benjamin Franklin

When I was a child I remember an incident occurred one day while I was fishing with my grandfather. I got a fishhook snagged in my finger. Just as my grandmother was ready to whisk me off to the nearest doctor's office, my grandfather removed a piece of string from his tackle box and rather unceremoniously yanked out the hook—almost painlessly. As I do a lot of fishing, most of it in remote areas, I'm wondering if you know this technique and could describe it for me.

I feel that whenever possible a fishhook should be removed by someone with medical training, especially when the hook is snagged in areas of soft tissue—the forearm or the face. However, if it involves the finger (as is usually the case) and a medical facility is not available, here is a method that is highly successful.



You can take a fishhook out of a finger in a matter of seconds with a little pressure on the shank and a quick jerk on a piece of string looped around the curve of the hook.

Place the person's finger on a flat, firm surface. Make a loop in a piece of stout string about sixteen inches long and slip it over the shank of the hook. Next, loop the loose ends together and wrap them firmly around your right index finger. Grasp the eye of the hook firmly with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand and depress the shank against the finger. Using your left third finger guide the loop of string down on the hook and hold it firmly against the string at the point where the hook enters the skin. With the heel of the left hand securing the victim's hand, apply a sudden jerk to the string (along the long axis of the shank) and the hook will pull loose. After the hook has been removed the wound should be thoroughly scrubbed with soap and water. It's also a good idea to soak the affected finger in clean warm water for an hour several times a day for a few days to keep it from getting infected. Seek tetanus immunization if needed.

The other evening while my mother-in-law was visiting she criticized me for placing my baby in his crib and propping his bottle up for him to feed while he falls asleep. She claims this deprives him of a feeling of love and is psychologically unsound. I say this is old-fashioned.

Your mother-in-law is more correct than even she probably knows. Researchers have shown that not only the infant but also the mother needs the cuddling and loving stimulus that is associated with feeding time. However, the most important reason to hold your child while feeding him is to prevent or reduce the possibility of serious middle ear infections. It seems that an infant, when sucking on a bottle, applies a tremendous amount of suction. It is this suction, coupled with periods of relaxation, that encourages if not actually forces milk and other secretions containing bacteria from the back of the throat into the eustachian tube and into the middle ear. This creates a perfect environment for bacterial multiplication and the development of what is clinically recognized as acute otitis media or middle ear infection. So be kind to your baby (and to yourself) by holding and cuddling him during his feedings; you'll probably both be healthier.

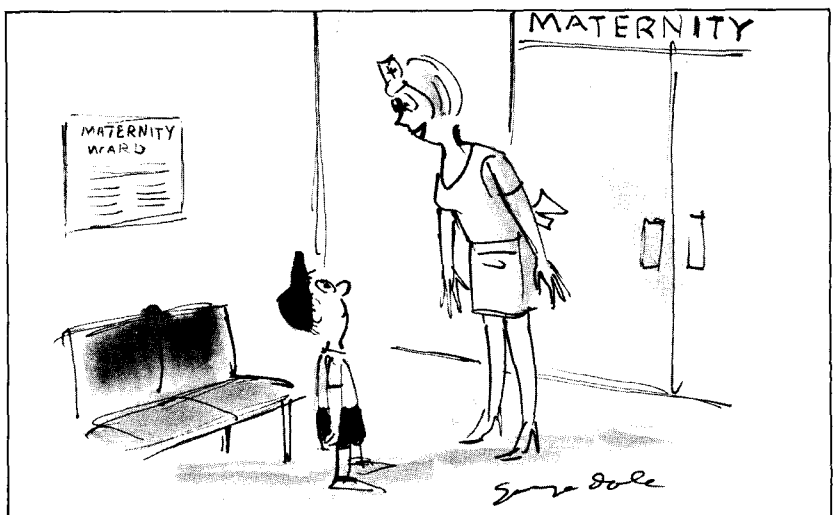
Last weekend my eight-year-old son stepped on an old tin can and cut the bottom of his foot. Since it was minor I cleaned and bandaged it and then had my husband take him to the hospital emergency room to get a tetanus shot; he had not received one since he was five. After waiting for approximately an hour the doctor examined my son's cut, rebandaged it, and sent him home without giving him a shot. The doctor told my husband that because it has been only three years since his last booster he was still protected against tetanus. I thought it was necessary to get a booster each time the skin was broken. What is the rule?

While there has been considerable controversy in the past as to the required frequency of tetanus booster injections, recent research at Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital has helped establish guidelines that are widely accepted. Assuming that your child has received his primary immunization series as directed by your family doctor or pediatrician and has had a booster when he first entered school, he is well protected against the dangers of tetanus until he is at least twelve. At the age of twelve he should receive another booster injection, followed by one every ten years thereafter to maintain adequate immunization. If, however, he should suffer from anything other than a minor wound during these periods, the physician will most likely administer a booster at that time to raise the body's tetanus defenses to a higher level, should they be challenged. It's a good idea to have each member of the family carry an up-to-date immunization record with him. A family immunization record should also be kept at home. Remember, tetanus, even though a little-heard-of disease, is deadly.

Tetanus is classified as a neuromuscular disorder, that is, a disease which affects the nerves and muscles. It is commonly referred to as lockjaw. The bacterium that causes tetanus is called *Clostridium tetani* and is a specific kind of bacterium in that it thrives in those areas where little oxygen is present and produces a type of toxin which attacks the nerve centers of the body and causes the symptoms of the disease to appear.

The tetanus organism is unusual in that it is a spore-forming organism, i.e., that the spore can live for many years in a dormant state and then when the conditions are right for its growth it can become active and cause the disease. The tetanus spores are hardy. The only sure method of destroying them is in a steam autoclave employing very high temperatures and pressure.

Even though the disease of tetanus is uncommon the organism is widely distributed, primarily found in cultivated soil and surprisingly enough in the intestinal tract of man and animals. It is not unusual to discover the tetanus organism in the human mouth. It is well accepted that individuals contract



"You made a mistake. Susie Campbell's mother is having a baby. Not Susie!"

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tetanus following a wound. Certainly massive and dirty wounds such as those found following severe trauma present a source of infection; however, the wound itself may be insignificant—a hypodermic injection site in a drug addict or an insect bite in a child. Once the bacteria find a wound site that is suited to their multiplication and toxin production, the toxin is picked up and distributed by the blood stream throughout the body where it attacks various nerves. The time from the initial infection until symptoms appear (incubation period) can range from three days to as long as four weeks. There have been reports that tetanus spores have resided in apparently well-healed wounds for as long as fifteen years.

Once the tetanus toxin reaches and attacks the nerves, it produces symptoms that begin as muscle cramping and spasms, irritability, difficulty in swallowing, and restlessness. One of the first symptoms of tetanus may be spasms of the jaw muscles used in chewing. This interferes with the patient's ability to open his mouth or jaws, hence the name lockjaw has been ascribed to tetanus. Tetanus progresses, causing stiffness and rigidity of the muscles of the back, abdomen, and the neck, and finally of all the extremities. The spasms are intermittent and during the height of the disease can be initiated by such minor things as a sudden increase in light in the patient's room. As the disease progresses the periods of muscle spasms become longer and more severe, and breathing movements are interfered with, which can lead to sudden death of the patient from asphyxiation.

One of the reasons that tetanus is such a dreaded disease is that throughout the disease the patient remains conscious and aware of racking muscle spasms. Even with the recent advances of modern medicine the mortality rate still approaches 90 percent. This figure, coupled with the fact that tetanus is essentially a disease that is 100 percent preventable, vividly points out the need for primary tetanus immunization and routine booster injections.

We read about vitamin C and the common cold in your April issue. How much vitamin C does Dr. Linus Pauling take?

Six grams a day. Dr. Pauling told us that he takes three grams in the morning with his breakfast. He mixes ascorbic acid crystals (vitamin C) into his orange juice. (He buys the crystals by the kilogram.) Then he takes another three grams of crystals mixed with water later in the day. He feels that if vitamin C is taken before breakfast on an empty stomach, it might act as a laxative. At the first sign of a sniffle or sneeze he takes an additional five or ten grams.

When he doesn't use the crystals, Dr. Pauling takes 1000 mg tablets. Most drugstores carry 50, 100, 250 and 500 mg tablets or capsules of vitamin C. Dr. Pauling's dosage would equal twelve of the 500 mg tablets per day. To those not familiar with pills, the 100 mg pill is usually identical in appearance and size to the 500 mg pill. The difference is simply that the 100 mg pill contains three times as much filler as vitamin C. The 500 mg pill contains less of the harmless filler.

MEDICAL NEWS

Male Contraceptives? Soon, Perhaps.

Reports of a new male contraceptive, combining two different hormones—progestogen and testosterone—and administered experimentally to a small group of men, are cautiously optimistic. A Silastic capsule (less than an inch long and one-tenth inch in diameter) containing testosterone was implanted under the skin on the chest. It contained enough hormone to supply about 45 mcg daily for 13 months. Progestogens were delivered by implantation or pill.

Dr. J. Frick, a urologist at the University of Innsbruck, Austria, has succeeded in suppressing spermatogenesis in 16 of 37 subjects using a variety of approaches to the administration of these hormones. "Our findings suggest that it may be possible to devise a male contraceptive based on hormonal suppression of spermatogenesis combined with testosterone replacement theory, although the entire spectrum of potential toxicity issues needs to be thoroughly considered," says Dr. Frick.

Man-Made Blood

Scientists at the Harvard School of Public Health have successfully substituted an artificial blood—a chemical concoction of fluorine and carbon—for whole blood in the circulatory systems of laboratory rats. The rats survive and live without any element of natural blood in their bodies.

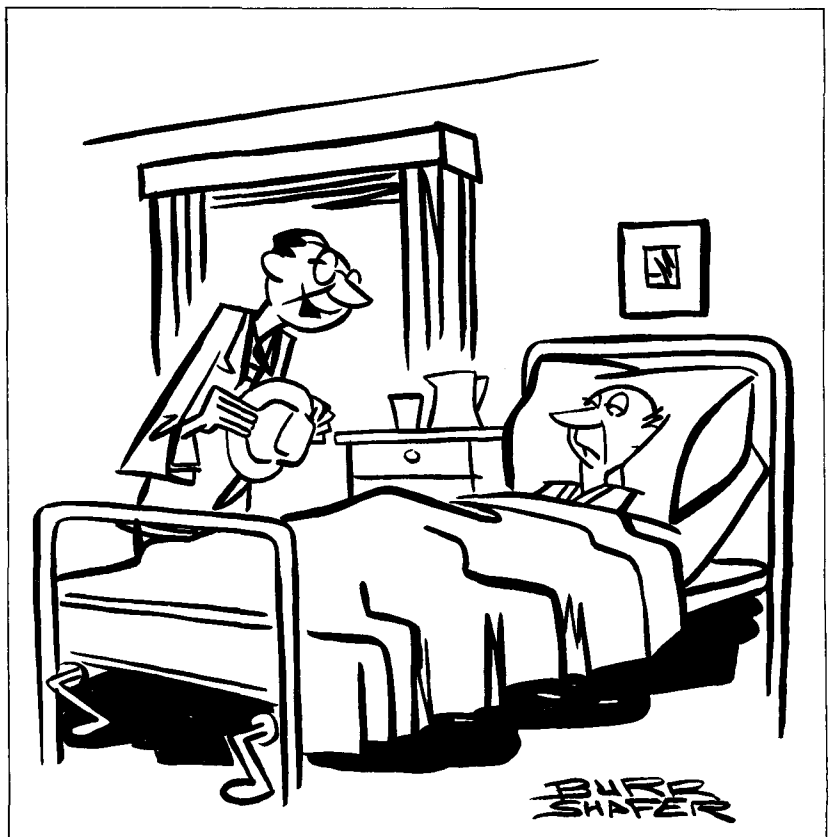
Other scientists at the University of Alabama and the Hektoen Institute of Medical Research in Chicago have succeeded in keeping research animals alive for an hour using a solution of blood plasma and hemoglobin. This solution contains no ordinary blood cells and therefore does not need to be typed and matched before use in transfusions. The hemoglobin for this experimental solution can come from any source—blood too old to be used for transfusions, or even from slaughtered cattle.

Medical science is a number of years away from an artificial substitute for use in human transfusions. There are several criteria that must be met by such a substitute: it must not be rejected by the body; it must be easily typed or require no typing at all; it has to be able to carry oxygen throughout the body without being excreted too rapidly; it must not make the recipient vulnerable to infectious disease; it must approximate the flow characteristics (i.e. the volume and pressure) of natural blood so that the circulatory system will not collapse when suffused with the liquid. None of the blood substitutes now being used experimentally completely fulfills these criteria.

Rheumatoid Arthritis and Damage to Limb Joints

Rheumatoid arthritis is one of today's major medical problems. The cause of this disease condition is poorly understood, but there is now a possible explanation for the damage to limb joints that occurs in its presence. Three researchers at the Clinical Research Center, Harrow, England, have found that such damage may be caused when enzymes that are normally involved in defending the body against disease organisms and other foreign material inflict damage on the body itself, resulting in chronic inflammation and ultimate destruction of limb joints.

One causative agent of rheumatoid arthritis appears to be an immune complex known as rheumatoid factor. This factor, which consists of two types of antibodies linked together, accumulates in the joints of arthritic patients. Also concentrated in the joints are cells called macrophages, which produce antibodies and which engulf or "eat" material alien to the body. The macrophages contain packets of enzymes that digest alien materials once they have been engulfed. The researchers have found that the rheumatoid factor in some way stimulates macrophages to slowly release or leak the enzymes into the surrounding tissue area. (Normally the enzymes are retained within the cellular walls of the macrophages.) The enzymes are able to persist at the disease site and cause prolonged damage, such as a breakdown of the cartilage in the limb joints.



"Your job is coming okay---Brown is doing it noons instead of taking his lunch hour."

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A WARNING ABOUT WEAKENING AMERICA IN THE MIDST OF A GREAT CRISIS

America is in deep trouble.

The energy crisis threatens to dry up our economy and throw many out of work. It will be a long, cold winter. Travel will be harder. Products we have taken for granted may become scarce. And more expensive.

The tinderbox in the Middle East threatens our hard-earned prospects for peace. The Arabs are withholding their oil. Ominous clouds gather in Europe and Asia.

This is no time for America to falter. No time to flounder. No time to suddenly turn weak.

Yet that's what's happening.

Some very vocal Americans, screaming for the scalp of President Nixon, are managing to so handcuff the President that it may soon become impossible for him to deal with his customary strength and resolve and directness with all the threats that confront us.

A majority of people, in and out of Congress, do not believe that President Nixon should be impeached. But those who scream for impeachment scream so loudly that their voices carry – to the Russians, to the Arabs, to our own lawmakers.

So that the security and well-being of all of us is jeopardized by a minority of the people.

Not only are they draining President Nixon of strength, they are draining the very Presidency itself. And the Constitution. And the separation of powers upon which our democracy is built.

We can preserve this nation only if we realize – immediately! – that democracy cannot survive where hysteria flourishes. We cannot surrender to government by outcry.

We must clean our house. But let us follow the rules of a Constitution that for 200 years has served us supremely well. Let us observe the Constitutional grounds for impeachment – treason, bribery or other high crimes and misdemeanors. Let us remember that Congress cannot impeach a President because it is tired of him or impeach a judge because it does not like his opinions. Let us not surrender our birthright to hysteria, and let us resist the shouters that would stampede us into doing so.

Let us please, for the love of our country, let the President up for air. Untie his hands. And let him get on with the vital business of insuring our strong leadership in a world that's fraught with peril.

The names of the members of the House Judiciary Committee are listed below. Write your convictions to them today. Or at the very least, fill out the coupons below and mail them – right away, please! If, in addition, you would like to help sustain this effort to strengthen America's Presidency, we ask you to consider making a financial contribution to the effort. (See coupon below.)

Peter W. Rodino, Chairman, House Judiciary Committee, District 8, N.J. • **Edward Hutchinson**, Ranking Minority Member, District 4, Michigan

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Calif.	29	George E. Danielson
Calif.	9	Don Edwards
Calif.	20	Carlos J. Moorhead
Calif.	14	Jerome R. Waldie
Calif.	25	Charles E. Wiggins
Ill.	13	Robert McClory
Ill.	19	Thomas Railsback
Ind.	10	David W. Dennis
Iowa	6	Wiley Mayne
Iowa	1	Edward Mezvinsky
Me.	2	William S. Cohen
Md.	5	Lawrence J. Hogan
Md.	3	Paul S. Sarbanes
Mass.	3	Harold D. Donohue
Mass.	4	Robert F. Drinan
Mich.	1	John Conyers, Jr.
Miss.	5	Trent Lott
Mo.	9	William L. Hungate
N.J.	13	Joseph J. Maraziti
N.J.	2	Chas. W. Sandman, Jr.
N.Y.	25	Hamilton Fish, Jr.
N.Y.	16	Elizabeth Holtzman
N.Y.	19	Charles B. Rangel
N.Y.	36	Henry P. Smith, III
Ohio	14	John F. Seiberling
Penn.	4	Joshua Eilberg
S.C.	4	James R. Mann
Tex.	9	Jack Brooks
Tex.	18	Barbara Jordan
Utah	2	Wayne Owens
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continued from page 40

Ray C. Lauten, Jr., better known as "Buddy" to all his Junior Miss contacts, is executive vice-president of the America's Junior Miss Pageant, Inc., which started in 1958 as a national event, growing out of a Mobile local event called the Azalea Trail Court. Sponsors in 1974 are John H. Breck, Inc., Eastman Kodak Company, Kraft Foods and Holiday Inns. Lauten has the highest of praise for Mrs. Miller and all of the thousands of adults who make the local pageants possible. There are almost as many of them as there are girls who enter. "The expenditure of time, effort, and money by people involved in the program at local and state levels is just fantastic—and they do it year after year because they believe so strongly that the excellence of these young women should be recognized and that they should have this wonderful opportunity to participate," he says.

The last thing that we asked Lori was about the national pageant. Was she scared? Did she have any kind of plan?

"I'll just be myself," said Lori.

If she does that, she might just win. If she doesn't become America's Junior Miss, one thing is sure—she has ways of goodness to go, and she will follow them, contest or no. But let it be said that her experience as a Junior Miss has firmed up her resolve for the future and lightened the way as well. ⚖

continued from page 109

accept this lying down. Probably, Henderson, you have never realized it, but when I make up my mind, I can be as stubborn as the most ornery mule in all Missouri. So here is something that I insist you do for me:

You are the Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Earthworm Foundation, which makes what I have been told are lavish tax-free grants to what are supposed to be worthy causes. I want you to figure out some way to make a tax-free grant to Miss Cathy Miller. I am especially anxious that you do this because of the affectionate farewell she gave me when I boarded the plane last Friday to return here to Ripton.

"What I like the most about you, Mr. Botts," she said, "is that you are so old you are in your second childhood. I am in my first childhood. This is why we think alike, why we understand each other, and why we work together so well."

On this happy note I close my letter. I shall be counting on you, Henderson, to do the right thing.

As ever,
Alexander Botts

Thursday, October 11, 1973

Mr. Alexander Botts
Ripton, Vermont 05766

Dear Botts:

This morning I read your letter to a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Earthworm Foundation. As you probably know, the purposes of the Earthworm Foundation are exactly the opposite of those of the Earthworm Tractor Company. The Company is profit-oriented—which means it must do everything possible to increase income and cut expenses. The Foundation, on the other hand, has an assured income and its only purpose is to spend money.

In considering recent events at North Juniper, Vermont, the Trustees of the Foundation have reached the following conclusions:

The Foundation has made no recent grants in Vermont. As it is the policy of the Foundation to distribute its funds equitably among the fifty States of the Union, the Trustees feel that the recent neglect of Vermont should be remedied. It appears that the only application from Vermont at present on file is from a candidate for a Doctor of Philosophy degree who asks for $100,000 to finance archaeological excavations leading to an in-depth study of early America hand-crafted artifacts in the lower levels of the Waterbury Town Dump. For want of any more inspiring way to spend money, the Trustees had been on the point of granting this application.

Fortunately, however, the Trustees were favorably impressed by the recent activities of Miss Cathy Miller. They feel that she provided practically all of the planning, leadership, and initiative responsible for the successful solution of the recent difficulties at North Juniper, Vermont. They believe that she has talents and aptitudes that should be encouraged and developed.

The Trustees are therefore rejecting the Waterbury Dump application, and are setting aside one thousand shares of the common stock of the Earthworm Tractor Company to create a scholarship fund, the income and/or principal of which is to be used to provide Miss Cathy Miller with whatever form of higher education she may choose—travel, business and commercial activities, or even academic subjects. As this is an educational project, it will be completely tax-free.

And now, Botts, a personal word from me. Although Miss Cathy Miller was mainly responsible for the successful results at North Juniper, I recognize that you, Botts, played a helpful, even though minor, part. You had the good sense to listen to her while others ignored her. You obeyed her orders. And, most important from the point of view of the Trustees of the Foundation, it was you who suggested the idea of the Cathy Miller Scholarship.

I salute you. And I have arranged that the Earthworm Company, in spite of its policy of holding down expenses, will pay all fees and expenses connected with your North Juniper adventures.

Cordially yours,
Gilbert Henderson. ⚖

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WALKER'S WORLD

continued from page 71

box of old frames. Walker repaired most of them and matted several of the favorites. Franz hung them low so both men had visual access from their chairs. Each picture was a window to a world that had meaning only to the two brothers.

Although both shared each scene equally, Walker lived with the pictures. He never moved a picture without consulting Franz, and he never stepped into one alone. That would be unethical and unfair. One day while he was feather-dusting the pictures Walker made a significant observation. In each of their pictures, nearly one hundred, at least one person was in the scene. There were no pure landscapes and nothing abstract.

That afternoon Walker asked Franz to look at all the pictures. Walker wanted Franz to make the same discovery. Franz looked and studied but did not find the common denominator. Walker was impatient. This was the first time the brothers were out of phase. Franz looked again. He was embarrassed; he asked for a clue. Walker gave none. Franz would see the people in all of their pictures; he had to.

Walker wheeled himself to the kitchen and Franz searched again. Walker heated the coffee and stayed in the kitchen. In both men confusion became anger which became helplessness.

Walker wheeled back into the living room. Very hot coffee was served. Walker broke the tension by pointing out there were people in all of their pictures. Franz was relieved and overly commended his brother for the keen observation.

That night Walker worried. He checked every picture again for the human element. Indeed, in each there was a person. How had Franz missed this? Was that significant? Walker felt it was, and at the next meeting he proposed the first regulation for the Walker-Volker Brotherhood. Only pictures with people in them would be allowed. Franz agreed. That was a good rule, and he complimented Walker for proposing it. The brothers were on track again.

When Holmann moved out of apartment 202 Franz found a beautiful calendar of California scenes. Six months, six pages were left—San Francisco cable cars, the racetrack at Del Mar, Graumann's Chinese Theater, Yosemite's Bridal Veil Falls, farms in the Imperial Valley and the Ocean Drive near Monterey. Franz knew that Walker would approve. He'd lived in California and probably had been to each place.

"He does advocate the total destruction of our corrupt political and social structure, but he's much too sentimental about it."

The brothers revisited California. They rode the cable cars, won fourteen dollars at Del Mar and stood in the dried footprints of Charlie Chaplin. The California calendar became the official calendar in the clubhouse, and Walker's California years received more attention during their meetings. October was a beautiful month to be in Yosemite. The camper cabins were comfortable and the rangers were friendly. November was another growing season in the Imperial Valley. No doubt some of their Thanksgiving vegetables were from the farms in the Valley. Franz tensed for December and the beaches along California's Route One. In preparation for December's driving he checked a map and learned the towns from Pacifica to Morro Bay. Fort Ord, where Walker had spent some of his California time, was midway between the two.

December first was smothered by a heavy snow. The world outside Walker's window moved slowly. Franz had got up early to clear the walks, and by nine he was exhausted from shoveling. Walker lingered over his morning paper. He finished all but one corner of the crossword puzzle. Usually the mail arrived by eleven. Franz brought it well after noon.

A little after four the groceries he'd ordered from Perry's were delivered. Walker tipped the boy an extra quarter.

At five Walker was at the window. The street was quietly settling in for the evening. Only one parking place was left across the street. Fleishauer had better come soon or he'd have to park in the next block.

At six Walker poured the coffee down the drain. He'd brew a fresh pot for Franz. Walker knew Franz would have more to do because of the snow.

Franz called at seven, but even before the call Walker knew he'd drink the fresh coffee alone. Franz promised a good tomorrow and strongly hinted at a walk to the corner.

Walker understood, but it was too bad there wouldn't be any club meeting today, the day to turn the last page of their calendar. With only four hours of December first left Walker took the calendar from the wall. He hesitated before turning the page. Then he folded the Imperial Valley back and displayed the coastal highway. The beach, the ocean, the westward bend of California One. It was the Monterey Peninsula. Walker didn't want to be on that road again, especially alone.

With the calendar on his lap Walker returned to Monterey. It was 1943 and they were hitchhiking back to Fort Ord. They'd done it many times in the past, even in fog. Sergeants Schaefer and Walker could hitchhike anywhere. The calendar slid to the floor. Walker didn't notice; he was on California One hiking north with his best friend. To do anything with Schaefer was great. Walker and Schaefer, what a pair!

Walker awoke from his 1943 dream. He noticed the calendar immediately. It had slipped from his lap and was square in the corner. He couldn't maneuver his wheelchair close enough to reach it. He got his crutches from the closet and wheeled back to the corner. He locked his chair so it wouldn't roll. With great effort he struggled to a wavering balance. Stabbed the calendar with his right crutch and pulling it into range. He looked down at the coast below him and then collapsed into the sand.

At eleven on December second Franz found his friend. It was a clear day, crisp and bright, a day to be outside. On December fifth, another clear day, Franz said good-bye to his brother. On December sixth and seventh Franz cleared and cleaned the clubhouse. It snowed both days. Everything was hauled away except the last month of their California calendar. Franz kept only that. Usually he'd look at it in the late afternoons. The coastline was beautiful, the ocean inviting. He liked to think the two figures on the road were brothers. ☆

HOW TO LEAD A STAINLESS LIFE

If you would like to have a beautiful 11" x 14" canvas print of the stain removal guide on the opposite page, send $1.00 plus 25¢ toward postage and handling to TRADING POST, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206, or see Page 129 #63 for postage-free order form. A canvas reproduction suitable for hanging in your kitchen or laundry room will be sent. If you are not able to find BAR KEEPERS FRIEND cleanser and polish in your neighborhood see #77 on the same order form offering two 12-ounce cans for $1.00 plus 25¢ postage and handling.

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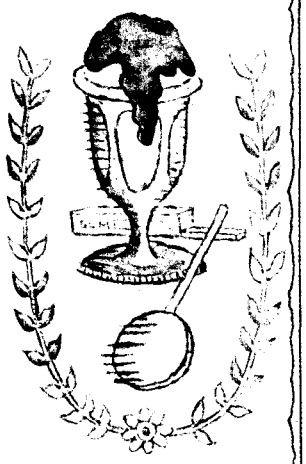
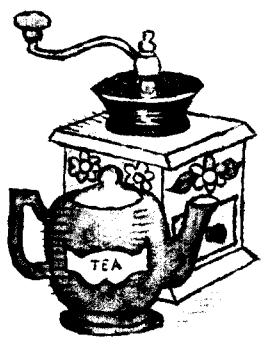
SPOTS & STAINS

HOW TO LEAD A STAINLESS LIFE





Acid Stains: Rinse with water immediately. Then apply ammonia (to neutralize acid) and rinse again with water. If fabric changes color, apply white vinegar and rinse with water.
Adhesive Tape: Sponge with carbon tetrachloride in open air.
Alcoholic Beverage: *Sponge with cold* water, then glycerine and water. Before laundering, rinse with vinegar water.

Ballpoint Pen Ink: Pour denatured alcohol through cloth. Rub vaseline into stain. Rub fireproof Energine into stain. Soak in detergent solution and launder.
Blood: Soak in cold water for about a half hour. If stain remains, soak in lukewarm ammonia water (3 tablespoons of household ammonia per gallon of water). Alternative: Ordinary *club soda. On thick fabrics, spread* stain with paste of corn starch and water. Let dry and brush off.
Brass Tarnish: Clean and polish with BAR KEEPERS FRIEND. Makes your antique brass articles glisten and gleam like new.

Ceramic Smooth Top Ranges: Use trusted, non-abrasive BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to remove pot marks, food spills, coffee and tea stains.
Chocolate (also cocoa and candy): For washable fabrics, just launder. On others, rub glycerine into fabric and *wash out with clear water.*
Chewing Gum: Put article in plastic bag and place in freezer. Gum will come off with a flick of the finger. On washable fabrics, soften gum with egg white and launder.
Chrome (faucets, bumpers, grills, whistles, musical instruments): Shine and polish better than new by using BAR KEEPERS FRIEND.
Coffee: Sponge with cool water or soak in cool water for at least 30 minutes. Work in soap or detergent and rinse thoroughly.
Copper: Use BKF to renew the finish on your copper-bottomed cookware. Works quickly and effectively, without hard scouring.
Crayons: Loosen stain with kitchen shortening. Apply detergent, working until outline of stain is removed. Launder. On silk or wool, use fireproof Energine.

Dishwasher film: Add BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to your regular washing cycle.
Dinginess of Fabrics: Use 3 tablespoons of BKF in your washing machine (BKF contains no phosphates and dissolves grease and dirt).

Egg: Sponge with cold water. If stain remains, work in a soap or detergent.
Eyebrow pencil or eye shadow: Rub in undiluted detergent or soap and rinse well. Repeat if necessary.

Fruit Stains (also berry): Stretch cloth over bowl and pour boiling water through it. If stain persists, sponge with lemon solution. Never use soap and water on fresh fruit stains.

Gravy/Meat Juice (greasy stains): Sponge in lukewarm water. Launder in warm soapy water. On some fabrics, it may be necessary to rub soap or detergent thoroughly into stain and allow to stand for several hours before rinsing.
Grass Stains: *Work detergent into* stains, then rinse. If safe for dye, sponge stain with alcohol solution (2 parts water, 1 part alcohol).

Honey (syrup): Sponge with cool water or soak in cool water for 30 minutes. If trace remains, work in soap or detergent and rinse thoroughly.
"Hard" Water Stains: Use BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to remove mineral deposits left in tubs, sinks, shower stalls, toilet bowls, etc.

Ice Cream: Sponge in cold water. Apply *either neutral detergent solution or vin*egar water.
Ink: Force water through stain. Then wash with soap or detergent several times. Then soak in warm suds containing 1 to 4 tablespoons of ammonia to a quart of water.

Ketchup: On washable articles, sponge with cool water and let set 30 minutes. Work in detergent and rinse.

Lipstick: Loosen stain with cold cream or glycerine. Wash as usual in undiluted detergent. If necessary, rub*bing alcohol may be used, if safe for* fabric.
Liquid Makeup: Dampen stain. Apply undiluted liquid detergent. Work in and rinse well. Repeat if necessary.

Mildew: Add ½ cup liquid Lysol to wash water in washing machine. On leather, sponge with 50% water and 50% rubbing alcohol.
Mustard: Work glycerine into stain. Launder. If stain persists, sponge with rubbing alcohol.
Milk: Launder washable fabrics with plenty of soap. Repeat, if necessary.

Nail Polish: If fabric is acetate, Arnel, Dynel or Verel, sponge stain with amyl acetate. On other fabrics use acetone.

Oil (fish, liver oil, linseed oil, machine oil, vegetable oil): Rub soap or detergent into stain and rinse with warm water. Or sponge with fireproof Energine.
Oxidation (of aluminum, chrome, copper, stainless steel, etc.): BAR KEEPERS FRIEND efficiently cleans and polishes all oxidized metal surfaces without hard scrubbing.

Paint: Treat immediately. No one method will remove all stains. For fresh stains, rub in soap or detergent and wash. If stain remains, sponge with turpentine. While stain is still wet with solvent, work soap or detergent into stain, put in hot water and soak overnight. Then wash again.
Pet "Stains": Wash with solution of ¼ cup salt to 1 pint water. Then with ammonia solution, 1 part ammonia to 20 parts water.

Rust (on almost anything): Use BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to remove rust stains from fabrics as well as from tools, toys, hardware, and other household items.

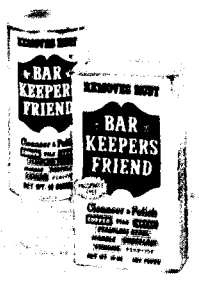
Soft Drinks: Sponge immediately *with cool water. If persistent, sponge* with alcohol solution. Rub in glycerine and rinse after 30 minutes.
Scorch: If light, wash with soap or detergent or wash with a small amount of chlorine bleach added to wash water. For heavier scorching, cover stain with cloth dampened with hydrogen peroxide. Cover with dry cloth and press with iron. Rinse.
Shoe Polish: Apply undiluted liquid detergent. Rinse. If necessary, sponge with rubbing diluted alcohol (30% solution).
Shellac: Sponge stain with alcohol, or *soak in alcohol. Dilute alcohol with 2* parts water for use on acetate. If alcohol bleeds the dye, try turpentine.
Soup: Sponge with cool water. If stain remains, work in soap or detergent. Allow to dry. If greasy stain remains, sponge with Energine. If a colored stain remains after the fabric dries, use a chlorine or peroxygen bleach. Always test fabrics for color fastness first.

Tar: Scrape off as much as possible. Rub stain with petroleum jelly. Then sponge with cleaning fluid. Wash in *warm, soapy water. Rinse.*
Tomato: Sponge with cold water. Work glycerine into stain and let stand half hour. Sponge with soap and water.

Varnish: Same as "Paint" above.
Vegetable Stains: On washable articles, sponge with cool water and let set 30 minutes. Then work in detergent and rinse.
Vomit: Sponge or soak in a solution of two quarts of cold water with half cup of salt. Rinse in clear water and wash with warm soapsuds.

Walnut Stain: Very difficult to remove. Boil washable articles in soap or detergent solution for fresh stains. If safe for fabric and stain remains, use chlorine or sodium perborate bleach treatment.
Wax (candle): Scrape off as much as possible. Place fabric between two paper towels and press with warm iron. Sponge final traces of oily stain with denatured alcohol and water (1 part alcohol, 2 parts water).
Wax (car, floor, furniture): Rub with soap or detergent and rinse with warm water. On some wash-wear *fabrics, it may be necessary to let* stand for several hours before rinsing and then laundering as usual. Sometimes you may need to use grease solvent.

Yellowing (fabrics): For general overall yellowing, add 3 tablespoons BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to your regular wash. For localized unknown yellow-brown stains, make a paste of BKF and water, apply to stain and let stand few moments. Launder as usual.



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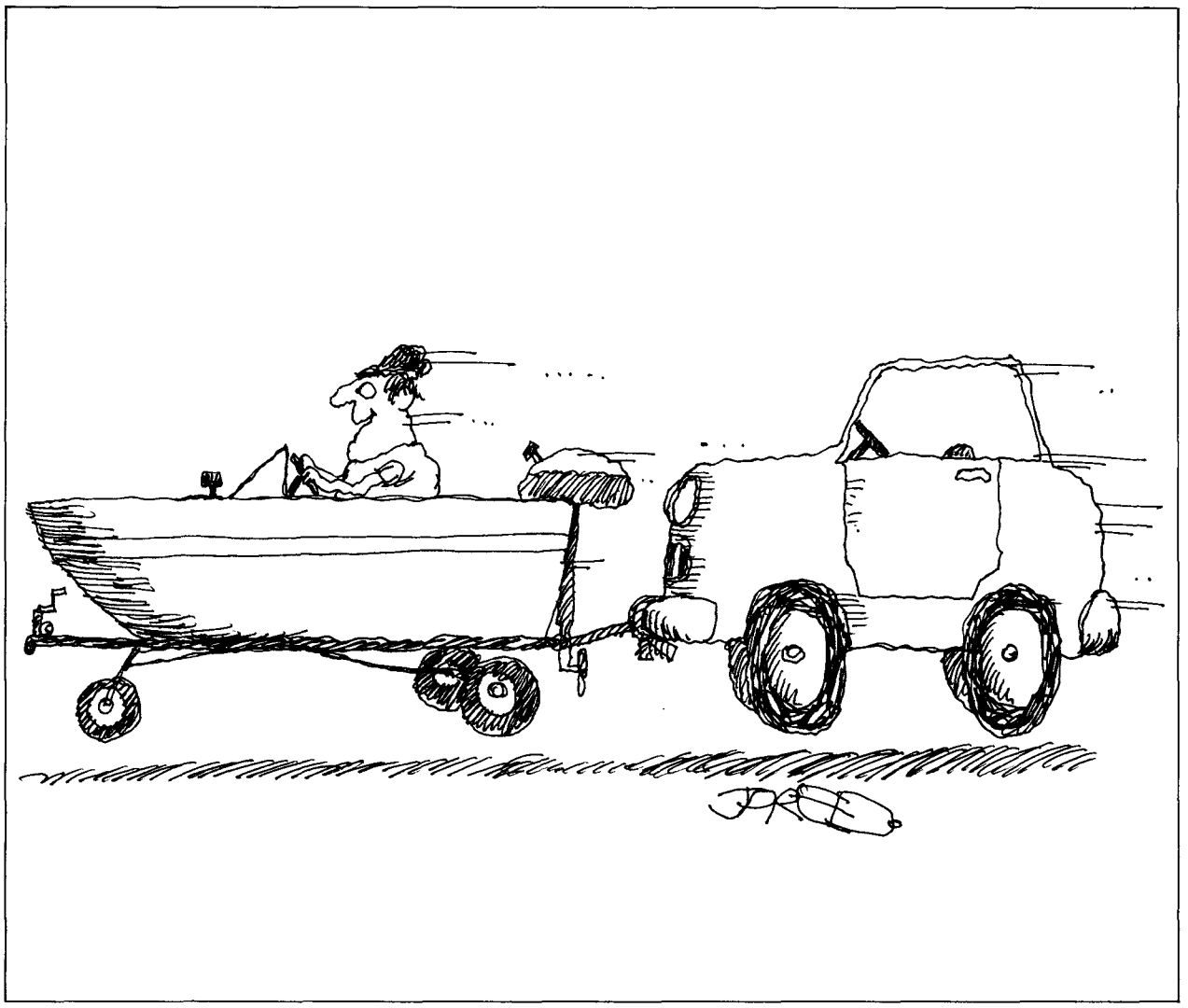

SECRETARIAT

continued from page 81

the race. Champagne and very select company. Seventy-five invited guests. I heard Bob Gorham, one of the officers of the track, bemoaning having to turn down some senator. I've heard them talk about that room, prints of Epsom, our Derby, now a print of me with Ron and Lucien, the six tufted black-leather chairs, scrolled, Victorian, deep, downy. The quiet butlers who fill your drinks before they're empty. Of course, we have our own party. But we still had the Preakness and the Belmont to go.

Now above the roses, I wear the Triple Crown, the first winner of it in twenty-five years. Perhaps the Belmont and the Preakness were more spectacular runs for me—thirty-one lengths beats the dead heat syndrome—but nothing ever seemed to capture the stopped-heart thrill of racing like the Derby. And even more than my being the Triple Crown winner, people—especially those who come to see me in Kentucky where the land rolls gently, almost sensually—those people always say, "Turkey dinner, Derby winner." And thank heaven I'm protected. Fans would grab for souvenirs like I was a rock star. And, after all, *I* only have one suit.

Sometimes, I think of racing days

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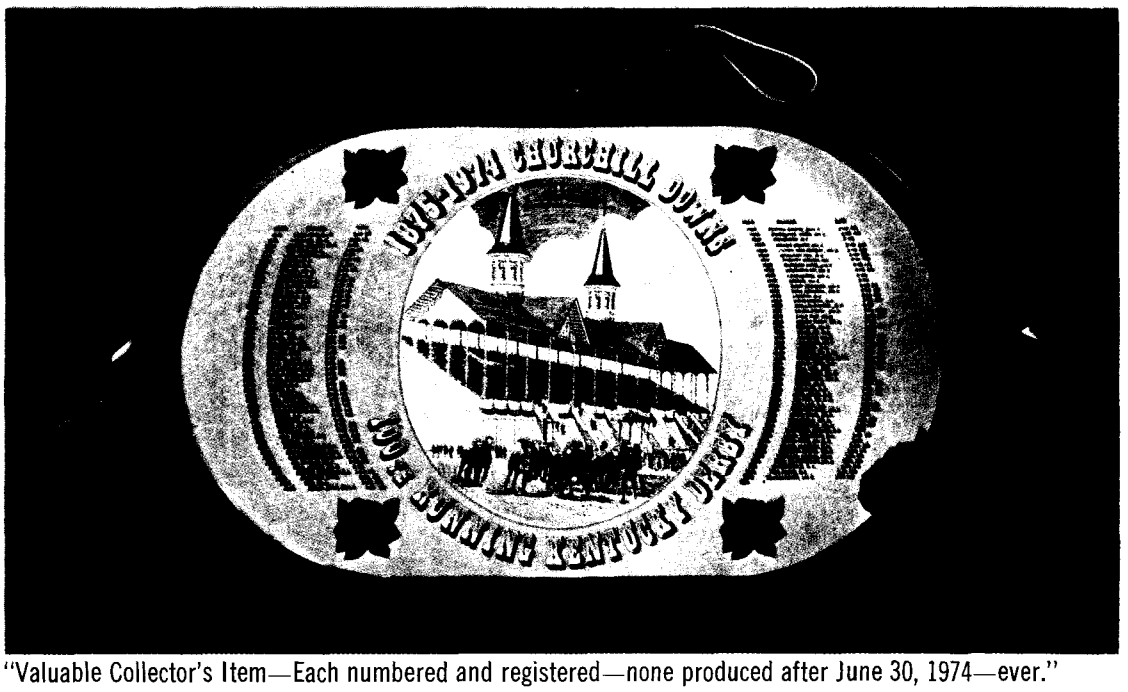

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It's post time, May 4, 1974, and *you are there* . . . in person or in spirit. The band plays My Old Kentucky Home, the horses come on to the track and the Run for the Roses is only minutes away from starting for the 100th time. Who can remain unmoved at a moment like this. This is more than American's greatest horse race . . . it is a great moment in American history. You can preserve this memory forever with your beautiful, sturdy, full color, metal, 21½″ x 13¼″ x 1½″ large tray. Vinyl coated to protect it as a serving tray, wall decoration, or both.
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as I watch the mares and colts frolicking across the meadows at Claiborne, the beautiful Hancock farm near Lexington, Kentucky, and the swans stretch their lovely necks on the meandering stream across the road from the white-columned house where the Hancocks have lived for so many years, and I wonder about the value placed on my blazed head. Six million dollars. Plus the money earned racing. Could anyone be worth that? And calling me horse of the century.

If another horse wins the Triple Crown next year, will he be the horse of the century? That horse won't have the three white socks and blaze, won't be a public relations item, won't be the subject of postcards and tee shirts, the recipient of millions of letters, and the donor—yes—of charity on a colossal scale—no, I don't just mean the taxes my owners have paid on my earnings. I mean the windfall to the state charities which benefit from betting. People were so thrilled, especially the two-dollar bettors, at having bet on me and at my winning, that hundreds of thousands of ticket holders did not cash in their tickets, preferring to hold them as souvenirs. "And that other horse won't be playful as a puppy," says a stableman at Claiborne.

"You just don't think of a horse that strong," says Mrs. Tweedy, "being that kind." "Secretariat'd never be mean," says Lawrence Robinson, my best friend at Claiborne, and the man in charge of the breeding barn.

There are other friends here too. "Snow," a man whose face always seems to get into every picture with me. Pick up any magazine, and there's Secretariat. And Snow. Then there's "Buster Brown," or some people call him "Charlie Brown," a half cairn terrier, half mongrel, and four other halves. He slips into my paddock under the gate—"He wouldn't dare go into any of the other stallions' paddocks," says Lawrence, and I have to chase the little mutt out. Then there're the Hancock racing colors—bright orange and black—and they're friends too. I know somehow the days of glory aren't really over, that a new crop of colts will be bounding across the meadow next year and that they will bear my blood and the blood of my sire, the great Bold Ruler whose stall is home for me now, and all the way back to the immortal Eclipse, the immortal English sire of the eighteenth century. And I remember five hundred of the darkest, reddest roses; small, tight buds, thorns stripped, draped over my withers. And I know of the pride of the woman who makes the rose wreaths and has since the 1930's. "Never," she says, "has a single rose fallen off before being put on the horse." And I think that maybe one day, one of my sons will stand there and receive that same glory. And to tell the truth, I'm a little jealous.

"Fantastic breeding job, Mr. Wilson . . . but according to the latest market research figures, people's tastes have switched back to breasts . . ."

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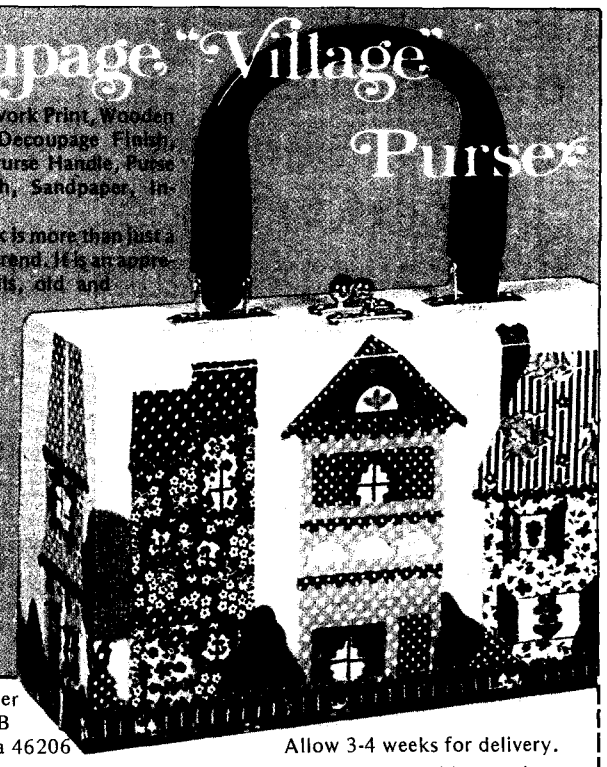

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Notes on Post Contributors

William Hazlett Upson has been writing for the *Post* for fifty years, and is often confused with his creation, Alexander Botts. His story is on page 8.

A newswoman for twenty-five years, **Louise Hutchinson** has spent the last eight in Washington, where she has covered the White House, President Nixon's 1972 Moscow summit, Congress, and other beats of national interest. Her article is on page 12.

Ben Stein is a former teacher of media subjects at the University of California at Berkeley and at American University in Washington, D.C. He is a frequent contributor on television and film to national publications. His article is on page 30.

Isaac Asimov, educator and prolific writer, dreams with Benjamin Franklin of the day when people of the world join in the peaceful exploration of the skies. His article is on page 34.

H. Allen Smith, an editor by the age of nineteen, is an author of many books and has contributed numerous articles to various national magazines. He was also editor of *Desert Island Decameron*. His article is on page 42.

Michael Fessier wrote over twenty stories for the *Post* between 1948 and 1960. "The Lady from Red Gulch" appeared in the August 13, 1955 issue. His article is on page 50.

Hanson Baldwin was graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy and served for many years as Military Editor of the *New York Times*. A respected commentator on military and strategic matters, he is author of numerous books and articles, including *The Price of Power, World War I, Great Mistakes of the War*, and more recently, *The Strategy of Tomorrow*. His article is on page 52.

Ray Bradbury, a prolific, well-known writer of stories, especially of science fiction, served as President of the Science-Fantasy Writers of America. His poem is on page 59.

A former Assistant Professor of Medical Education at the University of Illinois College of Medicine, with a Ph.D. in Education from Ohio State University, **Allan Walldren** is now a free-lance writer. His story is on page 70.

Susan Eisenhower Bradshaw, one of President Eisenhower's four grandchildren, married a British barrister, Alexander Bradshaw, in January 1971. Now living in London, she discusses her first encounter with the English Midwifery system and what was for her the joyful experience of home birth. Her article is on page 74.

Harvey Duck, forty-eight, is the auto racing writer for the *Chicago Daily News* and Associate Editor of *Auto Racing Digest*, a six-times-a-year publication covering the entire auto racing scene. In his auto racing assignment, Duck covers the top events of all motor racing sanctioning bodies, including the United States Auto Club, National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing and the World Grand Prix circuit. His article is on page 76.

Director of the Food and Drug Division of the State Board of Health in Kansas for many years now, **Evan Wright** has written several stories for children's magazines. The present account arose from a chance encounter with Grace Bedell's son, who had kept his mother's letter preserved in a bank. His story is on page 84.

Gene Bryan has received many awards for sports and travel writing. A graduate of the University of Wyoming, Bryan served as a lieutenant with the U.S. Army Intelligence Corps from 1964-1966. His article is on page 123.

A LETTER

continued from page 84

As Mother read it with Helen reading over her shoulder, Grace was excitedly telling the baby about it. Mother began to laugh.

"How did you know where to write him?" asked her sister.

"I read in the paper that Mr. Lincoln lives in Springfield, Illinois," said Grace.

"How did you address it?"

"Honorable Abraham Lincoln, Esquire."

The house was in an uproar when Father came home, but he did not seem to get excited. He said, "A cat may look on a king."

Grace wasn't sure what he meant, but his smile told her he was pleased.

The story might have ended there, but it didn't. Abraham Lincoln was elected President in November, 1860. In February of 1861, he left Springfield for Washington to take office. His train stopped at many places for him to speak to the crowds that gathered to see him. One of those places was Westfield.

Grace was at the station early. She straightened her bonnet and clutched a bunch of flowers. As the crowd gathered, no one noticed her. She was pushed back so that when the train arrived she could hardly see. She climbed up on a wagon just in time to see a tall man with a dark beard come out on the rear platform. It was Mr. Lincoln. She was so excited she nearly fell from the wagon. Mr. Lincoln began to speak, and Grace stood quietly until he finished. Then he said:

"I have a correspondent here. If she is present I wish to meet her."

"Who is she?" shouted the crowd.

"Grace Bedell," said Mr. Lincoln.

Grace felt herself lifted above the crowd and carried to the train. Mr. Lincoln stepped down, shook her hand and said with a smile, "I let my whiskers grow for you."

Grace's heart was beating so wildly she thought surely Mr. Lincoln must hear it. She curtsied as politely as she could. Then she turned and ran through the crowd. She slipped under a wagon into the open street and ran as fast as she could for home.

When Father came in, Grace was sitting on the floor crying softly. He lifted her up.

"Why, Sis, there's nothing to cry about. You're a very lucky young lady to be recognized by the President of the United States!"

"Oh, Father," cried Grace. "It isn't that. He was wonderful. But I forgot to give him the flowers!"

And Grace held up the stems. That was all that was left of Mr. Lincoln's bouquet!

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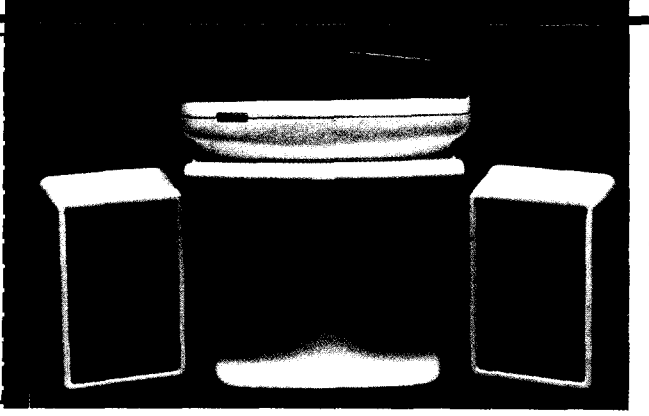

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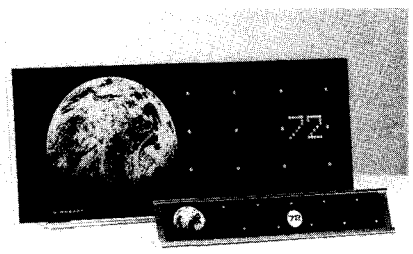

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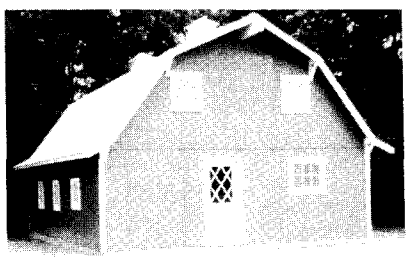

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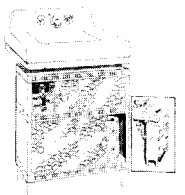

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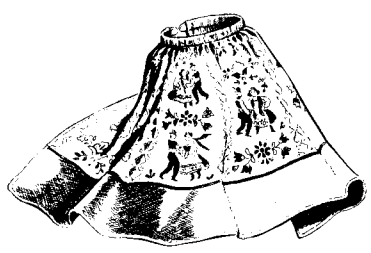

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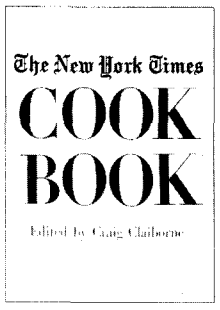

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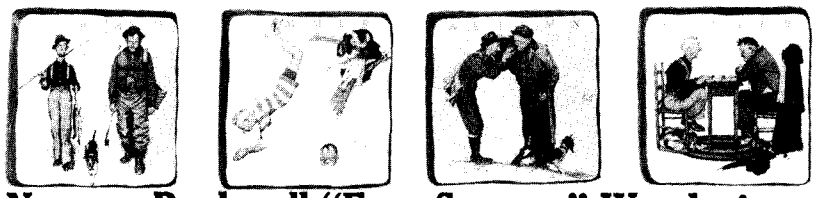

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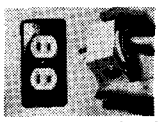

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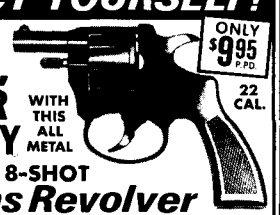

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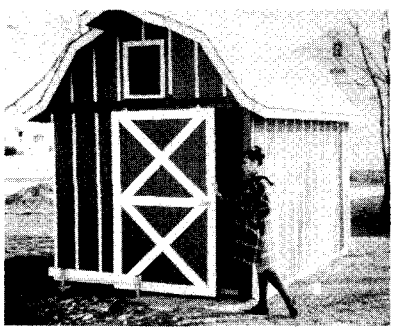

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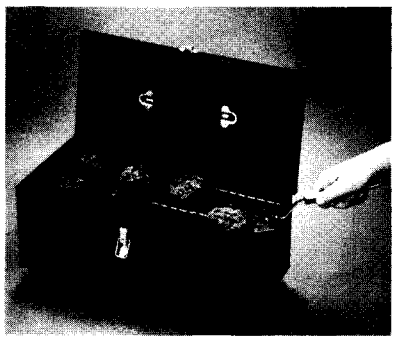

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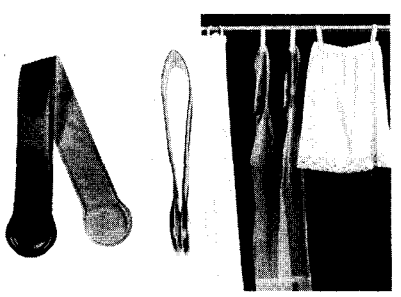

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continued from page 62

Yet there is a trouble attached to all this, which is that there is a danger of youth accepting not the bright side of the Fitzgeralds' paradise but the wrong side—the overindulgence, the squalid affairs, the deadbeat philosophy, the deadlines unmet, the failure to meet obligations to a publisher. All this was certainly true but it was the least important aspect of the story. In the end, after all the vicissitudes, after Zelda's madness, and Fitzgerald's heart attack, he managed somehow, with a resilience that his detractors never expected, to turn out part of what might have been his best novel, *The Last Tycoon*. There is a footnote to be inserted here. This is to the effect that it is fashionable these days to decry gossip columnists. Sheilah Graham, a former English music hall dancer, was a Hollywood gossip columnist who befriended Fitzgerald in his darkest moments, nursed him back to health, gave him the encouragement and sustenance to undertake what he regarded as his major novel. Those who were acquainted with the role Miss Graham played in Fitzgerald's rehabilitation—friends and literary counselors like Edmund Wilson—feel that no account of Scott Fitzgerald's eventual triumph would be at all complete without recognition of the Graham support. Her name was Lily Sheil. Fitzgerald loved to teach. In wanting to make minds mad for literature, he often confused thinking with reading lists. Lily was willing to be tutored, and perhaps Fitzgerald was willing to be loved, or at least to have his eggs boiled, his apartment cleaned. Her faithfulness to him, even when he tried to desert himself, is told in *Beloved Infidel*, her account of the affair. Success is oddly damning to American writers—or so goes the cliché that Fitzgerald himself helped perpetrate. The talent that made him a success—and no other American writer ever blazed so brilliantly against the sky, spoiling, in effect, success for a generation of writers to follow—saw him through his misspellings, and his lapses in grammar. In the end, it is hoped that his books will be read by coming generations: at least *Tender Is The Night* and *Gatsby* are major novels. They stand on their own feet, without benefit of the folklore engendered by the wild lifestyles of the Fitzgeralds. If the movie of *Gatsby* leads at least one person to read Fitzgerald for the first time it will have performed a singular service. ☒

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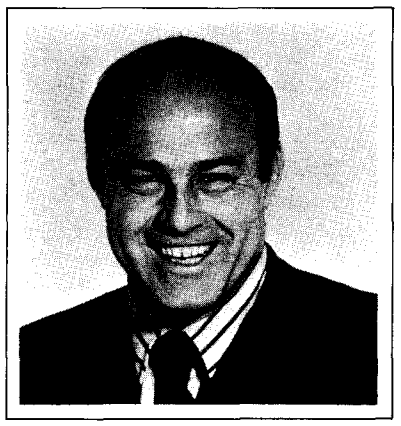

Joe Garagiola

"I'm just a sweatshirt guy who's got to keep running at top speed to stay almost even," says Joe Garagiola with a modesty that is likely to be rebutted by millions of television watchers. This former major-league catcher is fast gaining a reputation as the "Will Rogers of the Sports Set." Possessing one of the most finely tuned senses of humor in sports annals, Garagiola always seems capable of coming up with a quip to fit any situation.

Highly in demand as a banquet speaker or master of ceremonies for many years, Garagiola became a familiar figure in most American households as a result of his regular appearances on the "Today" show aired over the NBC television network. On that show, he also demonstrated marked ability as an interviewer of the great and near-great, whether they came from the field of sports or some other line of work. He gave up his role on the show in 1973 but still does frequent sports work for NBC.

The tale behind the appearance of "Poor Joe's Almanac" in the *Post* is a story in itself. Garagiola was making a recent appearance on the Jack Paar show. Among his fellow guests were David and Julie Eisenhower. David, at the time, was writing a sports column for the *Philadelphia Bulletin*. Joe started "needling" David about how he should get more humor into his sports columns, and jokingly offered to come up with some ideas.

David is a full-time law student now, but Julie, our associate editor, decided to take Joe up on his offer and asked him to write a humorous sports article for the *Post*. The result is "Poor Joe's Almanac" on pages 46 to 49. We hope his readers will enjoy it and laugh out loud.

In it Garagiola has unearthed the top sports quotes of the last five years. They come from the lips of athletes ranging from famed Yankees slugger Mickey Mantle to a high school youth who set a somewhat obscure world's record for sit-ups. Garagiola himself was widely acclaimed for always seeming to be able to come up with the appropriate line to describe happenings on the diamond. Joe has made baseball more interesting and more understandable to the American housewife, who is in the position of becoming something of a captive audience when her husband tunes in to the "Game of the Week." He is not given to the type of high-blown utterances which are mouthed by some commentators who try to make a mysterious religion of the game. Garagiola has a happy faculty for getting to the bone—or the bonehead—of the matter.

Born in St. Louis February 12, 1926, Garagiola was the son of an immigrant bricklayer. He grew up in the "Italian Hill" section of St. Louis and was graduated from South Side Catholic High School. His formal education ended there. Garagiola played nine years in the major leagues and had a respectable career batting average of .257. He played on two pennant-winning teams. In 1946, he tied a World Series record by getting four hits in one game. He retired in 1954, having gained a reputation for a great sense of humor.

His uproarious stories and general aplomb at sports banquets attracted such favorable comment that he was signed to do color commentary in 1955 on the telecasts of his old team, the Cardinals. From there, he rose to doing NBC's "Game of the Week" and then to the New York Yankees' radio and television staff. A guest shot on the "Tonight" show when Paar was doing it gave him another boost that eventually led to the "Today" show.

Garagiola was a fixture there for more than five years until early 1973, when he decided to switch to a slower pace. (He had to catch a 4:30 a.m. train from his home in suburban Scarsdale, New York, in order to get to the NBC studio in Rockefeller Center and do his preparation for the "Today" show.) He made a considerable impression on his co-workers. Al Morgan, a producer on the show, broadened Joe's role from sports announcer to all-purpose interviewer and commentator. "Joe has a marvelous quality of cutting through the malarkey from pundits and pretentious writers by asking the questions viewers want to hear. He's a very bright guy who does his homework. Besides, I could trust his taste and judgment implicitly."

Hugh Downs, former host of the show, said Garagiola possessed a "direct, down-to-earth approach" to subjects and persons as far afield from the baseball diamond as the modern poetry of Marianne Moore. "She bowled me over with her charm," said Garagiola of the eighty-one-year-old poet. We think that you will find material in "Poor Joe's Almanac" of ten-strike quality, too.

T. V. MOVIES

continued from page 33

and complexity that will make them more like theatrical movies. We may soon see a television movie which has old-fashioned morality but modern character development—which might be a useful improvement of both types of movies.

For example, *Sunshine*, the story of a girl who is dying of cancer and keeps a tape-recorded log of her thoughts, could have become a tearjerker of the most maudlin sort. But it has a sufficiently involved story and real enough characters to raise it above the level of the soap opera it might have been.

Similarly, *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*, the personal and historical reminiscences of a fictitious 110-year-old ex-slave brought a touchingly human quality to the drama of the struggle for civil rights and dignity in America. That movie's enormous draw, almost 50 million viewers, gives some hope that more serious movies made for television can be commercially viable on the major networks.

As the television movies get to be more like theatrical releases, an important social question is bound to arise—what are the standards of taste for entertainment that can go into American homes? Are the sexual goings-on, so popular in theatrical releases, going to be appearing in Mr. and Mrs. America's living room?

According to network executives, the answer is no. But it is a qualified no. Already, frontal nudity has appeared on educational television. Rapes, pimps, and prostitutes are commonplace on television networks during prime time. And the Code of the National Association of Broadcasters has been revised recently to allow any display of sex which the producer and the network deem "tasteful."

The floodgates are not wide open yet, though. The three major networks have only recently allowed the showing of couples in bed together, and as for nudity, one executive of NBC says he has a rule: "No frontal nudity, no side-al nudity, and no back-al nudity."

Bare bosoms are unlikely to be entering Junior's television set via the major networks for quite a while, but the language, according to producers and writers, is going to become more explicit. Evidently we will get to see the teenage girl telling her friends what it was like to be a prostitute, even if we do not see her with her customers.

Producers and writers unanimously praise the new permissive trend of television movies as allowing creativity to flourish. Still, there are those who think that it might display more creative viruosity to produce a teleplay which was interesting and appealing without using that unsubtle crutch—explicit sex.

And there are also those who wonder whether television producers know their own strength, i.e., whether they know the example that is set for millions of teenagers watching the repeated sanctioning, by repeated showing, of televised sexual behavior that many find unacceptable.

What else the future may hold for television movies is unclear. It is clear they have enormous creative potential. They cost relatively little to make, and because enough of them are made, experimentation with non-formulized, non-stock plots is possible.

Television movies can become the vehicle for exposing creative writers, directors, and others to the mass audience. They can be a way of both appealing to the taste of the bulk of the American people and enriching the cultural fare of millions.

There is some financial incentive for the producers to make good movies too. If a producer makes a show that people like, many more people will watch it the second time around. Word of mouth sees to that, even if the critics ignore it. And the networks will be more ready to buy the producer's next effort.

It is obvious that the producers of television movies have quality improvement much on their minds. And they have a great opportunity. With their vast audience and the theatrical movies' small audience, it is obvious that the entire future of movies as mass cultural events lies with movies made for television.

And the day may come when people who really love movies can stay home and have the best seats in the house every night.

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Answers to
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Where Do You Think You Are?

1. New Hampshire
2. Virginia
3. Oregon
4. Florida
5. West Virginia
6. Indiana
7. Mississippi
8. Minnesota
9. Wyoming
10. North Dakota
11. Arkansas
12. Colorado

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